THE ARTS

Saturday Review

APRIL 22, 1972 50¢

Norman Mailer at Odds with Himself

A Guide to Europe's Summer Music Festivals

THE LIVING LOOK OF TODAY'S SCULPTURE

Tourists by Duane Hanson

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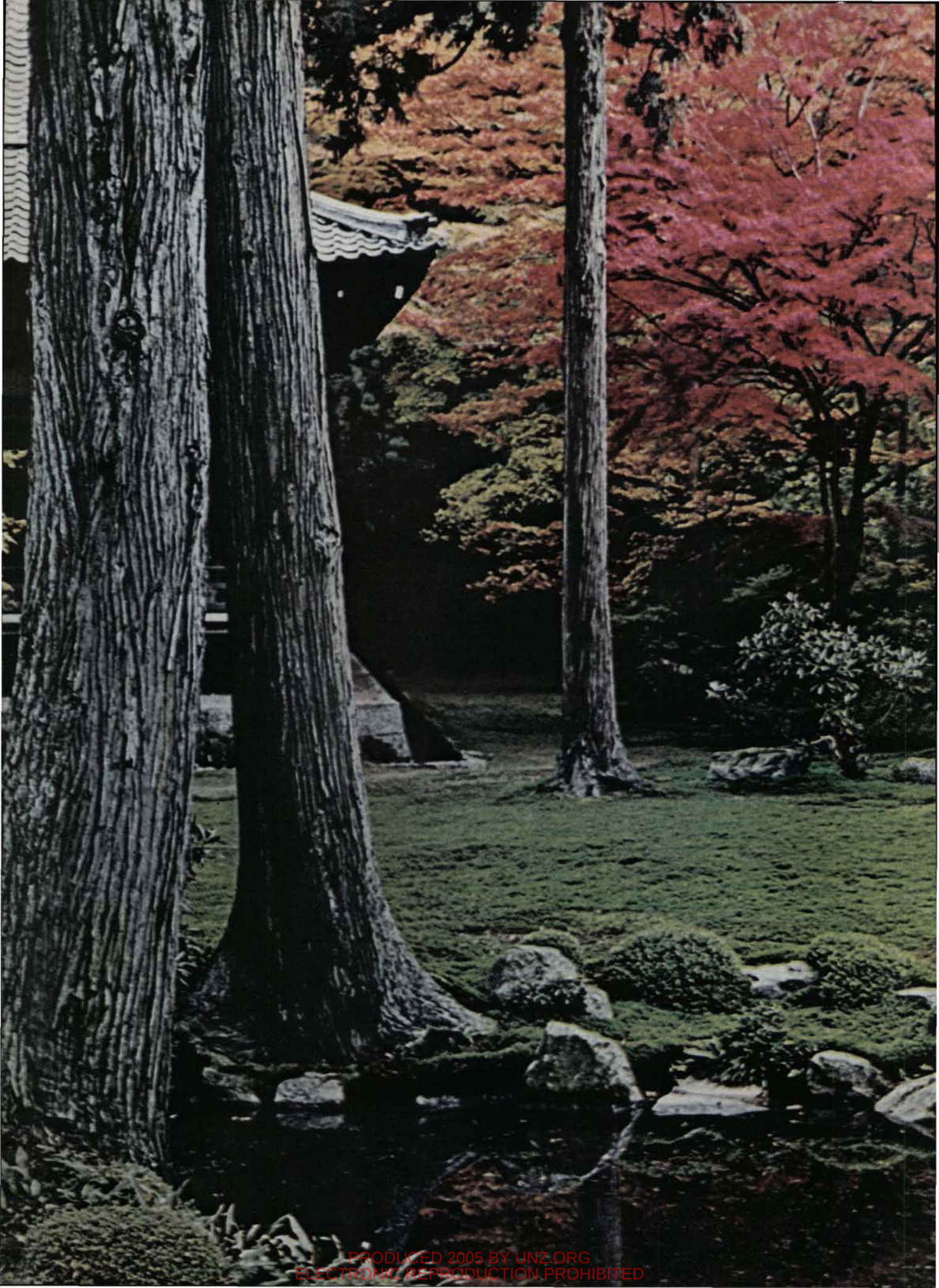

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

You Jog the High Road and I'll Jog the Low

ROME

Italians have never gone in for jogging, and I don't think they are going to start now. There is no doubt in my mind that they would make good joggers, as good as any in the world, and I think they know it. But they hold themselves back. They simply will not jog.

Jogging does call for a tremendous effort—merely to get going—and for the kind of mental resolve a man must have to get out of bed and do push-ups. There is no casual approach to jogging. So it can never be regarded lightly by joggers or, for that matter, by non-joggers.

A man may watch with pleasure another man or a boy at play with a ball—any kind of ball—and be interested in the performance. There is nothing a jogger can do to hold a non-jogger's attention for more than a second or two. We have standards for judging the way a man throws a baseball or football or how he kicks a soccerball or dribbles a basketball; but who knows where to start in judging a jogger? Even joggers aren't sure where to do that.

Does he hold his arms too high or too close to his sides? Are his leg movements sluggish? Does he make a good impression on strangers who have to get out of his way? Is he dressed properly? A man who is throwing a ball may look scruffy and nobody minds. More is to be expected of the jogger if he is not to be mistaken for a purse snatcher.

For the jogger himself, there are questions. Should he jog as a single or in company, and where should he jog and for how long? Should he fix a goal and keep on the straight path, or should he stop for refreshments and rest? The last joggers I saw were a group of fifteen or twenty wearing Rutgers sweatshirts and sweat pants, and they were moving along Route 1 in New Jersey in a heavy February snowstorm. Apparently, they had started before the storm came on, and they were beating their way back to wherever. They looked pretty ridiculous.

Looking ridiculous is one of the risks a jogger takes. Losing his way and falling in with a crowd of Rutgers men who also have lost their way is another. In Philadelphia there are other risks. Joggers like to jog in Fairmount Park. Speed walkers practice in the park; so do long-distance runners. The presence of speed walkers moving like crazy robots along a path of the East River Drive and of the distance runners who turn up in unpredictable numbers makes it hard on a jogger who is tempted either to break into a fast walk or to become unwittingly a member of a marathon team. Only by the strongest application of the will can a dedicated jogger keep to his own dull pace.

Italians know these things, and the knowledge of what goes on in New Jersey and Philadelphia, where many of them have relatives, is not likely to bring a Roman or a Veronese to his feet and set him jogging. Not when he can play soccer or sit and watch a fast game. Or tear around the countryside in his Fiat 600.

John Ferris

Toronto After Six Months: An Exile's Report

True: The streets are clean and quite safe.

The people are friendly and only hate Americans as an abstraction.

Things cost more.

Waiters, shopkeepers, and cab drivers are polite.

Wages are low, taxes high.

There are four hundred thousand Italians here.

There are forty thousand Americans.

Most draft-dodgers are on welfare.

French Canadians call themselves Canadiens and hate everybody.

And one another.

The salami is fake.

Policemen are called constables.

Z is pronounced zed; schedule is shedule.

All the streets are named, and it is infuriating.

Though there are 2,200,000 people, there is a fine sense of openness.

There is no mail delivery on Saturday.

There is no newspaper on Good Friday.

Liquor stores are run by the government.

All American food products and many manufactures have labels in both French and English.

False: Canadians are a distinct people.

Winters are terrible.

Lorne Greene is American.

Everything else you've always believed.

Henry Morgan

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The only trouble is, the very things that make a man good at running his own company—ambition, inspiration, forcefulness—often make him very unhappy working for someone else's company.

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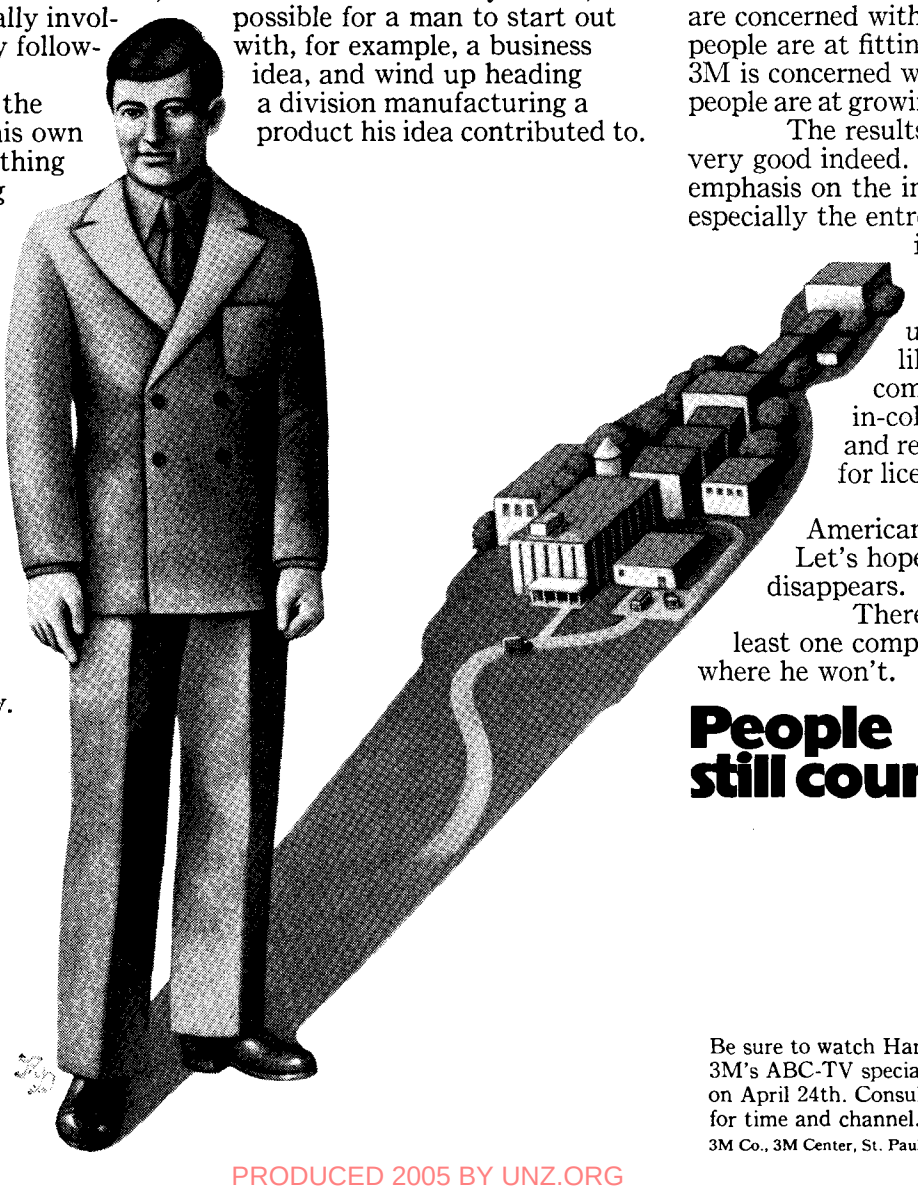

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Does Your Child Speak TV?

Parents, do you permit your children to watch and listen to all the campaign speeches on television? If you do, you are contributing to a growing generation's acceptance of bad syntax and faulty grammar, to say nothing of double negatives and double dealing. Before your kids are hooked, their TV viewing should be cut drastically. The withdrawal screams may be intolerable at first, but it's worth it.

As a parent, you may not be able to detect the early symptoms. I can help you there. The first time your four-year-old comes to you and says, "Daddy [or, Mommy], I want you to vote for the man whom you think will be the best President," you will know the kid's had it—overexposed to TV.

To subject our children to an objective relative pronoun used with an intransitive verb is to undermine the foundation of our new goal of quality education. Politicians may be able to spout the Constitution verbatim, and the Bill of Rights, but when it comes to *McGuffey's First Reader,* they're nowhere. Of course, a politician speaks off the cuff, but it would help if some school rules of basic grammar were printed on that cuff.

I don't mind, and can even forgive in a tempestuous political campaign, the use of tired clichés: "A man who is as honest as the day is long," which seems to presume the man is honest only through the summer and daylight saving time, but watch out for him at the winter solstice. Or, "He has as much chance as a snowball in hell." What are the chances of a snowball in heaven? Or, "I may not be high in the polls now, but remember the story of the tortoise and the hare." As we all know, if there ever was a fixed race, that was it.

Cliché imagery is the old stuff on which political speeches are based. But when I hear a member of the President's Cabinet use a singular noun followed by two plural pronouns of which it is supposed to be the antecedent ("A person can invest their money anyway they like"), he loses one vote for his party. Will Rogers once said, "People who don't say ain't, ain't eating." Yes, but they ain't campaigning on TV for a high office either.

Politicians are not alone in teaching the young to speak TV. In the entertainment field there is hardly a comedy star whose command of the language doesn't lack some luster in the parsing of a simple declarative statement. But when a politician may feel called upon, at the sight of a camera, to make an expansive statement, he is improvising. A comedian on TV has it written for him on cue cards.

One night it was written like this on the cue card of a big-time comedian: "I took my dog to the office of a veterinarian, and there were papers laying all over the floor." And a moment later he was describing something as "the most heart-rendering sight I ever saw." I ran into his manager on the street the following day. "Did you hear your comedian say that he went to a vet and there were papers laying all over the floor?" I asked.

"That's true," he replied. "I was with him at the time."

"Lying," I said.

"No," he replied, raising his right hand. "I swear to God."

"Okay," I continued, "but he also said something was the most heart-rendering sight he ever saw. You should render the fat out of your boy's head."

He hasn't spoken to me since. I'm sure he has me marked "subversive." A week or so later I had a letter from a small nephew who had to take his pet to the dog doctor. The boy wrote, "Papers were laying all over the floor." I didn't correct him. I didn't want to nip an up-and-coming big TV comedian in the bud.

There was a time in the early innocent days of radio and television when the networks cautioned their entertainers to "Watch your language." But that referred to words like "hell" and "damn"; even "a pregnant pause" was taboo then. Today comedians striving for big shock laughs interpret freedom of speech to mean "anything goes."

Language changes with our mod times. Old words have attained new, and I must admit, picturesque imagery. One who is on drugs is "strung out." One who can't cope is a "copout." One who is tense is "uptight." One who has left a gathering has "split." And all that jive.

Even a columnist who struggles to turn out his weekly quota of words is hard put to accommodate the constant changes in our vocabulary. Anything that smacks of male chauvinism will provoke a letter from an irate liberated female that'll get you so uptight and so strung out that you want to cop out and split. From now on the statue on Bedloe's Island will be known as Ms. Liberty. And as for AT&T—that motherly woman is now Ms. Bell. Okay? ☐

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Singers Short, Siepi, and Silja—also Spivakovsky

Whoever at Lincoln Center had the idea of putting Alice Tully Hall at the disposal of Bobby Short and inviting his clientele to register their approval at the box office is clearly entitled to a vice presidency, or something better. The "sold out" sign was up for days before the event, providing a tidy profit for the Performing Arts Center as well as for the performing artist. In addition, the event brought out rows and rows of people that appeared to be first-time visitors to Tully Hall. They may even come back for something else.

Whatever that something else is, the pleasure content of a Short evening is unlikely to be reprised, short of a return appearance by Short himself. Effective as he is in a supper club or *boîte*, Short's musical means and personal magnetism warrant the kind of attention that only a darkened hall and a spotlighted stage provide. Whether working over the repertory of his own particular bard, Cole Porter, or promoting the works of others to the best times of their song-writing lives, Short savors words and music, tunes and tempo, in a manner wholly his own.

It is a manner based, in a couple of words, on total involvement. Who else among his song-singing contemporaries combines fleet hands on the keyboard with a throat that throbs with insinuation as the left foot pounds the beat and the body dances in place? Out of a show business background, the length of which belies his looks—Short was a child attraction at nine—he has borrowed some technics from Fats Waller, who also played piano and sang, and others from Louis Armstrong. From these and other good sources, he has updated, refined, and recast a form of entertainment uniquely his own.

Part of that uniqueness comes from the material he favors. Whether by Porter or others, it is the outgrowth of an encyclopedic knowledge sifted through impeccable taste and rarely fallible judgment. In the opening dozen-and-a-half songs by Porter, most of the hackneyed tunes were bypassed. Now and then his favor gravitated to the familiar yet choice "Why Shouldn't I?" or "Miss Otis Regrets." But there were three or four recondite others ("Hot House Rose" among them) for each song an audience could sing along with.

Familiar names abounded among the composers he favored for the second, non-Porter part of the program. But the pairings of names and songs were always adventurous, never expectable. Included were Noël Coward's "We Were Dancing" (*Tonight at Eight-Thirty*), John Green's "It's Only Love" (*Something in the Wind*), Kurt Weill's "Thousands of Miles" (*Lost in the Stars*), and Jerome Kern's "Bojangles of Harlem" (*Swing Time*). One had hardly absorbed the exuberant "Cake Walkin' Babies," which finished the printed program, before Short was off on a series of encores in which he registered his deep devotion to Vernon Duke's "I Like the Likes of You" as well as the perennial "I Can't Get Started." Together they generated a lingering sense of sufficiency from which the applauding audience turned away as appreciatively as it had been turned on. Some may remember it was in Tully Hall that they first heard Erwin Drake's lovable "Just for a Day."

The Easter season that brought one audience the pleasures of Bobby Short in Tully Hall provided another with the regenerating powers of Wagner's *Parsifal* at the Metropolitan. As for Cesare Siepi, in the key role of Gurnemanz, the reappearance of the beautiful production by Robert O'Hearn introduced last season showed him to be even healthier in sound, more comfortable with the German text than he had been a year ago. He put all the Wagnerian values of a sometimes static part firmly in place, and with purpose. This accomplishment would have been highly creditable for a Central European born to the idiom and the language. For a native of Milan, an accomplishment of this order was doubly difficult. After years of expounding the art of *bel canto* in Verdi, Bellini, and other Italian masters, Siepi is demonstrating that a command of *legato* and beautiful sound is no less applicable to Wagner.

Leopold Ludwig's conducting could hardly be called pulsating, but it had more animation and a steadier flow than were heard when the production was new. Sándor Kónya as Parsifal responded with a freer, less constricted sound than has been heard from him for several years. Of equal quality were the sure, authoritative Kundry of Irene Dalis, the expressive Amfortas of William Dooley, and the intense, agonized Titurel of John Macurdy. A complement of youthfully believable Flower Maidens included such first-rank singers as Joann Grillo, Shirley Love, Jeannine Altmeyer, Joy Clements, and Frederica von Stade.

For Anja Silja, the opportunity to perform in New York the title role of Richard Strauss's *Salome*, for which she is celebrated in Europe, comes about half a decade late. For something more than half of the one-act opera's playing time of ninety minutes, Miss Silja is as believable to the eye as she is provocative to the ear. Tall and well formed, she pursues an intelligent plan of action derived from the staging of the late Wieland Wagner. It spells out the willfulness and the perversion that cause Salome to concentrate her sexual appetite on the head of the dead John the Baptist after he has refused to let her touch his living flesh. By some criteria, Silja's "Dance of the Seven Veils" is tame. But it is responsive to the composer's preference that it be erotic, not lascivious, and that it be addressed to the cistern where the Baptist is incarcerated, not to Salome's prurient stepfather, Herod. These things Silja did, as a responsible, well-motivated Salome should.

All this made a proper prelude to Salome's petulant insistence that, she having filled her part of the bargain, Herod was committed to giving her anything she requested in return. The unfortunate anticlimax is that Miss Silja doesn't now have, if she ever did, the range and reliability of voice to convey Strauss's contention that, to Salome, necrophilia is a beautiful, fulfilling experience. She chose to perform the final scene on her back with her face toward the head of the Baptist rather than toward the conductor, Karl Böhm. It would have meant more, dramatically, had she been better able to meet the composer's vocal challenge. The Baptist this time was William Dooley, who put his own mark of character on a part previously performed by Thomas Stewart.

Tossy Spivakovsky has long been a violinist par excellence whose mastery of the instrument drew fellow performers to hear him play, even if they did not care much for the work he happened to be playing. At his recent appearances with the New York Philharmonic, it was distressing to hear, in even so uncomplicated a work as the D-major Concerto of Mozart (K. 218), that the old coordination had diminished, and correct intonation was more of a problem than it should have been. There were, however, more than a few interesting innovations in Spivakovsky's treatment of the text for which he wrote his own cadenzas. These were brief, well shaped, and altogether appropriate. Dean Dixon's conducting was all consideration and cooperation. He began his evening with Liszt's *Prometheus*, a work whose quality is not at variance with its infrequency of performance, and followed it with excerpts from music for a ballet on the same Grecian subject. After these restricted exercises, Dixon had a free hand in the First Symphony of Sibelius, which he directed extremely well. □

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(Advertisement)

John Dornberg is a first-class journalist who has served as Bureau Chief for *Newsweek* in Bonn and in Moscow. What he saw and heard during the three years he spent in the Soviet Union convinced him that most Americans are abysmally misinformed about a country they fear and distrust. Hence, his new book, THE NEW TSARS: *Russia Under Stalin's Heirs.*

In THE NEW TSARS, John Dornberg shows how the downfall of Khrushchev signalled the rebirth of new and cruel Stalinization. He details how this so-called great power lags incredibly in technological advancement (their space program is a kind of Potemkin's Village). He shows that Soviet bureaucracy makes our civil service seem the very model of efficiency, and that even in agriculture the land of fabled Mother Russia is not properly exploited. What he really seems to be saying is that the USSR is no longer a first-rate power and that if Americans understood the drab and backward nature of Soviet life and the deep insecurity of Soviet leaders, it would be possible to develop a more productive and realistic foreign policy.

Dornberg is tough on the Soviet leaders whom he sees as true heirs of Stalin, but he has a deep and abiding affection for the land and its people, and particularly for that struggling band of dissidents who want to see their country survive beyond 1984. His portraits of those men and women (including Solzhenitsyn, Bulgakov, Amalrik, Kuznetsov, and others) are vivid and moving and set the tone for an enormously rich and informative panorama of THE NEW TSARS: *Russia Under Stalin's Heirs.*

L.L. Day
Editor-at-Large

THE NEW TSARS: *Russia Under Stalin's Heirs* by John Dornberg is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Headline of the Week—from Roger Eveleth of Bar Harbor, Maine, who found it in the Lewiston *Daily Sun*:

IRVING, WIFE
ARE INDICTED
IN BOOK CASE

Caught, we presume, by a library detector.

Want Ad of the Week—as discovered by Mrs. William Boughton of Troy, New York, in the Troy *Times-Record*:

Cleaning Lady–Woman over easy–and fun

No windows?

Protest of the Week—as located by Stephen Voysey of Philadelphia in the U. of P.'s *Daily Pennsylvanian*:

In addition to rollbacks in tuition, and housing rents, the protesters will demand:
–The right to a morally valid university
–The right to preparation for a meaningful vacation

We've got it, *two* Rs—R and R.

Notice of the Week—spotted by Hatti Prentiss of Bedford, Nova Scotia, in the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald*:

PLEASE NOTE
Due to the recent death of
AL SKINNER
Operator of
Inverness Ambulance Service
Business hopefully will
be carried on in the same
dignified manner

Hope, as they say, springs eternal.

Visiting in Chicago a while ago, we stopped at the office of Henry Regnery, of the publishing firm of the same name, and found him to be a very cool customer. We faced him with the accusation that his company had completely changed its character and had ceased being the bastion of conservatism that it was in happier days (or in unhappier—we did not know which). Was it just his firm, we wanted to know, or had the whole Midwest changed horses in Midstream?

"Just us," he said, smiling pleasantly. "Anyway it's a whole different thing. I'm chairman of the board, but I am no longer active in the management of the company. My son-in-law, Harvey Plotnick, is president. I published books I thought people ought to read. Harvey is more interested in finding books that people will in fact read."

How, we asked, did Harvey get into the picture in the first place? "He was at the University of Chicago," Mr. Regnery said. "I had a good friend on the faculty named Richard Weaver. We published his book *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, and he recommended Harvey for editorial work. First he did free-lance work, and then we offered him a regular job, and then he married my daughter."

Was she "liberal"? we asked. "No, not really," he said, but then quickly reversed himself. "Yes, she probably is," he said. "Northwestern was a bad influence on her. And then Harvey appeared on the scene."

At this, seemingly on cue, young Mr. Plotnick came into the room. Mr. Regnery asked his son-in-law if he would agree to the way he had phrased their differences in policy. Mr. Plotnick smiled. "Well," he said, "I'd say the company has become apolitical. We're now doing one hundred thirty new books a year. A while back, agents would say, 'Heck, you're in Chicago.' They wanted no part of us. I remember we did a collection of essays by a young writer, a book which was, as they say, 'critically acclaimed.' Then when he did another book, we weren't even thought of by his agent.

"Nowadays," Mr. Plotnick continued, "we're looking for books to make money—books on sports, movies, crafts, recreation. Everything. Books on name people and by name people. We're big on creative stitchery, creative carving, investment books, books like *Fleecing the Lambs*, or a book on investment advisory services called *If They're So Smart, How Come You're Not Rich?*" Mr. Plotnick paused. "I've just come from reading the manuscript of a book called *Silent Slaughter* by Joel Griffiths and Rich Ballantine. He's the son of Ian Ballantine. It's on the radiation hazards in the household—everything from X rays to your TV."

"Do they really know anything about it?" Mr. Regnery asked. "Yes," Mr. Plotnick said firmly, "they do." Did he, we asked, see any good in the older generation at all? He grinned. "Sure," he said, "they made the younger generation." On that fine exit line, he exited. We turned back to Mr. Regnery. Did he object to his son-in-law's take-over? "No, I don't object," he said, "but, I repeat, things are different now."

Mr. Regnery, we learned, was born in Chicago and attended MIT, where he studied mathematics. Was that good for publishing? we asked. "No," he said without elaboration and then went on

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to tell us he attended Harvard Graduate School of Business. "There were only three people there who were conservatives," he said. "One was Gabriel Haugy, Eisenhower's economic adviser; another was me; and the third was killed in the war."

On Regnery's first list of published works was *Hitler in Ourselves* by the Swiss philosopher Max Picard, and there were two books by the English publisher Victor Gollancz, both of which took an extremely critical view of Allied occupation policies in Germany. The company's first success was Mortimer Smith's *And Madly Teach*, an attack on progressive education. His first best seller was Freda Utley's *The China Story*. His most influential book, however, was Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, which, interestingly enough, was originally called *The Conservative Rout*.

Were there any liberal books published back then? we wanted to know. "Yes," Mr. Regnery admitted rather unhappily. "In fact, I published two books by people I now have reason to believe were Communists." Now he was smiling again. "Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* was an interesting thing," he said. "It was a nine-day wonder. It was helped considerably by the fact that the *Yale Daily News* every day had one pompous professor after another attacking it. The only trouble was, the book was so thoroughly attacked that everybody thought they had already read it.

"In my own immediate family," Mr. Regnery went on, "the two most popular authors were Roy Campbell, the South African poet, and Bill Buckley. Roy used to sing sea chanteys to my daughters when he came to visit, and Bill would tell them stories, and then my daughters would get into bed with him."

We lifted our eyebrows. "The eldest," he said, "was ten at the time." The one who married Mr. Plotnick? we asked. "The same," he said a bit sadly. "Now she has two children of her own." Are they liberal or conservative? we wanted to know. "Liberal, I guess," he said. "They're five and four."

Maybe, we suggested, it was time to bring Bill Buckley back. □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1984)

(ROBERT) TOWNSEND:
UP THE ORGANIZATION

First get it through your head that computers are big, expensive, fast, dumb adding-machine-typewriters. Then realize that most . . . computer technicians . . . are complicators, not simplifiers. They're trying to make it look tough.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Low Country Safari

At the southeast corner of the Carolina Low Country, hard by Savannah and the sea, exists one of the strangest mixtures of humanity anywhere in the land. Consider: Beaufort and Bluffton, moss-draped gothic towns where honeysuckle southern sentimentality lives side by side with broken-down black destitution; Parris Island, training ground for skinhead marine recruits; Penn Center, training ground for black community organizers; Hilton Head Island, attached to the mainland by a causeway but a distant dreamworld for wealthy retired settlers and tourists who come to play on its well-manicured grounds; Daufuskie Island, a black enclave only a half-hour boat ride from Hilton Head but a hundred-year journey into the past.

No more than twenty or thirty miles separates these curious settlements. Their inhabitants take in the same salty sea breezes and, when the wind is blowing briskly from Savannah, they smell the same stench from billowing paper-mill smokestacks. Much of this area is undeniably lovely. To a dreamy northerner it looks precisely as the South should look: narrow roads hooded with live oaks; glints of sunlight piercing the canopy of moss; stretches of swampland favored by egret, heron, alligator, and water moccasin; crumbling tabby mansions that bring back an era long gone with the wind.

Even on Hilton Head, where the 1970s have made their mark, old southern ways live on. Charles Fraser, an aggressive but courtly Georgian, has seen to that. Over the last fifteen years Fraser has carefully developed the island's five thousand southern acres into a residential and resort community that drips of stylish Low Country living. Houses of bleached-cypress siding and cedar-shake roofs blend in so neatly with the wooded landscape that you can stand fifty yards away on the beach and not know they are there. Most of the 400 or so homes on Fraser's Sea Pines Plantation have been bought by wealthy, conservative retired couples who come down to start life anew in this unthreatening environment. Living among the oaks, palmettos, and pines are insurance tycoons, a mattress king, a former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a newspaper editor. When they tire of golfing, walking, and tending their gardens, they can take up more industrious tasks, such as putting out a community newspaper, working on an interracial council to improve the lot of poor black farmers and fishermen on the other end of Hilton Head Island, or even organizing protest groups.

Picture it. Bands of comfortably safe and sane white residents joining up with local black fishing and oyster cooperatives and beating down the plans of a German chemical company to build a plant just across the water from Hilton Head on one of the last unpolluted estuaries of the East Coast. It happened in the last days of Walter Hickel's reign over the Department of the Interior. That the Hilton Head campaign carried the secretary's blessings contributed to his downfall, Sea Pines folk sadly believe to this day. At the peak of the battle—the rest of Beaufort County welcomed German investment—the motley Hilton Head forces got up a forty thousand signature petition and dispatched a shrimp boat, *Capn Dave*, with a crew of three whites and three blacks, up the Intracoastal Waterway to Washington. Wally Hickel was waiting there with a reception committee. Shortly thereafter the German plans were scuttled—but so was Hickel.

Fraser, whose respect for the environment is equaled only by his respect for the dollar, has taken care to

Ruins of Shelden Church near Beaufort keep the past from slipping away.

Alligators, once nearing extinction, now flourish by Hilton Head links.

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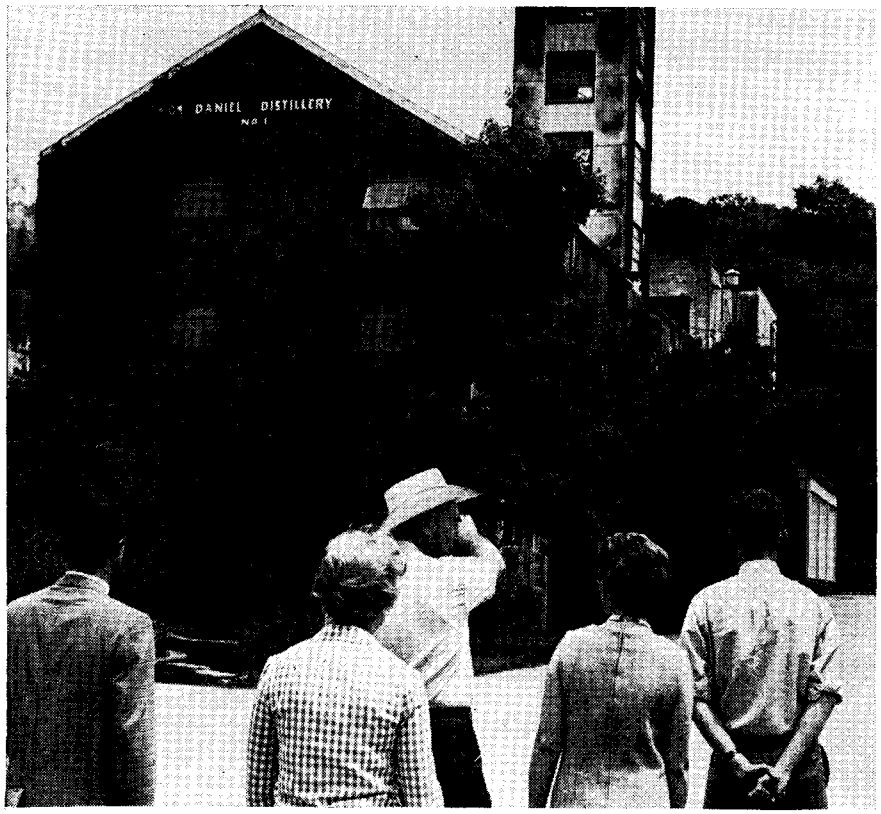
preserve every living thing at Sea Pines even if it means bending a road around a single ancient live oak. Like a beneficient plantation ruler, he passes on his wisdom to the moneyed, albeit naïve, residents. He laid out for them a six-acre plot called Heritage Farm, where they can come each day to tend little squares of land, observing the latest in organic gardening techniques. It is an incongruous sight indeed, Cadillacs and Bentleys parked on the road while their owners bend to the earth, trying to coax life into the one-time Hilton Head staples—sugar cane, cotton, tobacco, and peanuts.

Outsiders from beyond the causeway descend on Hilton Head in March and April and through the hot summer, concentrating mostly on family fun, hiking, biking (on forest paths and on the hard-packed beach), swimming, golfing, playing tennis. At first Hilton Head's resort reputation was that of a golfer's haven but little else. Indeed, there are a half-dozen courses on the island, and the one at Fraser's Harbour Town at the tip of Sea Pines has already been ranked among the top ten, along with the hallowed Pebble Beach, Merion, and Augusta National. What makes it different from most new American courses are the narrow fairways and small greens that Pete Dye and Jack Nicklaus designed, rather in the mold of English and Scottish links. Unlike those Old World layouts, though, Harbour Town has salty marshland for rough and alligators for mascots. In every sun-dappled channel, stream, or lagoon glistens the shining green hide of a 'gator. Headed for extinction not long ago, this docile amphibian has made a comeback in the southeastern United States thanks to enforced protection against poachers. When alligators on Hilton Head reach a length of six feet, they are taken away to other swampy coastal regions to further propagate the race.

Hilton Head's newest allure is tennis. Hoping to make Sea Pines the leading tennis resort in the country, Fraser has put in almost two dozen courts, attracted the top professionals to an annual tournament, and signed Stan Smith, top-ranked U.S. player as pro. Sea Pines is also overcoming its long-standing reputation as a stuffy, formal resort for well-endowed tourists. Lately, Sea Pines has done away with a mandatory coat-and-tie requirement at its Hilton Head Inn restaurants, and the Café Calibogue resounds to folk music past midnight.

A few years ago when David Brower, the ecology champion and former executive director of the Sierra Club, was asked if he was sorry that Fraser developed Hilton Head, he said: "I don't know. I think probably I'm not glad. I'd rather have more wilderness on the



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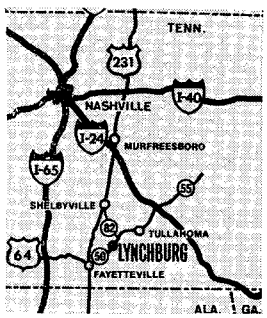

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CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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coast than there is. But if it had to be developed, I'm glad it was developed by him."

Fraser has put aside 600 acres as a forest preserve, and it's about as close to wilderness as you can get in slacks and street shoes. In fact, as I headed down the jungle path on a shining spring day, Glen McCaskey, Sea Pines's environmental planner, admitted that grown men have shied away from such excursions. "We get fathers who don't want to go in for fear of losing their courage in front of their sons," McCaskey said. "We are becoming such an urban society people don't know what to do the moment they get away from the city." We followed pine-needle paths past thick stands of palmettos, budding red maples, and shiny-leafed magnolias. Narrow boardwalks took us across a saw-grass marsh and by lagoons where alligators, certainly near the six-foot limit, lounged in the sun. A convoy of red-winged blackbirds darted low across the water. We plowed into a forest thick with hanging moss. It was a place for imaginations to flourish. Every movement in the brush was a slithering rattler. "Just small birds," McCaskey said, laughing.

Far from tennis courts and the 1970s, we finally met another pair of explorers. It was a middle-aged couple, the man in Bermuda shorts. His wife looked perplexed. "Have you *seen* anything?" she asked us. She might have been strolling through the San Diego Zoo. "Have you seen anything?" McCaskey repeated incredulously when the couple had moved away. "Doesn't it blow your mind? With all this around us! Have you seen anything!"

From a raised wood platform we looked down on an abandoned rice field turned to marshland. Far out near a clump of trees two white herons flapped into the sky. "Can you imagine what a tough thing it was for slaves working the rice fields with snakes and alligators all around them?" said McCaskey.

An hour or two later I was strolling among the early nineteenth-century mansions of old Beaufort (pronounced Bew-fuht), across Port Royal Sound from Hilton Head. The Historic Beaufort Foundation, headed by a lovely mother belle named Mrs. Helen Harvey, has rescued some of the town's four-columned, wide-verandaed houses from oblivion. Meanwhile, 150-year-old mansions of tabby (a mixture of oyster shells, lime, and water) are slowly going to ruin while old women inside sit by and cling to another age.

Driving south out of Beaufort, we crossed reedy channels to Parris Island, a well-placed property that Fraser himself might have coveted if the marines hadn't taken it first. Young recruits are confined to the island throughout boot camp, so the folks of Beaufort don't hear from them unless one tries to escape across the marshy water and his fate is reported in the local paper. Or unless a Ribbon Creek affair surfaces. It was on the night of April 8, 1956, that Staff Sergeant Matthew McKeon rounded up a band of recruits and marched them into Ribbon Creek. Six drowned. Following a court martial, McKeon had his sentence reduced, his fine suspended, his bad-conduct discharge overruled by the Secretary of the Navy. He worked his way back to corporal before being granted a medical discharge in February 1959.

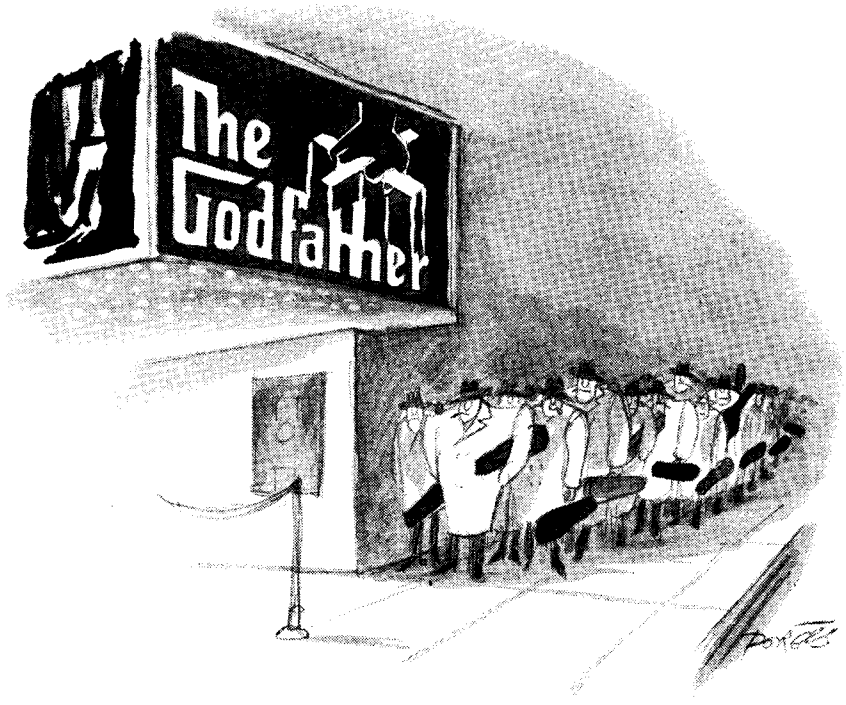
Now on a late March afternoon, companies of new recruits in fresh baggy uniforms double-timed across the road in front of us, a drill instructor in wide-brimmed hat running at their side exhorting them to shout. Several men stood out in the marine-green group; they wore tennis shoes. Farther down the road I did a double take at the sight of a group of young men with extraordinarily long hair and mod clothes. Sons of officers going home from school, Mrs. Harvey opined.

From the edge of the Harbour Town marina at Sea Pines Plantation, you can look across the water to the green shore line of Daufuskie Island, home to 100 blacks whose way of life remains static as winds of change sweep the mainland. I went ashore by chartered boat on a still, sultry day with sand fleas out in swarms. Lance Burn, the island's ruddy-faced, white-haired magistrate, came to Daufuskie at the age of two when his father was made assistant lighthouse keeper at Bloody Point. "When he died, Pappy was in his ninetieth year," said Burn, pointing to his father's grave among the pines. "He said Daufuskie was as close to heaven as he could get."

There is nothing heavenly, though, about living conditions on Daufuskie. When waste from a Savannah paper mill polluted surrounding waters, an oyster factory, the island's only source of employment, was closed down. Kids through the eighth grade go to a little white schoolhouse in a pine clearing where they learn their lessons from a middle-aged, soft-spoken black woman named Mrs. Julia M. Johnson and a twenty-three-year-old University of South Carolina graduate student with shoulder-length hair and mustache, Bob Thompson.

We sat in a corner on tiny chairs and talked while his pupils watched from desks along three walls, throwing shy grins in our direction. Thompson said that Office of Economic Opportunity funds would soon create a fishery, mechanics shop, restaurant, and several tourist cabins for vacationing middle-class blacks. "Still, Daufuskie is wasting away," he said. "There's really not much that's still alive. These kids face two alternatives when they grow up—braving that world out there, or staying behind and facing life as it is here."

Daufuskie had been characterized for me as a last stronghold of Gullah, as a rich enclave of black tradition. Thompson said to the contrary that Gullah never spread to Daufuskie, and apart from keeping certain Low Country customs—a strong belief in root medicine and visions—island residents live a backwater southern existence largely devoid of ties with Africa and the past. You wonder, as Thompson does, what will become of this island, these people. □



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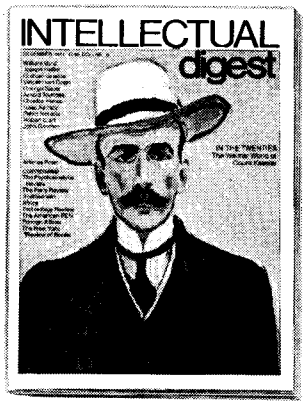

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Editorial

Washington Must Do More for the Arts

That the federal government should support the arts and humanities is no longer a matter of serious debate, at least not in Washington. Last year the House approved, by a vote of 400 to 5, a bill including appropriations of nearly $30-million for the National Endowment for the Arts and of an equal amount for the National Endowment for the Humanities. Mr. Nixon has increased his request for each of these programs for fiscal 1973 to $39-million, and in the next few weeks Congress most likely will comply.

But in the future how many tax dollars should be appropriated for culture? That is a subject of real controversy. The overall legislation regulating government funding of the arts and humanities, enacted two years ago, will end in mid-1973. New authorization for the future will have to be proposed before long. Will the government increase its support of cultural programs, and, if so, will that support be adequate to the nation's needs?

At the moment our government spends less per capita on the arts—just 15 cents—than almost any major nation in the Western world. A recent survey showed per capita outlay in other countries running this way:

West Germany	$2.42
Austria	2.00
Sweden	2.00
Canada	1.40
Israel	1.34
Great Britain	1.23

Embarrassing as they are, per capita figures don't tell the whole tale. Look at a comparison between our government's *total* yearly investment and those of smaller, less wealthy countries.

With 205 million people, the United States appropriated $30-million for the National Endowment for the Arts. Canada, with nearly 22 million people, recently spent almost as much —$26.5-million. Great Britain, with some 54 million people, spent $66-million. And West Germany, with some 55 million people, spent $134-million.

Knowing all this, the Partnership for the Arts, a private organization of citizens concerned about our cultural state of health, is asking Washington to increase support for the Arts Endowment to $200-million—not quite a dollar a head—by 1976. The Partnership wants $100-million appropriated for the Arts Endowment in 1974, $150-million in 1975, and the full $200-million to celebrate our bicentennial year. Senator Jacob Javits and Representative John Brademas are both champions of this cause. I would like to urge other congressmen to follow their lead.

Government programs promoting the arts and humanities may look vague or even dull when viewed as abstractions, but the accomplishments of both programs to date have been specific, exciting, popular, necessary. Just a short while ago the National Endowment for the Humanities offered $500,000 to New York's debt-ridden libraries—if a matching amount can be raised through public contributions before the end of June. These libraries provide students and scholars with magnificent research facilities, but a rise in operating costs and a drop in contributions have forced them to curtail their hours and services. The government's injection of funds, we hope, will bring the libraries back to life.

Similarly, the Arts Endowment helped revive many ailing symphony orchestras and ballet and opera companies in fiscal 1972. Not only did money from Washington enable these cultural organizations to survive, but it also sent them into parts of the nation that in the past had little exposure to the performing arts. For instance, twenty-seven modern dance companies have already played to audiences in small towns in thirty-six states; soon the country's three major ballet companies will visit thirteen cities across the nation. These tours are being partially financed by the Arts Endowment. Orchestras, opera companies, jazz groups—every aspect of musical enterprise—are receiving some government assistance. Resident professional theaters in twenty-nine cities also have received federal aid during this last year; such aid is bringing live drama to ever broader audiences. Uncle Sam is becoming a cultural Johnny Appleseed.

But Congress must put more seeds in the bag. Inflation is threatening cultural institutions in several ways. It is eroding the resources of private individuals and corporations, rendering them less able to offer contributions. As prices soar, employees working for cultural institutions are naturally enough demanding pay hikes. The day-to-day operating costs of museums, orchestras, theaters, libraries have become so high that many may be forced to suspend or drastically reduce their activities. Cities' and states' arts councils can shoulder some of the economic burden, but the real job must be done by the federal government.

Why? Because the people themselves are concerned with the arts and humanities as never before. More than 600 million visits are paid to American museums each year, twelve million to symphony concerts, and more than $2-billion is spent annually on cultural activities. Our painters are still the pacesetters for artists in Europe, Latin America, Australia, and Japan. Our pianists are generally considered the most technically accomplished performers in history. Our historians and literary critics are internationally renowned. Our poets dominate the entire English-speaking world. Our choreographers stage their works in London, our singers grace the stage at La Scala, our novelists are translated into Finnish and Urdu. We are a major—perhaps *the* major—cultural force today, and people everywhere should know the good news. Washington must support American artists.

Of course, the government's sponsorship of the arts and humanities will touch off many disputes. How should $200-million be administered? Should the money be equally divided between preserving the art of the past and promoting the art of the future, between giving grants to institutions and awarding fellowships to individuals? If tax dollars are to go to musicians, should those musicians be required to become civil servants (as they are in Austria, for instance)? Should artists be given a tax break, and, if so, which artists? Can any panel of experts determine which sculptor most deserves a government commission? *SR* intends to scrutinize these issues and will regularly review the progress of congressional committees affecting the arts.

Disputes about the arts can only be exhilarating. Although art has been variously justified as spiritual uplift, as part of our Gross National Product, as a time-filler for leisure hours, in fact it is far more central to our national destiny than any of these characterizations might suggest. Discussions about art inevitably lead to a consideration of other values—of morality, of religion, of politics, of individualism. Art is the great metaphor for meaning itself, and our divided country surely needs a unifying language.

John J. Veronis

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. His initial announcement in *SR* appears on pages 20 and 21. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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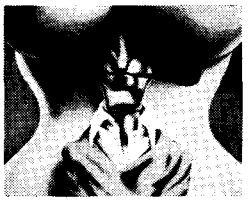
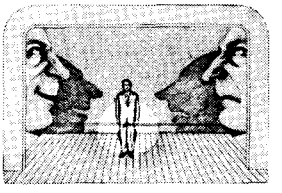
An affectionate look at The Fifties — "when everybody was pregnant" — in a new story by John Updike.

"What They Did in Dublin with *The Ginger Man*" — the latest eloquence of J. P. Donleavy.



American business in a new light: The Lyle Stuart publishing phenomenon. The world of Mattel where toys are "swell" — from Uke-A-Doodle to Shoppin' Sheryl. How *Playboy* exposes the ideal Playmate of The Month.

The reason Orson Welles hurled one telephone and four blazing sterno dishes at John Houseman.



"The Eerie Art of David Frye" (or "I'm Not Telling Anyone Where Nixon Is — That's My Secret").

WHAT'S A NON-MAGAZINE?

It's a magazine that appears between hard, book-like covers, every other month, six times a year. It's not sold on newsstands. It accepts no advertising. It devotes every one of its 108 pages to the best in short stories, articles, interviews, poetry, painting, and photography. In a word, it's AUDIENCE.

WILL AUDIENCE EVER HANG IN THE LOUVRE?

You just might find it the most beautiful publication in America — thanks in great part to art directors Milton Glaser and Seymour Chwast. Their Push Pin Studios are the first American design group ever to be honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. And they shaped a first issue of AUDIENCE that won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers.

A MATTER OF TASTE

Other shaping forces behind AUDIENCE are an Advisory Board unmatched by any other magazine. Alan Arkin, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams. Epitomizing taste. And that's what AUDIENCE is essentially all about.

ALGREN TO UPDIKE

Here's some of the good company you share as a reader of AUDIENCE: Nelson Algren, James Baldwin, Thomas Berger, John Berryman, Vance Bourjaily, John Brooks, J. P. Donleavy, William Price Fox, Bruce Jay Friedman, John Gardner, Herbert Gold, Joseph C. Goulden, Joseph Heller, John Clellon Holmes, Benedict Kiely, Larry L. King, Arthur Miller, Alan Moorehead, Pablo Neruda, Edwin Newman, Vladimir Nabokov, Richard Rhodes, Clancy Sigal, L. E. Sissman, John Updike.

Those are a few of the contributors who are helping us make reading a pleasure again. Their work is of such quality that we bind it between durable covers for permanence. It's worth keeping. Eventually, these hard-bound volumes of AUDIENCE will comprise a continuous chronicle of America's taste in the '70's — a lasting gallery of first-rate writing and first-rate design.

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An open letter to readers

Norman Cousins
New York, New York 10017

My purpose in writing is to tell you that my colleagues and I have decided to launch a new magazine. The magazine will be published every two weeks. It will be called WORLD. It will be a world review of ideas, the arts, and the human condition.

Ever since I resigned from the Saturday Review, I have been thinking and dreaming about starting a magazine that, in a certain sense, would belong to its readers and editors.

Usually, new magazines call for a prodigious investment. The reason is that magazines are sold to the consumer at less than the cost of manufacture. What compounds this problem is that the standard way of building a subscription list is through sharply reduced introductory offers.

Little wonder that massive investment has usually been necessary to see a new magazine through to the point where introductory-offer readers can be graduated to full-rate subscribers. But outside investment can mean outside control—and this is something we want to avoid if we possibly can.

Our hope, therefore, is that we can find enough readers who are willing to take a chance on us by becoming long-term subscribers from the very outset.

We decided to put these hopes to the test. I am delighted to say that the responses thus far have been favorable beyond even our most extravagant expectations. As a result, we are scheduling our first issue for late Spring.

What about the magazine itself?

We believe that a magazine is essentially a reading, rather than a viewing, experience. In this sense, we will publish for a readership rather than a flippership.

We will address ourselves to people who attach high value to ideas and the creative arts. Our arena, however, will be the world. We will do more than report on books, plays, movies, music and the arts in just the United States alone. We will attempt to review and report on cultural events on a world scale—"cultural" being defined in its broadest sense.

We will write about the human condition at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it—a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat—protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead—the squandering of human resources, far

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of the Saturday Review

more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach – and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years. For pre-publication Charter subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

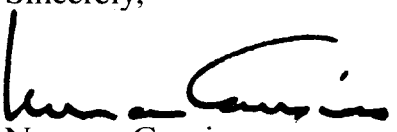
The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job – which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need right now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached.

Sincerely,



Norman Cousins

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Deathday Party

Tennessee Williams's latest work, called *Small Craft Warnings*, is currently playing at Off-Broadway's Truck and Warehouse Theatre. Across the street the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club on East 4th Street is offering *Persia, a Desert Cheapie* (the most expensive production ever staged there), which is a product of John Vaccaro and the Playhouse of the Ridiculous. The coincidental juxtaposition is most appropriate. The theatergoer can now proceed almost instantly from the ridiculous to the sublime.

Sublime is a word that can be applied to everything that Williams writes, and that quality, plus his passionate concern for the dispossessed people who live on the border line of despair, is again evident in *Small Craft Warnings*, a revision of a play originally known as *Confesssional*.

This new theater piece is less a play than it is a series of personal self-revelations offered by seven of the play's nine characters. These seven souls face increasingly shabby existences. They are not large enough to be true derelicts. They are tiny abandoned vessels. And they are threatened by nothing so magnificent as a great storm. What they face is the kind of disturbance that endangers only small craft.

Five of the seven lost souls are presented sketchily. Violet, an inefficient prostitute whose urgent need for a place to stay (she has lost her no-water flat above the amusement arcade) sets the play in motion, is the only one whose problem is resolved at the end. She weeps easily and is happiest when she is eating a hamburger called a "Whopper" or when she is fondling men's genitals under the table with what is described as a "religious" ecstasy. Steve, her regular boy friend between sailors, accepts with anguish his humiliating relationship with her because, as a forty-seven-year-old short-order cook, he has two choices—very little, or nothing at all. And Doc, an alcoholic doctor who has lost his license to practice and ekes out a living by performing abortions, is haunted by what his profession has done to reduce the dignity and size of the two holy mysteries, birth and death. He describes these mysteries as "dark as the face of God whose face is dark because it is the face of a black man . . . a negro miner in the pit of a lightless coal mine, obscured completely by the irrelevancies and irreverences of public worship."

The bartender-proprietor, Monk, has a heart condition that may be fatally

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tested before the night is over, but he is completely reconciled to serving his troubled and troublesome clientele. He lives on their news and considers his life justified because one of them once left him $250 in his will. And Bill McCorkle is a stud, who uses his sexual assets shamelessly in order to live without working. Most recently, he has been kept in a deluxe trailer by its owner, Leona Dawson. But Leona has kicked McCorkle out because she feels she has lost his respect, and we see him revert to becoming trade for cruising homosexuals.

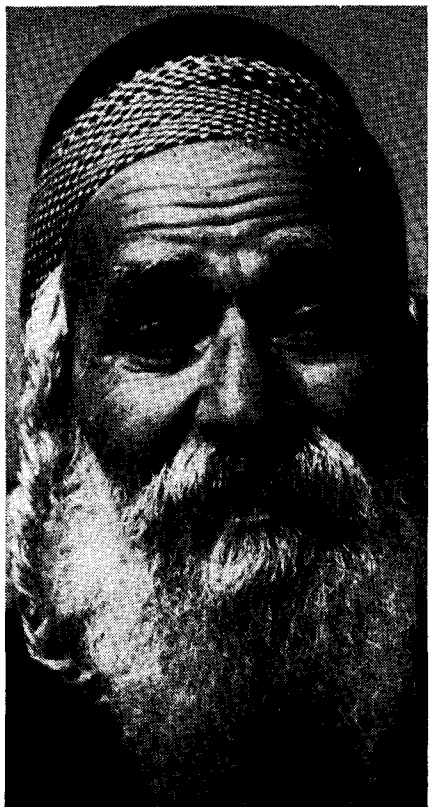
One such homosexual, Quentin, is drawn most profoundly. He describes the deadening coarseness in the unchanging pattern of homosexual experiences, and more significantly, he explores the tragedy of any person who has repeated emotional relationships to the point where he is no longer capable of being surprised by anything. His long poetic soliloquy suggests a whole other play that might be written.

However, the major character in this play is Leona. We meet her drunk, mourning the "deathday" of her younger brother, an anemic homosexual violinist who had the gift of making people capable of emotions beyond themselves, and who died young. The memory of his companionship and violin playing is the one beautiful thing that saves Leona from corruption. She explains, "Without one beautiful thing in the course of a lifetime, it's all a death-time." Like Quentin, she is aware that her life now is in danger of becoming a repetition of pickup relationships. But she has the capacity to look at the good in each and to move on when disrespect sets in.

This character revelation lays all the groundwork for dramatic confrontation. Yet the form of *Small Craft Warnings* is to substitute revelation for action. There is no anticipated event and no apparent theme.

Whatever conflict there is seems accidental, with most of the meaningful dialogue spoken by characters frozen in a spotlight and unheard by the

In "Small Craft Warnings" (below left) Tennessee Williams's fleet of shabby people survive. Allen Ginsberg's "Kaddish" features a most imaginative staging (below) and Marilyn Chris's great portrayal of Ginsberg's mother (left).



"So the eagle took me into his belly and carried me to the land of Israel."

Here Josef set aside the 100 piece necklace he had just completed and began to filligree another silver cobweb around a turquoise from King Solomon's mine. "But were you not afraid," I asked, "you who had never seen an airplane?"

"No," said Josef, "why should I fear? True, I was no teacher, only a jeweler who, like all my forefathers, knew only one corner of Yemen and the making of wedding necklaces for brides. But, though I knew not the world, did I not know the word? Had Exodus not told me that the wings of eagles would carry me here?"

"And what would you tell our American friends whom we are inviting to our year-long 25th birthday party?" "Come in your silver eagles. I, Josef Zadock, invite you too."

Israel's year long 25th Anniversary 1973 1973

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others. It is true that this is a deathday party, but since only one person knows or cares about the dearly departed, it cannot tie everyone together the way it does in Edward Albee's *All Over*.

Perhaps, as in his *The Seven Descents of Myrtle*, Williams intended to have the outside elements of nature as the antagonist. The sea and the fog build to a crescendo, threatening to destroy the barroom drifters, and then diminish to a temporary calm in which the man-made sound of Violet taking a shower in preparation for a pleasant night of love with Monk reassures us that the small craft will remain afloat. But this is a difficult mood to sustain on a stage, and the drama must therefore be preserved on a moment-by-moment basis by the performers' ability to make the characters interesting.

Under Richard Altman's direction they succeed only to a limited extent. As Leona, Helena Carroll offers an Irish vitality that is not incompatible with the character's wild swings from toughness to sentimentality. Alan Mixon is compellingly true in Quentin's one long soliloquy. William Hickey manages to make Steve convincing with very little dialogue. And Cherry Davis is all watery weakness as the vulnerable Violet.

Fred Voelpel's setting catches the flavor of a southern California coastal town by constructing the bar's walls out of slats, through which gaps the outside street is visible. One wonders if these slats might have made possible the walls of encroaching fog stipulated by the author. Though such an effect might have been expensive and distracting, the play could have used more nonrealistic atmosphere than it has here. It could also have used some piece of music more overpoweringly effective than the thin violin solo heard faintly from the jukebox.

Small Craft Warnings is, by design, a play about small people, who, unlike the impressive sailfish mounted over the bar, have never sailed an inch in their lives. And its location is less a bar than that point in life where each of these minnows must make peace with comparative insignificance and bleakness of outlook. However, as in *Camino Real*, Williams includes one quixotic character, in this case a young homosexual who rides blithely off on his bicycle to brave the uncertainties of Mexico by himself. Unfortunately, this good example doesn't seem to affect the others. Instead, we are left with a bunch of people who have already come to terms with their smallness and who manage to survive some to-be-expected setbacks for just one more night.

The Chelsea Theater Center has this season risen to an equal footing with La Mama and the Public Theater as a major contributor to the New York theater season. It began last November with an ambitious staging of the full-length version of Jean Genet's *The Screens*. Genet, who in my opinion is the greatest living playwright, is unfortunately not the most practical, and even Jean-Louis Barrault's French production trimmed the play to a more manageable length. But the nonprofit CTC bravely gave the playwright his day and presented a nearly five-hour rendition of the masterwork. Most memorable in a production that never quite found a workable rhythm was Willa Kim's magnificent costumes and Julie Bovasso's dynamic portrayal of the role of the Arab mother. It is unfortunate that CTC was unable to get permission to present a cut-down version of *The Screens* at an Off-Broadway theater, as its producers, Robert Kalfin and Michael David, tried to do.

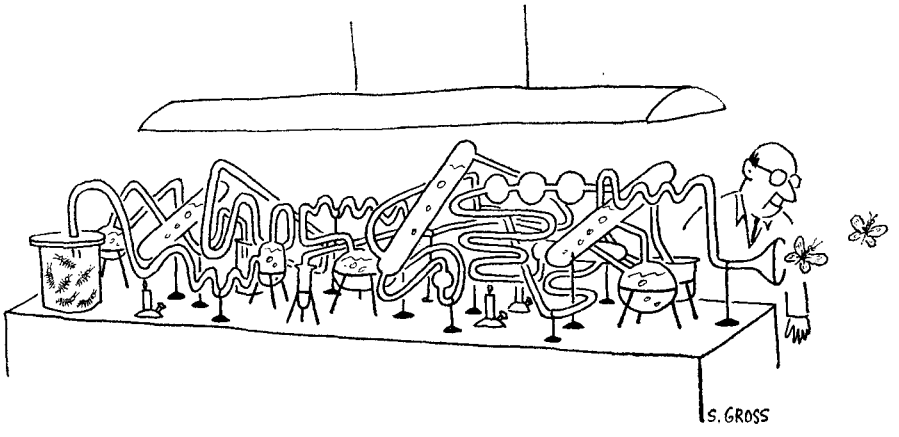
However, the Chelsea's second production, a highly innovative staging of Allen Ginsberg's *Kaddish*, which was completely sold out for its entire run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's small upstairs theater, has now been transferred to Circle-in-the-Square for a limited Off-Broadway run. The run is limited because the production requires special technicians to operate the complicated video equipment that continuously projects images on a tripartite screen behind the action and therefore costs $3,000 a week more than most Off-Broadway productions.

Kaddish is one of the notable achievements of the season, and is both a moving human document and an adventurous exploration of how drama can be reinforced by the use of multiple projected images.

The play is taken from a screenplay Allen Ginsberg made from his published poem about his dead mother, Naomi. Quite simply, it presents a series of short scenes in which we see the young Allen, his brother Eugene, and his father Louis, as they try to cope with Naomi's paranoia. But behind them on the screen there is a combination of images that show such things as actual video close-ups of the actor who is speaking, films of the kind of action that cannot be easily presented onstage, and the private thoughts of the characters.

Under Robert Kalfin's uncompromising direction, the foreground action of Naomi's progress from a scene of relative happiness with her family at a Communist camp to the wretchedness of madness at home and in mental institutions, climaxed by the ultimate lobotomy that turned her into a grotesque cripple, is painfully presented, with Marilyn Chris creating a fiercely possessed Naomi. Indeed, Miss Chris's portrayal is more moving and more unforgettable than any of the fine performances receiving Tony Award nominations (Off-Broadway is still ineligible), and it completely overwhelms Allen's obscure mystical soliloquies. This is the fault of Ginsberg the poet. Ginsberg the dramatist must see to it that we explore the root of Naomi's paranoia in a conjecturely comprehensible way, or that, as in *The Glass Menagerie*, her madness is balanced more equally with the effect it has on the other members of her family.

As for the video work by Arthur Ginsberg and Skip Sweeney of San Francisco's Video Free America, it is a beginning of what might eventually be accomplished when the director and the author learn to use it. The easiest demand made upon it, which it meets well, is to conjure up the feeling of Paterson, New Jersey, in the depression years, and that part of the poem is sufficiently realized that those of us who grew up in that period are provocatively reminded of our pre-affluent past—both its grubby nature and the heroism of those who staked out a rich life nonetheless. But the video camera and the script lose a glorious opportunity to present a final crescendo by not attempting to synchronize the poem's closing hymn with projected images. Perhaps it would not have worked, but the braving of the impossible has become the Chelsea Theater Center's proud trademark. □



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Taken all at once, it's an overwhelming inundation for the mind. Which is why the *Saturday Review* has come up with this adventurous resolution: to divide this changing world of ours into four spheres, and give you in-depth coverage on each one. For instance, an issue on *The Arts* one week. On *Education* the next week. On *The Society* the next. And an issue devoted to *Science* rounding out the month.

Every week you'll be reading comprehensive, innovative, often controversial articles which focus on that particular world . . . and seeing it through extraordinary graphics which light up some hidden aspects. We're asking nervy questions and provoking possibly irate but always authoritative answers. Whatever the subject is, you'll be reading what the experts have to say. Here's a sampling of some recent and forthcoming articles:

In *The Arts:* ▪ French film star Trintignant speaks candidly about actors, acting, sex and violence. ▪ Robert Craft describes the life and art of Stravinsky's widow — did Igor's genius affect Vera's painting? ▪ Scotty Reston — the one, the only, and the last?

In *Education:* ▪ Should we be teaching cooperation or competition? ▪ Education in China today — what can *we* learn from it? ▪ Educating children in a hippie commune.

In *The Society:* ▪ What do welfare recipients really want and what will their militants do to get it? ▪ What happens to former college radicals when they go to work for the establishment? ▪ How to cut through the red tape of Blue Cross.

In the *Science* issue: ▪ Cloning — how it will be possible to grow another *you* from the nucleus of one of your cells. ▪ The sex pill — will chemical sex be so much fun people will give up "natural" sex? ▪ Are there little green men out there? — fact and fancy on the possibilities of extraterrestrial life.

And in addition to all this, you'll still be getting the popular weekly columns by Irving Kolodin, Horace Sutton, and Goodman Ace — and the cartoons and games which have also become a *Saturday Review* tradition.

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Letters to the Editor

Alive and Well

I must express my dismay at the publication of the article "R.I.P.: Peace Corps and Vista" [*SR*, April 1]. As a former deputy director of public affairs for the Peace Corps who has now returned to the active practice of journalism, I feel I can speak with some knowledge and insight on the subject. The only thing clear from the article is that Wallace Roberts cannot.

While I have certain misgivings about, and objections to, some of the steps taken with regard to the Peace Corps and Vista following their merger into ACTION, I would suggest that both agencies are not only not dead but, in fact, very much alive and well. Despite the recent budget crisis at the Peace Corps stemming from sheer ineptness and from some deliberate malice on the part of some persons in both the administration and Congress, America's overseas volunteer program may well be in the best shape ever. Applications from potential volunteers and requests for volunteers from host countries have been rising steadily, and so has the caliber of the volunteer being sent overseas. A downward trend that existed in the late Sixties has clearly been reversed. Surveys show the Peace Corps to be the most popular of all government agencies. Congress has its share of fools, and so does the administration. It is, in a sense, a tribute to the Peace Corps's health that it continues so well despite them.

Dan Blackburn,
Hollywood, Calif.

Infant Grammar

Re: Edmund Blair Bolles's article "The Innate Grammar of Baby Talk" [*SR*, March 18]. After all that has been recently published in popular magazines about language, Chomsky, and language acquisition, it is difficult to see why a journal of your reputation has seen fit to print this self-impressed report by your well-meaning young freelancer on his linguistic satori in the African jungle. His sycophantic misrepresentation of Chomsky's "mathematical grammar" is matched by his patronizing dismissal of "traditional ideas" on the origin of language and surpassed by the naïve dilettantism of his own omniscient theory, which is loaded with transparent contradictions. The one rewarding moment I will cherish is the idea of a passive-competent babbler mating with an infinitive buff to endow their progeny (and mankind) with the passive infinitive. Baby talk? Well, almost. Certainly a poor service to the real accomplishments of the school that has turned your instant linguist on.

Professor Miroslav Rensky,
The City University of New York,
New York, N.Y.

M. or Mush?

Richard Armour's piece on the title "M." to replace "Mr." and "Ms." takes a brave step forward [Phoenix Nest, *SR*, April 1]. Ambrose Bierce in *The Devil's Dictionary* also took a "separate but equal" stab at the absurdities of social titles; witness his definition of "Miss": "A title with which we brand unmarried women to indicate that they are in the market. Miss, Missis (Mrs.), and Mister (Mr.) are the three most distinctly disagreeable words in the language, in sound and sense. Two are corruptions of Mistress, the other of Master. In the general abolition of social titles in this our country, they miraculously escaped to plague us. If we must have them let us be consistent and give one to the unmarried man. I venture to suggest *Mush*, abbreviated to *Mh.*"

Mh. Bob Hammack,
Ste. Genevieve, Mo.

Dove Tale

This is to call your attention to gross inaccuracies and misleading innuendoes concerning me in Goodman Ace's column Top of My Head [*SR*, Jan. 8].

I appear in a Dove Beauty Bar commercial. It was made entirely without my knowledge but had my subsequent approval. Every statement in the commercial is true. I am not now, nor have I ever been, an actress. I am a schoolteacher and a housewife. I used the product advertised over a long period of time. The statements made by me on film were spontaneous and were my own statements in reaction to the product. There was no script, nor did anyone put words into my mouth.

Goodman Ace may not like the commercial. That's his prerogative. He can express this because everything in taste is subjective; however, he should not mislead the public into thinking that it is being deceived. Nor am I particularly happy about being termed deceitful.

Bette Sternberg,
Watertown, Mass.

Goodman Ace replies: *Dear Teacher, I was surprised and chagrined to see that you graded my paper C–. Also my crest fell perceptibly after I read the note you sent my parents saying that I had cast doubt on your being a schoolteacher. It will probably make you very happy to learn they have cut my TV viewing for a whole month! You could have mentioned I described you as a "comely young lass" who didn't look like the schoolteachers I remember—ancients, way up there, about 38 or 40. . . .*

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Inquiries should be sent to "Reader Services." Articles or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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The Alienation of the American Worker

BY ABRAHAM RIBICOFF

Joe Taylor is one of the "Forgotten People" of America's working class. He is forty-one years old, has been married for twenty-one years, and is the father of three children. His grandfather, a tailor, came from Poland with the name Zbroszczyk. An immigration official could not pronounce it; so, from that moment on, the American branch of the Zbroszczyk family has been known as Taylor.

Joe works in a factory, belongs to a union, and makes $9,600 a year. He dropped out of high school, went to work at the factory where he has worked ever since, and married a girl, Mary, he had known since childhood. Their twenty-year-old son, Michael, a Vietnam veteran who cannot find work, lives at home. Another son finishes high school this year, is bright, and has been encouraged by his teachers to go on to college. But Joe does not know where the money will come from. Their daughter, Doris, is twelve. She wants to go to college, too, and Joe does not know where the money will come from for her, either.

The Taylors live in a two-story, twenty-five-year-old, four-bedroom, $17,000 home near the downtown section of a middle-sized city. Their home has one bathroom. Mary has a clothes washer but not a dryer. She would like a rollaway dishwasher. But that is a luxury they cannot afford now. She would also like a garbage disposal. Joe would like to buy a color television set.

The Taylors are always short of money. Joe makes $800 a month, but his take-home paycheck is only $635. Grocery bills amount to about $200 a month. From the remaining $435, mortgage, telephone, electricity, and gas bills claim $210, life insurance $12, and car expenses including insurance and payments $75. Their church receives $2 a Sunday, or $8 a month. Joe spends $20 out-of-pocket a month, Mary about the same. Clothing, personal care, and other family expenses take up as much as $50. They stubbornly save $30 a month whenever possible. Therefore, if they are lucky—if the sink doesn't stop up, if the children don't catch the flu, and if everything else works okay—the Taylors end up each month with about $10 to spare.

There are eighty-two million working-class Americans like Joe Taylor—many of them in similar economic straits. They are quite literally broke all the time. Any serious illness requiring prolonged hospitalization could wipe them out financially. It is often impossible for them to send their children to college. Retirement presents the threat of virtually guaranteed impoverishment. They read about their being the most highly paid working people in history, but when they compare their lot with that of their more well-heeled contemporaries they sense that the gap between rich and poor is just as great as ever. They feel that their government has brushed them aside, that politicians and social service agencies are preoccupied with the problems of blacks, youths, and other more troublesome minorities, and that, in short, the working class is a forgotten class.

And they are right. Working families comprise the largest single group in the United States; yet as a society we have ignored their increasing difficulties and needs. America can no longer afford to do so. It is time to define the problems and propose solutions. As a first step we should take pains to examine the feelings behind working-class grievances.

In addition to their frequently desperate economic plight, working men and women increasingly sense a prejudice against them in academic, intellectual, and liberal circles. They know that some commentators and social critics blame many of society's ills on them. They also know an anti-working-class bias can be found throughout our society. Former U.S. Representative Allard Lowenstein of New York, who sparked the student movement to dump President Johnson in 1968, described the anti-lower-middle-class feeling at the colleges in this way: "Many young people see middle-class people as nothing but a bunch of big-bosomed, beer-drinking, drum-and-bugle-corps types." Eric Hoffer, the longshoreman-philosopher, says the feeling is mutual, asserting: "'We are told we have to feel guilty. We've been poor all our lives, and now we're being preached to by every son of a bitch who

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Senator Abraham Ribicoff was Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare under President John F. Kennedy. This article is adapted from his book *America Can Make It*, to be published in June by Atheneum. Copyright © 1972, by Abraham Ribicoff.

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comes along. The ethnics are discovering that you can't trust Mayflower boys."

S. I. Hayakawa, the semantics professor who became president of San Francisco State College, believes the educated classes are dangerously out of touch with working families. "You and I," he told a reporter, "can live in the suburbs and demand integration in the schools downtown. We can make the moral demands, and someone else has to live with them. We can say the war in Vietnam is a dirty, immoral act, while our children are in college, exempt from the draft. The working people's children are in Vietnam, and they're praying for victory. They want to believe America is right."

These men and women look back upon the humble origin of their families in America, and they say: "We did it without federal grants. Why can't blacks? Why should they have all the special treatment?" It is not that they begrudge blacks progress in the redress of past wrongs. But working people feel the rules should not be changed now, making it easier for blacks than it was for them. They forget that the ancestors of most white working people, no matter how poor when they started out in this country, came as agents of Western culture and civilization to a country that needed millions of unskilled workers and were allowed to take advantage of the opportunities that the nation offered; blacks, on the other hand, came here in chains, found a civilization alien to the one they had left, suffered through an era when family life was not only discouraged but often outlawed, and now find an economy incapable of absorbing those with few skills.

Now that blacks are making gains, the white working people fear those gains are being made at their expense. The whites observe the blacks calling for solidarity, for unity, for "putting it all together." To a group threatened, black efforts to organize are interpreted as the first steps in new assaults on white working people's rights, prerogatives, and life-styles.

In some instances, fear of economic loss is not a figment of the working-class imagination. Many black gains in housing, education, and jobs have direct impact on white working families. It is *their* neighborhoods into which aspiring blacks move, *their* schools to which blacks are admitted, and *their* jobs that blacks actively compete for. The close social and economic position of working whites and aspiring blacks has tended to pit these two groups against each other. White workers start thinking in terms of white solidarity—rather than worker solidarity. "Why not?" they ask. "The soul brothers are thinking in black-versus-white terms. Why shouldn't we do the same?"

For example, a white union member rationalized the fact that his union was closed to blacks with these words: "Some men leave their sons money, some large investments, some business connections, and some a profession. I have only one worthwhile thing to give: my trade. I hope to follow a centuries-old tradition and sponsor my son for an apprenticeship. For this simple father's wish it is said that I discriminate against Negroes. Don't all of us discriminate? Which of us . . . will not choose a son over all others?"

Liberals safely ensconced in the professions, business, and universities can articulate such bromides as that the victory of one man need not be the defeat of another and that rising black membership in unions does not necessarily mean fewer jobs for whites. But white as well as black workers know that when the black man lands a job in an economy with a limited number of them, it is a job that could have been filled by a white. The equation is simple and does not require a college education to formulate. If there are x number of jobs and those jobs are all held by white workers, when a black wins a job, the number of employed whites is now x minus one.

Thus, the liberals and intellectuals seem to be siding with the blacks as far as the working class is concerned. Workers begin to feel it is they against the world—against the blacks, against the liberals, against the Democratic party they help support and elect—all of whom seem bent on reshaping American life at the expense of working people. It isn't fair, they say.

It is at about this point that the workers notice there are few people to articulate their thoughts and feelings. They look around and see that black people are organized and have spokesmen who lobby for their interests. But who speaks for working families, the American lower middle class? *They* have no full-time leaders, no contemporary heroes. Occasionally, a public figure captures their imagination and begins to articulate their problems. More often than not, however, such persons are addressing themselves to the weaknesses, not the strengths, of the working class.

It is a sad commentary on American society that Governor George Wallace has seemed to strike responsive chords in the working class. Agreed: There may be some bigotry and hatred in the hearts of working people. But, as the man seeking to give his son an apprenticeship noted, which of us is without some prejudice? There is also among those people an enormous reservoir of compassion, good will, energy, and longing for justice that men like Governor Wallace do not attempt to reach or encourage.

A union leader in Connecticut told me in 1968 that many of his membership would have supported George Wallace but for one fact: Listening to a Wallace speech, he said, did not make his men feel good; it made them feel remorse, as if they had sold out the values of human dignity in which they believed.

Vice President Spiro Agnew is also said to be a spokesman for the workingman. President Nixon himself seeks to relate to working families. But these two leaders likewise give working people only scapegoats—TV networks, militant blacks, and anarchistic college students—and very few positive reforms and accomplishments to improve their lives. Providing only scapegoats is smart politics, because everyone knows the poor and the black and the young do not vote in proportion to their actual numbers, but, clearly, it is not responsible politics in a country faced with growing hostility between white working people and the rest of society. Our nation's leaders should try to unite, not divide.

Some political observers have noted that, because for most blacks advancement means entry into the ranks of the lower middle class, federal efforts should be directed at improving the condition of those ranks. This theory argues that we will never solve the problems of blacks until we solve the problems of the lower middle class. For a time I myself advocated that approach. Yet as I thought about it, I came to realize that it is not the right reason for helping the working white families. We should set out to help the lower middle class because it is the right thing to do, not because it will indirectly help blacks. We should help middle Americans because they are vitally important and essential to the success of this country; because this nation would collapse without them; because they

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erect our skyscrapers, dam our rivers, unload our ships, pave our roads, drive our trucks, police our streets, man our defenses; because they are the muscle and heart that keeps the country moving; and because America needs them as much as they need America.

We can begin by making an agenda for action and focusing it upon the areas that most seriously affect working people: jobs, housing, health care, educational opportunities, and retirement.

Our basic goal should be to achieve full employment, so that workers can be confident that their jobs are secure. Also we must establish the concept of the government as "employer of last resort" for men and women who cannot find jobs in the private sector.

We face a great paradox in American society today: We have more than five million unemployed men and women in a country burdened with a huge backlog of unmet needs—in our parks and streets, slums and countryside, schools and colleges, libraries, hospitals, nursing homes, public buildings, indeed throughout the public and nonprofit sectors of this economy. For the government to serve as "employer of last resort" would ensure that all Americans have a job, and full employment would in turn ease tensions between white and black working people.

Another cause of conflict between blacks and whites is housing. Lower-middle-class white Americans look at the economic walls shutting them out of many suburbs and feel they are being left behind to share what little they have with what they see as an onrushing group of blacks who drive down property values wherever they go. Here, too, many working-class whites look with envy and anger at housing programs that somehow never seem to be available to them.

For many years federal housing assistance was geared to public housing projects rather than to individual home ownership. Lower-middle-class families theoretically are eligible for FHA and VA mortgage insurance programs, but higher housing costs have made it increasingly difficult for them to participate.

An average new home purchased in 1965 with an FHA-insured mortgage cost $16,800. Expenses for mortgage payments, taxes, insurance, utilities, and maintenance came to approximately $147 per month. In 1970 a similar house built on a similar lot cost about $24,500, with monthly payments of nearly $265—a 78 per cent increase in the effective cost of buying and maintaining a new home. A man earning less than $10,000 a year simply cannot afford these prices.

To fill the expanding cost-income gap, Congress in 1968 passed a subsidy program to assist low-income families wishing to purchase or rent decent housing. According to the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the typical family moving into a new home under this program in 1970 had an income of $6,200. The average home purchased had a mortgage of $17,650, and the family received a federal subsidy of $80 per month to help cover the total monthly mortgage payment of $171.

The problem is that these homes do not exist in sufficient numbers. Normally, the mortgages under this new home-ownership law are limited to $18,000 for a unit of up to three bedrooms. For a unit of four bedrooms or more for families of five or more, the limitation is $21,000. In high-cost areas these limits can be increased to $21,000 and $24,000, respectively. It is tough, if not impossible, to find a home at these prices, however. The median sales price of a new one-family home in America is $25,000. In the crowded Northeast the cost is more than $30,000. In fact, while 63 per cent of the homes built in 1963 were priced under $20,000, only 34 per cent can be bought for that amount now.

To make more housing available, our subsidy programs must be expanded by raising the ceilings on both income and price. Only then can working people feel confident that adequate housing at a reasonable price will always be available for them. This will raise the costs of the program dramatically, but these increases can be controlled if we open up the suburbs to more low- and moderate-income housing. The same forces that have trapped the blacks in the inner cities have also limited the mobility of white lower-middle-class Americans. They are now forced to compete with blacks for the limited supply of affordable housing. The lower middle class, therefore, has an equal stake in opening up the suburbs to low-income housing.

The next item on our agenda for action is health. Simply stated, this nation must adopt a program of national health insurance. For about five million affluent Americans, major sickness or injury may be an inconvenience or personal tragedy—but not a cause of bankruptcy. These people don't sweat out questions such as, Should we pay the rent this month or the hospital? The grocer or the doctor? Is a sick child something we can afford this winter or next? They don't think about collection agencies, hospital attorneys, and bankruptcy courts. They spend little time worrying about whether they will lose their health insurance if they are laid off during a rough economic period.

For more than 200 million Americans, however, these matters are a constant, gnawing worry. The symbol of medicine is no longer the Red Cross or the physician's insignia, but the dollar sign. Between 1960 and 1970 hospital costs almost tripled and doctors' fees nearly doubled. The average day in the hospital that cost $32.23 in 1960 cost $79.83 in 1970. The complete physical that cost $57 as recently as 1968 cost $100 in 1970.

If developments in health insurance had kept pace with the increases in cost, that would have relieved the problem significantly. But health insurance programs did not keep pace. In the face of rising costs, twenty-four million Americans still have no hospital insurance at all. That is one in every seven persons under the age of sixty-five. One in five Americans—or thirty-five million people—are without surgical insurance.

Devising a successful national health insurance program is an awesome and complex task. First, the program should be federally financed; second, it should establish one program for the entire nation; third, it should be open to everyone without exception; and fourth, it should have no restrictions on the medical services that are covered or the length of time a person may receive the medical treatment he needs.

The program should not be totally dominated by the federal government or the private insurance industry. Instead, each state should be allowed to make its own decision on how to administer the program. The governor and the legislature would select whatever agency they wished to do the job. They could choose a Blue Cross carrier, a commercial company, a combination of the two, or an existing state agency, or they could establish a semi-independent public corporation. The choice would be theirs. But the program would have to meet federal standards of entitlement, administration, cost control, and quality control.

By allowing for regional variation and experimenta-

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tion, by allowing for continual review and at least the possibility of local control of the system, and by allowing the health care issue to be politicized to a point where a governor would be held accountable by the electorate for his administration of the program, concern for satisfying the consumer would be heightened.

It will take time to implement such a program. We should use that interval to work out the details in a series of pilot programs. Too often in this country we have adopted major social programs with no idea whether or how they will work. We could have avoided much of the waste we now find in federal programs had we been willing at the start to admit our uncertainties and to begin on a smaller scale.

Unemployment and medical bills are great burdens on working families. The lack of higher educational opportunities for their children is another. For example, as a nation we place a high premium on a college education but as yet have not guaranteed every American youngster the right to obtain his degree. Our goals should be to give that guarantee to all intelligent and interested youngsters, regardless of their parents' financial resources, and to encourage those who, for one reason or another, are just filling up desk space at college to use their time more profitably. Academic ability is not a gift only the rich enjoy any more than an interest in nonacademic subjects is limited to the children of working people.

At the same time that we increase educational opportunity we should attempt to overcome our national obsession with college. Americans should recognize that good mechanics are as important to our society as competent lawyers. In fact, most of us rarely require the services of a lawyer. The same is not true of our need for mechanics, plumbers, and other skilled workmen, without whose talents our society would literally collapse.

We have begun compensatory and catch-up programs for ghetto students to enable them to go to college. In many cases academic standards are lowered to permit admission, and then remedial programs are started to accelerate the progress of disadvantaged students. They are also given scholarships, loans, or jobs on or near the campus.

These programs obviously are important and should be expanded. But compare them with the opportunities offered a working-class boy or girl. Suppose the student's grades were ordinary in high school and, therefore, he can't get into college. No effort is made to lower academic standards for him, even though his intellectual qualifications may be much higher than those of the black child from the ghetto. Even if the working-class boy is admitted, there are no special tutorial programs offered him. Nor are there special scholarships, loans, or jobs. The government's investment in the GI Bill has been repaid many times over by the millions of veterans who have received assistance. Why not provide assistance to *everyone* qualified to attend college whose parents are unable to afford tuition?

The federal government is now spending more than $500-million a year supporting vocational education programs. This figure also should be increased. We should be building technical institutes across the country. This investment, too, will be returned to us manyfold. In large measure this nation's wealth and pre-eminence in the world are the result of the technical know-how our people enjoy. American technical skill is famous throughout the world. We are great builders and earth-movers. Every youngster who does not go to college should have the opportunity to attend a vocational or technical school. There should be one or two in every metropolitan area with a population of more than 40,000. That school should function in response to the needs of the community in which it is located.

Finally, to help working-class Americans, we must guarantee them a decent, reasonably comfortable, dignified retirement. If a society is judged by the care it takes of its elderly members, American society is a failure. To be old in America is too often to be poor. Most working-class people retire and live at or near the poverty level. In 1969 the aged had less than half the income of those under sixty-five. By December 1970, according to the Senate's special committee on aging, approximately five million of the twenty million aged Americans lived in poverty, a rate of poverty twice that of our society generally.

Many of the aged poor simply are those who have been poor all their lives and have grown old. But an increasing number of them are working-class Americans who, while working, made enough to stay out of poverty yet were unable to save much for their retirement and have found that pensions and Social Security cannot provide them with a decent standard of living.

In addition, many workers who are ill, unemployed, or in very low-paying jobs are being forced to retire before age sixty-five and, therefore, accept reduced Social Security benefits. Many such persons simply cannot find jobs with which to supplement their incomes. Widespread unemployment among those over forty-five years of age is increasing faster than in any other age group. This unemployment lasts longer than it does for younger workers, and the older person has greater difficulty in finding a job at the same pay level after a prolonged layoff. As a result, a new class of aging poor is being created.

Beyond the more than one million men and women over forty-five who are unemployed and seeking employment are more than eight million males forty-five and older who have totally withdrawn from the work force and are not reflected in unemployment statistics. Another twenty million women in this age group are also not in the labor force. Assuming that only 30 per cent of the men and 10 per cent of the women want and need jobs—a conservative estimate made by the Senate special committee on aging—the "real" unemployment for persons forty-five and older would approach 5.5 million—500,000 more than the total reported unemployed in the entire United States.

The federal government has ignored this plight of middle-aged people and thereby has contributed to the resentment felt by workers against a government that cares for the rich and attempts to provide for the poor but ignores the average man. Less than 10 per cent of the nation's manpower training and retraining effort has focused on people forty-five and older, their high unemployment notwithstanding.

The first thing we need to do is ensure that those on Social Security receive adequate incomes. A Social Security Administration study showed that one-fourth of aged couples and two-fifths of single beneficiaries receiving Social Security depended on it alone for their support. At present the most that a retired couple can receive is a little over $200 a month, and a single or a widowed person receives a little more than half that. These figures are much too low, as shown by the fact that 1.2 million Social Security recipients

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are forced to rely on welfare as well as Social Security for their subsistence. Congress is considering increases in Social Security this year, but hundreds of thousands of recipients may *still* have to seek welfare help as well.

Some who object to significant increases in Social Security argue that the program was never meant to provide full support during retirement. That is correct. But Social Security is not a religion or a sacred ledger handed down from on high. If it is not a full retirement program for the elderly, then let us change it. All it would take would be a majority of members of the Senate and House and the signature of the President to sufficiently amend the Social Security law to enable every person in America to live out his nonworking years in reasonable comfort and dignity. This will require a larger investment in Social Security by working people, but I do not think they will mind if, at the same time, they understand that this will guarantee them a comfortable retirement.

As Social Security deductions from paychecks are increased, however, the system should be made more equitable. Social Security taxes are regressive, forcing low-paid workers to surrender a much higher percentage of their income than highly paid employees. The injustice arises because everyone covered by Social Security is taxed 5.2 per cent of his first $9,000 of earnings, but not taxed at all for any earnings in excess of that figure.

This formula is fine for Harry Smith, who makes $40,000 a year. His Social Security contribution comes to $468, or 1 per cent of his total income. But for Joe Taylor, who makes only $9,000, and also pays $468, this is 5.2 per cent of his salary—a rate five times greater than that paid by Harry Smith. There is no justification for this difference. Social Security should be reformed so that everyone pays a more reasonable share of their income and receives more adequate benefits.

Another inequity in the Social Security system is the limitation imposed on income received by Social Security pensioners. Many elderly persons are eager to work and help support themselves. But the government discourages work by penalizing them for every dollar earned above $1,680 a year.

Consider a widow receiving Social Security benefits. She receives $150 a month from the program. Then she takes a job that pays her $3,600 a year. For every two dollars she earns over $1,680 and up to $2,880, she must forfeit one dollar in Social Security benefits. Above $2,880 she loses benefits on a dollar-for-dollar basis. This limitation applies until the age of seventy-two, when she will be allowed to earn any amount without losing Social Security benefits.

The effect of this earning limitation penalizes the working class. While our working widow is losing benefits for every dollar earned, our friend Smith is allowed, on retirement, to receive all of his income from investments, stocks, bonds, copyrights, patents, rentals, dividends, and pensions without losing a penny of Social Security benefits even if his outside income is $100,000. Two million elderly workers, meanwhile, are losing some or all of their Social Security benefits, for which they paid a higher percentage of their salaries. This is wrong and must be changed if Social Security is to be a program that meets the needs of the lower middle class. Proposals are now pending before Congress to raise the income ceiling, but this is only a start in the right direction.

Social Security, of course, is not the sole means of providing for the retirement of our citizens. Approximately $140-billion is now invested in 34,000 private pension funds covering thirty million workers. Unfortunately, more than half of the private work force is employed by a company or union that does not have a pension plan. As many as half of those workers who have a plan may not receive pension benefits when they retire, and more than half of all persons who will receive private pension benefits will receive less than $1,000 a year.

The fine print in many pension plans rivals those famous life insurance policies that, after the disclaimers, cover you against being run over by a herd of buffalo in downtown Detroit. Many pension plans provide no benefits for widows or widowers, require many years of service before a worker has a right to any pension, and cause him to forfeit all rights if he changes jobs. As a *New York Times* survey showed last year, private pension plans are "a phantom for millions of workers who never collect them."

We are slowly becoming aware of this problem. Proposals have been made to allow workers to transfer their interest in one pension plan to another when they change jobs, to shorten the years of work necessary to qualify for pension rights, and to give tax deductions to those individuals and businesses investing in pension plans for themselves or their employees.

These proposals all move in the right direction. Ralph Nader has a simpler idea. Each employee would be responsible for arranging his own retirement plan. His employer would make payments to a fund chosen by the employee, who could transfer his interest at any time. The funds would therefore compete on the open market to provide better benefits. The government would set minimum standards for all funds and would provide insurance to avoid the increasing problem of pension fund failures.

All of these suggestions deserve serious consideration. Whatever we do, we must help workers to ensure that their retirement years will not be years of poverty and insecurity.

That is my proposed agenda for action to improve the economics and quality of life for working Americans. I don't pretend to have all the answers for these very complicated problems and have only briefly indicated what I feel are solutions to the major problems. A final item remains. No government can achieve a solution without the people's support. I would like to suggest that we alter the tone and style of our public and private discussions about our most pressing problems. We should raise our level of tolerance for the ideas and proposals of those with whom we disagree. We should stop talking only to those with whom we agree and try to put ourselves in the shoes of others.

As the decade of the Sixties wore on, the level of public and private discussion in this country hit rock bottom. Angry outbursts punctuated too many sentences. Thoughtful, considered opinions were replaced by stormy assertions and bullying tactics, many of them directed at and then returned by the working class. As a result, a good number of American workingmen and women who once thought of themselves as tolerant, progressive, understanding citizens of a great nation now have become resentful and bitter. Why be tolerant, they ask, when progress seems to help those beneath us and those above us but never *us*?

Protest is important. People should work and fight for their rights. But, ultimately, we will rise or fall together, and this means that no class of our society can be downgraded or forgotten. □

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Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

Two of America's most arresting writers, the novelist Norman Mailer and the poet Adrienne Rich, are examined in this month's arts supplement. As the essay on Mailer by Richard Poirier and the interview with Adrienne Rich by David Kalstone make abundantly clear, both of these artists have faced an excruciating problem but have faced up to it in quite different ways.

How does a writer entertain at once a private vision and a public position? Can fiction and poetry mix with responsible politics, or will the mixture always produce inferior art and unreliable opinion?

There was a time when American authors would not have taken such questions seriously. In the years following World War II most poets and many novelists would have replied fluently that the whole "problem" was no problem at all. Of course, political issues might demand support or protest from a writer, but only in his or her capacity as a private citizen. You might sign a manifesto or join a committee. You might even register your disapproval of convention by showing up drunk or in sandals at a publisher's cocktail party. Your *art*, however, was not ideological. No, it was derived from a "Negative Capability," the phrase that Keats coined and explained as that invaluable faculty called into play "when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." Commenting on Keats's theory in 1951, Lionel Trilling, the dean of American critics, could write: "Negative Capability, the faculty of not having to make up one's mind about everything, depends upon the sense of one's personal identity and is the sign of personal identity." According to this esthetic view, the artist's creativity is more important than his convictions. Trilling's admirers, if not Trilling himself, might have said that Dostoevsky cannot be criticized because he advocated autocracy, for after all he did write *The Brothers Karamazov*; Ezra Pound cannot be held responsible for his anti-Semitism, for he did compose the brilliant first thirty cantos.

Today many writers are uncomfortable with this doctrine. They can no longer be so certain that art and life touch one another only tangentially. Fiction and poetry can change events and also be events; every book is a political act, even if only tacitly. Norman Mailer and Adrienne Rich are representative of those writers who have emerged from the formalism of the Fifties into the activism of the Seventies. But their shared concern for capturing in words contemporary social energies—and their certitude that sexuality is the source of those energies—are their only points of agreement. Mailer, as Poirier argues, seems to have a terror of accepting any accepted view of things. He must stay out of step, must march to his own erratic drummer, must champion Left conservatism and an odd brand of male supremacy based on the notion that only by ruling women can men hope to be their equals. In Poirier's view Mailer is compelled to reject all words and ideas that are contaminated by being in common currency; taking issue is essential to his creative strategy.

Adrienne Rich, by contrast, has submitted to the current ideas of the women's movement. She has not turned herself inside out in order to have an "interesting" opinion on the liberation of her sex; probably nothing she has said in her interview would cause Kate Millett to disagree with her. But if Rich has accepted the women's "line," how can she write well? Isn't she simply versifying *Sexual Politics*?

Not at all. The relationship between the sexes is, after all, a venerable but inexhaustible theme. Now that women are attempting to redefine that relationship, to extirpate all preconceptions, and find a new way to talk to men, the talk itself must be invented. As Rich's poem "Diving into the Wreck" (printed in this issue) demonstrates, the new talk is not cant. In fact, Rich's verse calls to mind the prediction made in 1871 by the French poet Arthur Rimbaud: "When the infinite servitude of woman will have ended, when she will be able to live by and for herself; then . . . she too will be a poet. Women shall discover the unknown. Will her world be different from ours? She will discover strange, unfathomable things, repulsive, delicious. We shall take them; we shall understand them." □

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New Realism in Sculpture:

LOOK ALIVE!

It is now ten years since the Sidney Janis Gallery astounded the art world with an exhibition of Pop Art. The New York art critics were outraged that a gallery as prestigious as Sidney Janis's should give prominence to a Pop culture movement that few of them took seriously. Claes Oldenburg's gooey cakes and yummy pies, they were willing to concede, were folk art, but definitely not fine art. Janis called this exhibition "New Realists," but he was jumping the gun on the *real* New Realists yet to come.

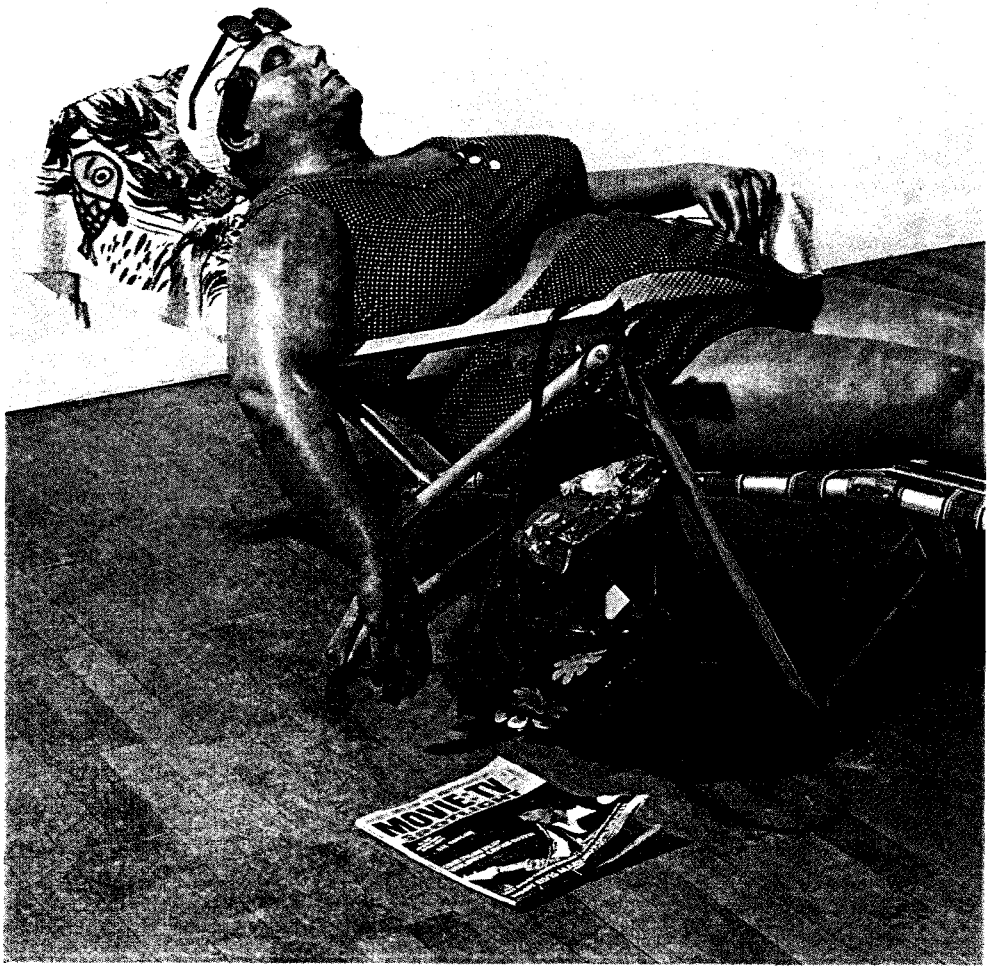
The real New Realists appeared on the art scene some four years ago with paintings so realistic they obliged the observer to ask: Is it a painting or is it a photograph? This winter Sidney Janis put on an exhibition of New Realist painters and included a handful of the even newer New Realist sculptors, whose work is so realistic that the subject looks alive. Once again, the critics howled with rage, *The New York Times*'s Hilton Kramer calling the exhibition "yet another attempt to blitz the art market and make history." Janis called this exhibition "Sharp-Focus Realism," but in the catalogue introduction he wrote that "the title Post-Pop Realists seems clearer since it places them concisely within art and history." So the great Sidney Janis says the New Realism is art!

In the last six months in New York the sculpture branch of New Realism has forged ahead with a number of exhibitions of the human figure in the round, nude or fully and actually clothed, in papier-mâché, epoxy, fiber glass and polyester resin, stockinette and styrofoam—in every material except traditional stone or bronze. The New Realist sculpture did not, of course, appear out of the blue. George Segal is its most obvious immediate predecessor. Segal has been making plaster casts of his sitters for a decade, but he leaves them unpainted and rough-surfaced: His pale bus drivers and gas-station attendants are ghosts of themselves and their occupations. The New Realist life-size polychromed sculpture, however, is realistic to the point of shock. "More real than real," as one duly shocked critic put it.

One of the most realistic of the New Realist sculptors is John de Andrea, a young Colorado artist who uses plaster casts of his sitters merely as molds for the final work in polyester resin and fiber glass, which he paints. "He's interested in a person in a rather ideal situation," explains Ivan Karp, cigar-chomping director of the O. K. Harris Gallery, who has done more than any other dealer to promote the New Realist painters and sculptors. At de Andrea's recent show his naked *Black Boys* frolicked in Arcadian innocence: Surely they could never grow into Black Panthers. The "ideal situation" in the case of his *Women* (realistic down to the pubic hair) would seem to be that of the Pretty Girl Next Door rather than her Ugly Sister. But de Andrea's girls are insipid. They would never make the centerfold of *Playboy*.

Duane Hanson, on the other hand, is interested in people in far from ideal situations. He would have given us the ultimate, undesirable Ugly Sister. (Hanson also works life-size in painted polyester resin and fiber glass.) His *Riot*, a black-versus-white confrontation on a sun-drenched Florida vacant lot, was indeed a shocker when first seen in 1968, as were his later *Motorcyclist* (dead) and *Bowery Bums*, which his dealer, Ivan Karp, considers one of his

Duane Hanson's convincingly lifelike "Sunbather" (below) was cast from a real person, then molded in plastic. The huge astronaut (opposite page) is part of Red Grooms's sprawling, three-dimensional moonscape, which celebrates the Apollo 15 landing.



Rosalind Constable, always among the first to detect new art trends, writes frequently for *New York* and *Book World*.

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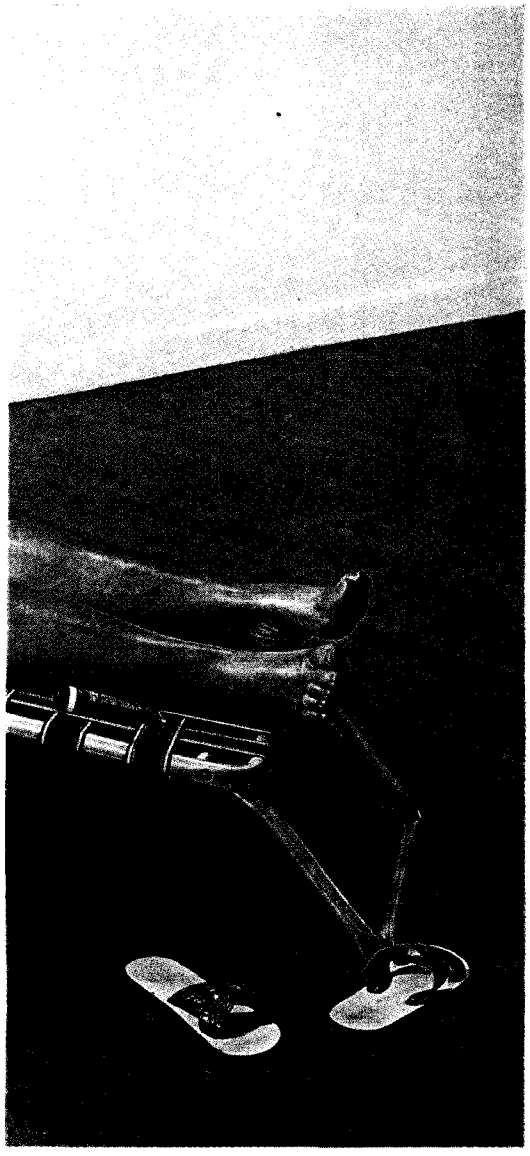
best pieces, "a totally unified three-part composition that has a degree of restraint that separates it from topicality and puts it in the realm of high art."

Writing about his own work in *Art in America* in 1970, Hanson said: "The content or subject matter of my sculpture is derived from my feeling of despair. Realism is best suited to convey the frightening idiosyncracies of our time. The purpose of my work, like the flashing road signal, is to depict some of the latent and explicit terrors of our social environment." Hanson's recent exhibition at the O. K. Harris Gallery included a seated, sullen, hard-eyed *Hard Hat;* an *Artist,* a life-size "portrait" of artist Mike Bakaty in Bakaty's own blue jeans; and *Sunbather,* a very fat lady stretched out on a beach chair surrounded by the accouterments of leisure—suntan lotion, a movie magazine, and a tote bag containing potato chips and pretzels. Said Karp, stroking her solid thigh: "Even her relatives have never stared at her so closely. Sculpturally, she's interesting, because her volumes are right." The show sold out.

However, Hanson's *Tourists,* whose verisimilitude startled visitors to the Whitney Museum's sculpture exhibition in 1971, remains one of his most telling works: two American tourists looking up in total bewilderment at some sight-seer's dream—Giotto's Tower, perhaps, or Michelangelo's *David.* An aura of ancient monuments hovers over this dreadful pair, pathetically striving to understand whatever marvel it is they are seeing for the first —and last—time. Like much of Hanson's recent work, its surface cruelty conceals an underlying compassion for its subject, and one wonders what happened to Hanson's "despair" of yesteryear. Says Hanson today: "My despair is not so overwhelming. The critical aspects of my work are still there, but in a more subtle way. I think the physical aspects of violence turn people off. They are still inherent in my work, but not so apparent."

Over in London, California-born Jann Haworth (wife of British Pop artist Peter Blake) has been busy for a decade stuffing cloth with kapok and shaping and stitching it into such American archetypes as *Cowboy, Surfer,* and *Mae West.* Haworth first attracted attention with *Dunromin*



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The art galleries are invaded by produce vendors, brawling men, and youthful nudes.

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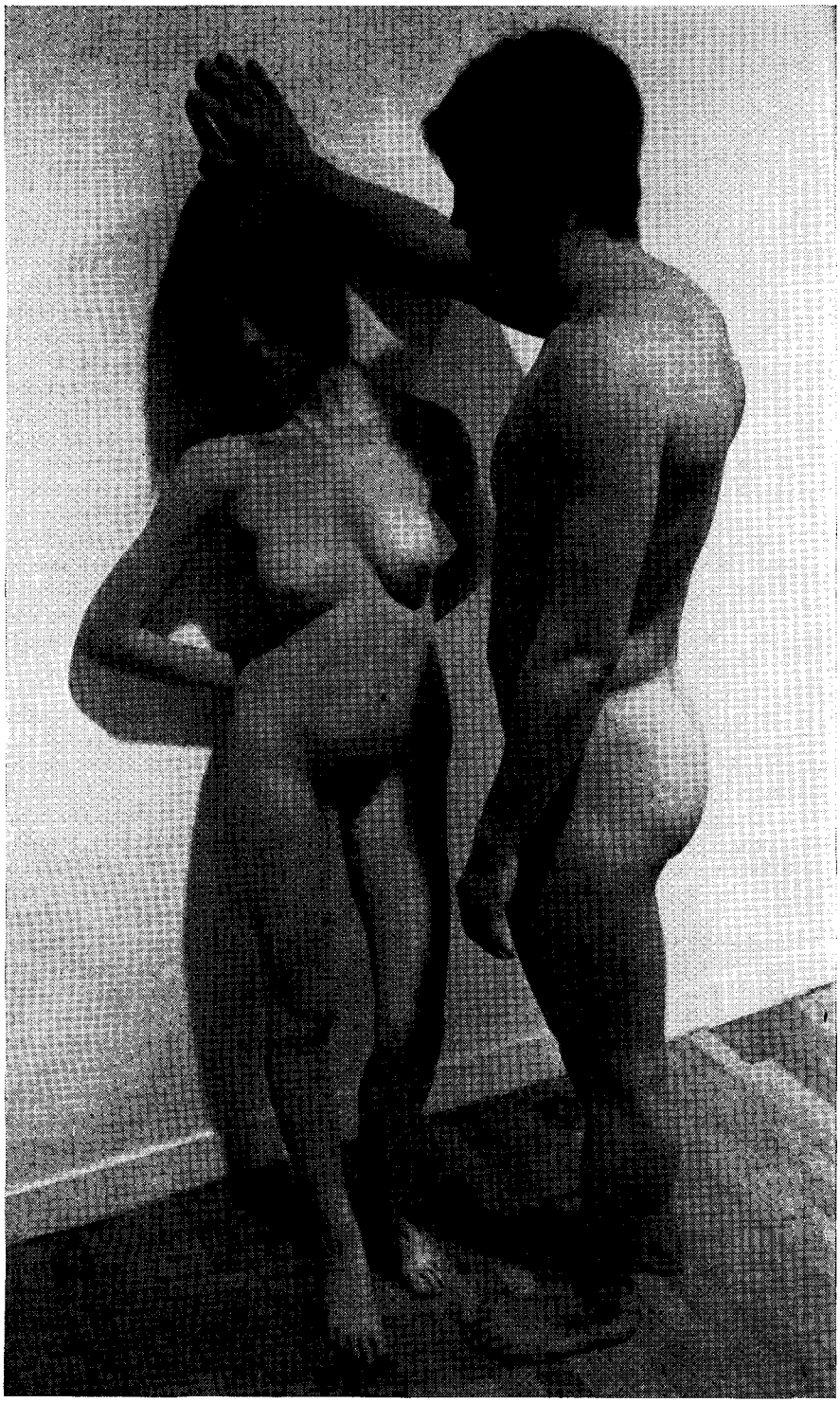

A crowd of fruit and vegetable vendors inhabits Raymond Mason's ten-foot-high tableau (shown in detail, top left), which commemorates the closing of Les Halles, the famed produce market in Paris. At left, James Grashow's eight-foot-tall men are made of cloth treated with plastic. Above, John de Andrea's lifelike nudes consist of polyester resin and fiber glass.

(1963), a tableau of an old English couple seated cozily before a gas fire, surrounded by life's small trophies. Robert Melville wrote in *Art International*: "The face of the Old Woman is composed of skeins of colored thread as abstract as the scarification stripes on a tribal mask, but they achieve a fabulously vivid, macabrely beautiful impression of flesh wrinkled, discolored, and eroded by time." English critic Christopher Finch had this to say about Haworth's *Mae West*: "We look into the bulb-lined mirror of the star's dressing table and, beyond the glass, the star smiles back at us. The 'mirror' is, in fact, a sheet of clear glass, and the 'reflection' a three-dimensional figure behind the glass. We are accustomed to seeing Mae West flattened to two dimensions, and it is by a manipulation of this habit of vision that the artist has been able to complete the illusion."

Mae West (1965) was included in Haworth's recent exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery, the artist's first in New York. But in her newer work she has abandoned down-to-earth subject matter for fantasy, which considerably diminishes the impact. New Realist sculpture largely depends on the shock of recognition. One is shocked by Haworth's life-size *Surfer* or *Cowboy*, with their built-in social comment, but one is not shocked by her *Snake Lady* or *Sorceress*, who are characters from fairyland and do not directly concern us. Haworth's work has been compared with the writings of Charles Dickens in the clarity of characterization, telling us, in padded stockinette rather than in words, all we need to know about her people. It would be a great loss to New Realism if Jann Haworth were to turn into Hans Christian Andersen.

Back in the early Sixties, Red Grooms was an active participant in Happenings. Most of the cardboard creations of those memorable days have long since disintegrated, but Grooms is still at it, putting together his slapdash, highly pigmented tableaux on historic and contemporary subjects. His *Chicago* (1968), a history, no less, of that vivid city, is now in the Chicago Art Institute. His *Discount Store*, a satirical comment on that contemporary phenomenon, installed in a vacant Madison Avenue store a couple of years ago, drew crowds as though to a fire sale—which it rather resembled.

Even more recently, Grooms participated in the Guggenheim Museum's "Ten Independents" exhibition with his version of the Apollo 15 moon landing. Freestanding, it is an eerie re-creation, lunar rover and all, of that historic event with David Randolph Scott twice as large as life (as, indeed, one feels he was) as he set his giant, immortal foot on the moon's rock-strewn and deep-shadowed surface. *Moon Landing*, completed in four weeks with the assistance of a sculptor Archie Peltier and six more helpers, has a solidity not generally associated with Grooms's work. "I still like the stagecraft kind of stuff," he says, "but I'm not quite as flimsy as I used to be. It was such a drag trying to fix them over the years." The critics have always been somewhat patronizing about Grooms's tableaux (which he calls "picto-sculpto-ramas"). But *Moon Landing* is Grooms's least satirical and most deeply felt work. Says he: "I was trying to be straight. The whole point

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was to do their portrait. We went to the launching. The only thing that's satirical about it is putting it in the Guggenheim." Grooms is right: He has created a hybrid work of art that would be at home not only in the Guggenheim but in Disneyland as well.

Alex Katz was a landscape painter until one day in 1960 when, working on a painting of a figure in a landscape, he found the background lifeless. He cut out the figure, mounted it on plywood and, to his own astonishment, it became a real presence in his studio. Katz had created his first "cutout," or "flat statue." Later, he was to prefer the hard edge of aluminum and to paint his portraits in movie close-up style. Katz's work is eccentric enough to have attracted attention from critics who generally do not like representational art. Poet and dance critic Edwin Denby said of one of the many portraits that Katz has made of him: "Looking at it I saw not a flattering likeness, but the very person I catch without warning in the mirror. It was disconcerting." It is, of course, questionable whether obtaining a mirror image of the sitter should be the goal of portrait painting. But Katz at least offers one workable solution to the very contemporary problem of portraiture.

James Grashow's recent exhibition at the Allan Stone Gallery consisted of a roomful of eight-foot-tall men mauling each other. Grashow was in art school when Abstract Expressionism was in the ascendancy and insists that his work comes directly out of that art movement. "That's what I still believe in," he says. "I wanted to create figures that interact in space. I measured the gallery and was working for the congestion of the total space." Grashow approaches each area on which he is working as if it were an abstraction, building it up with small patches of many-colored materials that, when coated with polyester resin, "melt" into the semblance of paint.

Easily the most aberrant of the young artists who are trying a new approach to the figure is Nancy Grossman. Far from shocking us with the spit and image of a fat lady or a surfer, she conceals the faces of her subjects behind black leather masks, allowing only the nose to emerge. At her recent exhibition at the Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery the highlight of the show was the massive figure of a man struggling to free himself from the black leather trappings into which he was tightly bound, sewn, and zipped, sexual organs and all. More than one admiring critic compared this piece with Michelangelo's slaves. No less striking are her severed heads, laced into black leather and rolling around like Rugby footballs with noses. All they are free to do is breathe. But in one instance the lower part of the face is covered with a flap that unsnaps to reveal a soft-lipped face not unlike Lieutenant Calley's.

Nancy Grossman specializes in male heads that are elaborately laced into restraining leather helmets.

Nancy Grossman is a tiny young woman who lives on the Lower East Side and carves her work from huge beams rescued from the defunct Washington Market. She has been criticized by women's lib organizations for neglecting the female figure, to which charge she replies: "Whenever I do women, they begin to merge with the things around them and to give birth to other forms—to become landscapes." It has also been said that her work derives from the sadomasochistic "punishment outfits" that sell for some $500 on the black leather market. To this more serious charge she reacts with mild surprise: "I use leather because I've always used it," she says. "I like it. If my figures are closed in, it's a state of being; it isn't perverse entertainment." John Canaday in a rave review in *The New York Times* said that Grossman's work was misunderstood, because black leather is associated with motorcycle gangs. "Her theme," he explained, "is man as the victim of forces that brutalize and madden him. . . . She is the least cruel artist alive."

For Raymond Mason's first exhibition at the Pierre Matisse Gallery in 1968, this English sculptor living in Paris showed a life-size tableau of a French crowd that projected forty-eight inches from the wall. Recently, he showed *The Departure of the Fruits and the Vegetables from the Heart of Paris, the 28th of February 1969*, a huge tableau 122 inches high by 124 inches long that projected more than 53 inches (cast in epoxy resin and painted by the artist in acrylic gouache). One suspects that next time around Mason will have liberated his people from the wall altogether. In a recent article in *Art News* Mason explained what moved him to record the demolition of Les Halles—a march-of-progress event that had all Paris up in arms. Mason spent two years haunting the market, sketching the characters who worked there, whom he described as tough but gentle people "ennobled by the fresh beauty of the country produce." Mason sees Les Halles, over which towered a church, as a symbol of man's spiritual and earthly struggle. The market, he wrote, "was the last image of the natural in the city. It is now a Paradise Lost."

The New Realist painters have behind them the time-honored tradition of *trompe l'oeil* painting, which reached its apogee in America in the nineteenth century with William M. Harnett and John Frederick Peto. But the New Realist sculptors, George Segal aside, stem mainly from the nonart tradition of Madame Tussaud's and waxworks museums in general. Madame Tussaud's *Sleeping Beauty* (who breathes) and Duane Hanson's tired *Businessman*, who confronted visitors at the entrance to the Janis exhibition, have the same goal: to fool the observer, if only for an instant, into thinking they are alive. Furthermore, waxworks museums today are using the same materials as the New Realists. It is difficult (if not impossible) to see what makes one art and the other entertainment, and one is obliged to fall back on the now familiar explanation: It's art if the artist says it is.

However, not all the work discussed here is New Realist, in the sense of realer-than-real. Much of it consists of highly individual attempts to breathe new life into the figure—not with a pump as in the case of the *Sleeping Beauty*, but with the help of the creative spirit. Some of this new work defies classification. As James Grashow puts it: "I am in just as much of a dilemma as anyone. I don't feel like a sculptor, and I don't feel like a painter." Says Grooms's dealer John Bernard Myers: "We've always had a few artists who are bluebirds on the tree of art—Henri Rousseau, Raymond Mason, Red Grooms. They simply don't fall into any category." What we have seen this last winter in the New York galleries is a whole flock of bluebirds roosting on the tree of art. □

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THE QUAD QUANDARY

RCA Drops the Other Shoe

BY IVAN BERGER

Last November RCA dropped one shoe in the path of Columbia's advancing four-channel record band wagon. A few weeks ago the other shoe dropped.

In November RCA's announcement of a new four-channel system looked suspiciously like an act of corporate petulance, another round in the long commercial warfare that began with the "battle of the speeds" in early LP days. RCA's system did appear to have some technical advantages, but it also had some admitted technical problems. RCA promised to work them out by June of this year, but such solutions are rarely ready when promised. Against all expectations, the first RCA releases are now promised for May.

As of November Columbia's four-channel record, dubbed "SQ," was almost ready for market. Discs were soon on the way from Columbia, Vanguard, and Ampex. Hardware was coming simultaneously from Sony, with Lafayette not far behind. Most important, SQ was the first four-channel record system backed by enough marketing muscle to offer a persuasive reason for the consumer to add additional components to his stereo system for rear as well as front sound sources.

Against this background, then, RCA's cry to stop the (record) presses sounded, at the least, premature. RCA had not even developed its own four-channel system (as Columbia had, in its CBS Labs) but had merely adapted a system originated by JVC, the Japanese Victor Corporation—a system for the most part ignored because of the technical challenges it posed.

To define the differences between the systems on which the two corporate giants are drawing new battle lines, it should be explained that SQ, and all other quadraphonic discs save RCA's, are based on "matrix" systems. The four quadraphonic audio signals are encoded into two, then partially retrieved again through precisely calibrated mixing and unmixing signals. The decoders for these systems work by comparing and contrasting the signals of the two resultant "stereo" channels to determine which portions of the signal should be directed to each of the four speakers. The same process yields a four-channel illusion from stereo discs. And in the absence of true quadraphonic recordings in quantity, such enhancement had been the main selling point of the matrix systems that preceded SQ.

The RCA system does not utilize the matrix principle (and hence adds no such enhancement to stereo discs). Its decoder does not rely on audio signals alone, but is directed by high frequency information far above audibility in the range from 20,000 to 45,000 Hz.

Where SQ's mixing and unmixing all take place at normal audio frequencies (which can be conveyed quadraphonically on tape or disc, or broadcast in FM stereo), RCA's system works only if the transmitting medium can carry signals up to 45,000 Hz. In practice, this restricts RCA's quadraphonic system to disc records, and they may only be heard in four channels when played with special pickup cartridges whose response goes up to 45,000 Hz.

"The challenge," says RCA's Bill Dearborn, "was to develop a record we could play on ordinary stereo phonographs a hundred times and *then* still play well quadraphonically." RCA's problem was a double one: to develop a harder record material that would resist wear, and to develop a more sensitive demodulator that would lock onto high-frequency signals even when badly worn. Recent demonstrations give reason to believe that both difficulties have been overcome.

Aside from its long existing rivalry with CBS, RCA espoused the JVC system rather than accepting CBS's SQ because the technique offers a demonstrable advantage: increased separation. That is to say, its four channels of sound can provide to four speakers as much individuality of information as conventional stereo now provides to two speakers (hence, RCA calls the system "discrete," from the dictionary definition "separate, individually distinct"). SQ can match side-to-side separation, but its front-to-back separation is markedly less. In SQ each front channel contains phantom elements of both rear signals; each rear channel carries phantom elements of both front ones. "Logic" circuits partially restore this separation by instantaneously comparing channels and reducing volume on the channels carrying the phantom signals; but the process isn't perfect. Technicians who developed the CBS SQ say that the ear requires very little front-rear separation in any case, but the makers of other matrix systems—which share the common dilemma—disagree.

The one RCA quadraphonic record I've really auditioned did seem to have more separation and a better-defined sound field than any SQ record I have heard. But without sampling a great many recordings, or the same material processed through both systems, the claims and counterclaims are almost impossible to adjudicate.

No RCA records were available in both stereo and quad for comparison. Nor will any ever be. RCA is committed to producing four-channel records only in the new discrete format and will market them at the same price as conventional stereo. They are also committed to a one-inventory policy, meaning that *all* future stereo discs will be quads. So RCA's discs may become more widely available in stores (while SQ discs, quadraphonically broadcastable, will probably enjoy more FM air time).

As far as the cost of conversion is concerned, the expense would be about equal for JVC or SQ. Both require an additional amplifier and two more speakers. SQ decoders cost an additional $50 to $200, and the first JVC decoders will cost $100, plus $70 additional for the four-channel cartridge. JVC equipment is promised for late July, two months after the first records.

And what about compatibility, that desideratum whenever technological change impends from contesting quarters? Both records can be played stereophonically on existing setups (Columbia, though, will still issue separate stereo records, because their four-channel discs cost a dollar more). Stereo systems can be adapted to play either system quadraphonically, at roughly equal cost, though the RCA/JVC system requires the additional installation of a new cartridge.

Questions of quality and the esthetic advantages of one system over the other, or both over stereo, remain to be demonstrated let alone resolved. □

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MAILER

Good Form and Bad

BY RICHARD POIRIER

From the very beginning Norman Mailer has exhibited a literary ambition that can best be called imperialistic. He has wanted to translate his life into a literary career and then to translate that literary career into history. I say this not critically but descriptively. His is the kind of ambition, after all (regardless of whether one thinks he lives up to it), common to many of the great romantic writers: of Yeats, Conrad, Byron, Shelley, and Keats—of Coleridge, who lied about the actual dates of some of his writings so as to give his career and his life the dramatic development of a literary work.

Some years ago Gore Vidal made the point that Mailer is "a species of Bolingbroke," a usurper. Such an estimate, and it wasn't offered derogatorily, comes naturally enough to a writer who has no illusions, as Mailer does, about the differences between literary and, say, political careers. Committed to neoclassical ideas about the limits and proprieties of his own style and of the quite different demands made by each of the various forms in which he chooses to work, Vidal doesn't show in his writings or in his public manners those tremors of dissatisfaction that can be noted in whatever Mailer does. Unlike Mailer, Vidal does not confuse the rewards of writing with the rewards of winning public office, one kind of power with another kind. He would think it ludicrous to say, as Mailer has, that the power he exercises in managing the materials in a novel can be compared to the power of a general marshaling his forces in the field.

Some of these differences between Vidal and Mailer were displayed for everyone to see on Dick Cavett's show on the night of December 1, 1971, where they confronted one another in the company also of Janet Flanner, known for her sharply manicured reports from Paris to *The New Yorker*. It has been a bad memory for anyone who saw it. What is mostly remembered is Mailer's attack on Vidal and then on the audience, ending with a self-pitying, if blustering, public announcement that he was the only contender with the talent and the guts to become the literary champion of the world.

What is often forgotten is that the show was an embarrassment even before Mailer was introduced as the last guest. For one thing, Vidal's "inside" recollections about Eleanor Roosevelt (he once caught her storing flowers in the toilet bowl) exuded too much self-satisfaction, especially since he had just recently publicized the same anecdotes in *The New York Review of Books*. And Miss Flanner—gracious, husky, even craggy, quite happy to be there with the fellows, though apparently unable to grasp that Vidal was trying to initiate a political as well as a social discussion—had induced him into the sort of badinage meant to suggest how high-class literary folk really carry on when nobody's looking. Millions, unfortunately, were, and the condescension could have pleased very few.

A late-night show is scarcely the ideal place to create an image of the literary life as something exclusive and privileged. But it is precisely that kind of illusion, the illusion that we are being allowed to peep through the tube into somebody's salon, that the Cavett show depends upon. Vidal and Miss Flanner were, if anything, too good at it. Vidal, who always exercises a patrician ease and skepticism on such occasions, seemed willing to accept an alliance with Flanner and Cavett, as if in some anticipation of Mailer's attack. There was an audible effort to set a prevailing tone before Mailer could introduce his own. The results were cloying, the more so for Cavett's deferential boyishness, like some feisty dog anxious for affection. He has that Yalie manner in the presence of celebrities, as if to say that if *he*, who is after all comfortable with such people, is made to feel just a little shy tonight, then *we* ought to feel at least grateful.

Let it be said, then, that Mailer had a lot going for him when he waddled out like some nervous but bullish boy walking into the middle of a neighborhood gang. It was time, one felt, for a challenge to the pecking order, the calling of a bluff or two. Time even for the voice of the American family man, since Mailer is the devoted father of seven children, even if he has been the husband of four wives. Speaking out of that experience, he would perforce be listened to more confidently by the great American public on the issue of the sexes than Miss Flanner or Vidal. For sexuality and the sexes were to be the inevitable subject of the show. Vidal had written a long piece about sex and women's liberation, again for *The New York Review of Books*, which was for the most part brilliantly sane and witty. But he had been highly critical of Mailer both for his sexual attitudes and for his allegedly related taste for violence. In the process he had linked Mailer (and Henry Miller) with Charles Manson. And it was to this article that Mailer was ready to take strong, bitter, and understandable —but not very articulate—objection.

Linking Henry Miller with Manson makes so little sense as to suggest that

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Richard Poirier is the author of *The Comic Sense of Henry James* and *The Performing Self*. His critical study of Norman Mailer will be published this summer in the Viking Press Modern Masters series.

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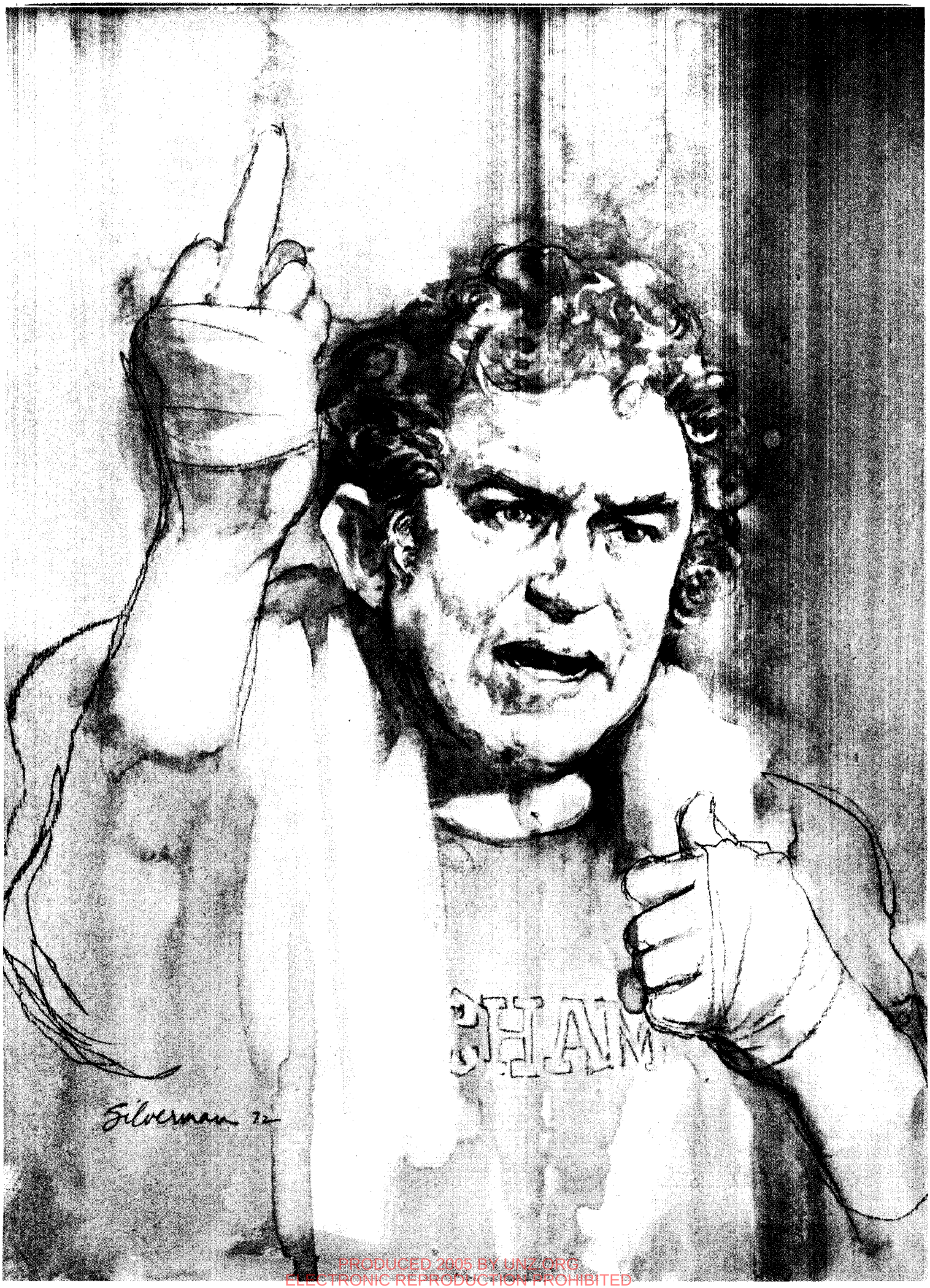

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the whole formulation occurred to Vidal because his customary discrimination was overwhelmed by his wit. He perhaps could not resist the dictates of alliteration, and I suspect that we would have been spared the connection had Manson been named Samson. The attempt to connect Mailer's wounding of his third wife during a domestic quarrel with the fiendish, premeditated, systematic murders of a Manson was perhaps even more unfair than the guilt assigned to Miller by mere alliterative association.

Mailer, then, was from almost any point of view in a strong position for the confrontation with Vidal that he had elected to have. Why, then, did he proceed to botch his given oportunities? Why did he come off looking certainly no better, and to most viewers a lot worse, than the others?

One reason has to do with the format of a show such as Cavett's, with the form, that is, in which Mailer chose to express himself. It is a form that doesn't allow for any but the most trivial discussions, and it works best for people who are capable of putting their subtleties to one side for the occasion. Above all, such a show does not allow for the complex development of an idea or a position through that kind of dialectical interplay on which Mailer depends no matter where or how he is trying to explain his position on any subject.

To say that Vidal performs better than Mailer on a show of this kind does, indeed, say something about the marked differences between them as writers, the difference in the style by which each hopes to approximate in words and manner more or less what he thinks and how he feels. The difference is nicely clarified by something D. H. Lawrence once said about two painters, Albrecht Dürer and Antonio Correggio. "Dürer," he remarked, "starts with a sense of that which he does not know and would discover, Correggio with the sense of that which he has known and would re-create."

Mailer is obviously closer to Dürer, Vidal to Correggio. Which means that Vidal has a much sharper sense of the limits of literature, of its obligations to life-as-it-is, and of the extent to which the literary imagination is necessarily modified by forms that are independent of it. It means that Vidal is actively conscious of the circumscriptions and decorums of a literary career, especially in a world where other forms of expression are so much more conspicuously powerful. Television is one of those forms. If your inclinations are neoclassical like Vidal's—or even for that matter like Janet Flanner's—you know better than to expect a talk show to be easily hospitable to your impulses to self-expression, your needs to vindicate yourself by elaborated and complex explanations.

And this brings up a still more important and telling difference between Mailer and the other guests on the show. If, that is, the others were literary in a patronizing and genteel way, like members of a guild, Mailer (in quite another way) was even more literary. He really thought his literary and personal powers could dominate the nonliterary medium in which he had agreed to express himself. He thought he could make himself clear in a medium designed primarily for the Correggios, which is not at all hospitable to anyone "with a sense of that which he does not know and would discover."

It is consistent with what I'm saying that Vidal so freely used material from *The New York Review of Books* as if he were not repeating himself, as if the audience for Dick Cavett's show were not the audience for a journal of a cosmopolitan and academic intellectual elite. By contrast, Mailer attacked Vidal for saying things about him in that journal as if the millions watching the show already knew what the article was all about. He assumed that any literary controversy involving him, even as long ago as last July, was still news, a part of history, a public event, whereas Vidal and Miss Flanner knew that the best thing for them to do was to re-create themselves, to adapt what was already known about them to television.

If Mailer could make very little sense on the Cavett show, except in the bare accusation that Vidal had sacrificed his intellectual responsibilities by linking him to Manson, if he could not deliver his mind within the conventions of a late-night show, he nonetheless chose to be there, knowing full well that he has almost never been any good at it. It is pointless to disapprove of him for getting himself into these situations, since it is now fairly clear that they are absolutely essential to him as a man and as a writer. So essential, in fact, that the form of his behavior on the Cavett show and on other such occasions can be seen to duplicate the form of some of his best writing and, indeed, the form he has given his literary career.

This form—of Mailer's public behavior, writing, and career—is shaped in roughly the following way: He finds himself as a participant in a situation, be it social, political, or literary that calls for conventional good manners. There follows an effort, sooner or later, to disassociate himself from other participants in the same enterprise. This act of disassociation very often requires of him a certain degree of intemperateness, or even obscenity. Then follows a period in which he angrily

After embracing an Establishment style—as if to join Dos Passos, Hemingway, Faulkner, Fitzgerald—he rebels, and creates the most original work of his time.

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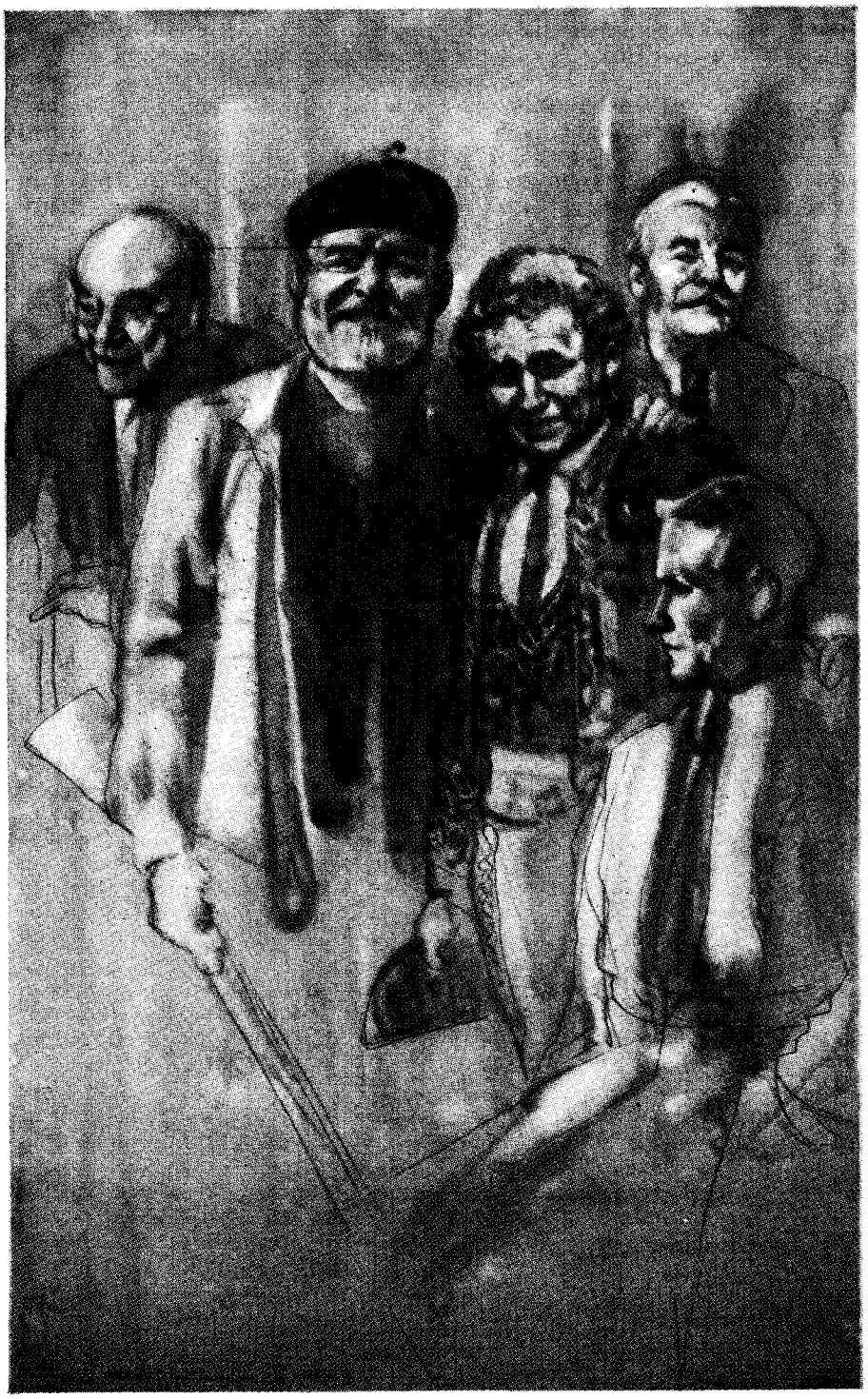
justifies this differentiation of himself until finally, by argument and self-persuasion, he arrives at the pleasurable sense of minority status. At this point he makes his most direct appeal to an audience—that it should regard him as a kind of culture hero. He is able to claim that his minority status, as against the prevailing social, political, or literary establishment, is what makes him the best, most imaginative figure in whatever group he happens to have placed himself. For one must remember that he is still participating in some sort of corporate literary, social, or political enterprise. He sees himself as the best part of this enterprise, the man who carries more of the burden of complication, more of the burden of imagination than anyone else. He becomes in effect the only man who deserves to be "the champ."

Such is the structure, for example, of a book like *The Armies of the Night* and also of the experiences, as he recounts them, that went into that book. The same might be said of *Of a Fire on the Moon*. Each book begins with an account of how he has accepted an invitation to a gathering, how he joined in some large enterprise, how his conduct then set him apart from the other participants, how his view of things emerged as both more inclusive and more importantly complex than theirs, so that at the end his is therefore representative of the embattled Novelistic Imagination in a world that barely comprehends but has been obliged to tolerate him. In an elementary way this, too, is the outline of his career from his earliest work, with its heavy indebtedness to official, establishment literature that preceded him—as if he would join the company of Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Hemingway—to the crisis of alienation from literature, politics, and society as described in *Advertisements for Myself*, to his joining these various elements of American life but at a different degree of assimilation and intensity. All this leads to work—in *The Armies of the Night* and *Why Are We in Vietnam?*—that truly is at a much higher level of originality and integration than any he had achieved before and than any of his contemporaries has yet to achieve.



Of all American writers perhaps since Henry James, Mailer is the most committed to the romantic view of the artist, the novelist, the creator of imaginative forms that can serve as alternatives to social, political, and linguistic forms proposed by non-artists. At the same time his mind is possessed of an unrelieved anxiety that he might be confused with someone else, especially another writer of any approximate similarity of position, that he might not decisively enough even exist, that his revolutionary stance will not appear wholly original. A telling incident, roughly similar to what happened on the Cavett show, occurs at the outset of *The Armies of the Night* when Mailer describes a party in Washington, D.C., for some of the people who are to march on the Pentagon. At the party with Mailer is Paul Goodman, and the book reveals Mailer's concern lest this semblance of alliance be mistaken for an identity of views. His objection to Goodman's politics and especially to his sexual attitudes is of a piece, finally, with his criticism of Goodman's writing. Speaking of himself in the third person, he complains, "But, oh, the style! It set Mailer's teeth on edge to read it; he was inclined to think that the body of students who followed Goodman must have something de-animalized to put up with the style, or at least such was Mailer's bigoted view."

What he means by "the style" is clarified somewhat later in a chapter called "In the Rhetoric" where, as in *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, he reveals his distaste for the language of the American protest movement and of the young. As in his discussion of sex, his critique of language is ultimately a defense of neglected mysteries and visions of which liberal

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Men who become boxing champions or presidents are probably much like Mailer. But, unlike him, they don't let us look into their heads.

rationality takes no sufficient notice. The most offensive language smells like the storeroom of a pharmacology company's warehouse, doubtless productive of cancer over the long haul, but essential perhaps, perhaps! to a Left forever suffering from malnutrition. Mailer knew this attitude had nothing to do with reality –if names like SANE or Women Strike for Peace sounded like brand names, which could have been used as happily to sell aspirin, he could hardly think the same of SNCC or SDS or one or two of the others; now and again, remarkable young men sprang out of these alphabet soups. No, it was more that the Novelist begrudged the dimming of what was remarkable in the best of these young men because some part of their nervous system would have to attach vision and lust and dreams of power, glory, justice, sacrifice, and future purchases on heaven to these deadening letters.

Behind the ostensible subjects of politics, sex, language, and style is the central concern about where Mailer the Novelist fits into the revolutionary alliance. More aptly, he is searching for the ways in which Mailer the Novelist does *not* fit into an easy alliance. How could he be expected to fit, being a Novelist responsible for values no other kind of writer necessarily has to care about—the Imagination, dread, awe, wonder, mystery. Thinking in Mailer is the function of his desperate need to imagine himself the savior of the imagination and, inevitably, in any circumstance, a minority figure.

All too often Mailer's ideas derive from his will to differentiate the lone Novelist from the mass of fellow journalists (as in *Of a Fire on the Moon*) or to isolate the lone Left-conservative from revolutionary poseurs (as in *The Prisoner of Sex*). In *The Armies of the Night* he very willingly joins a protest march, joins other dissenters or revolutionaries, and all through it, even in jail, pictures himself as at odds with his compatriots. Much more instinctively, he feels compatible with those who are supposed to be his opponents: some of the U.S. marshals; the judge he is so anxious to impress when he is called before the bench; the badgered and exploited soldiers who guard the Pentagon, against which the whole march of collegians, intellectuals, and the privileged is directed. He is in the eloquently patriotic situation of a man who feels the competing pulls of America in him, the worst in the best and the best in the worst.

His situation is less important, of itself, than the language that emanates from it. He objects to thinking separated from obscenity, sex separated from dreams of some ultimate "scream and pinch of orgasm," vision separated from lust, justice from love of power. In a quite laudable way he sets out in his writing to restore these missing or neglected or spurned qualities to what he considers their rightful and seductive place in the scheme of things. To attain what he considers the right balance, he must initially and inevitably throw himself as well as everyone else off-balance. This is notably true when his opposition to the prevailing mood (particularly if it is a nice and vegetarian or genteel mood) excites in him a distaste for those same qualities in himself, especially since he has from the outset been at such pains to disguise them. That "nice boy" whom Mailer remembers with some embarrassment was only redeemed, after all, by serving in an army quite unlike the one in which the Harvard graduate and distinguished author now finds himself obliged to march. In World War II Mailer served not in an army of liberals and "drug-vitiated, jargon-mired children," but in an army of mostly southern boys, average pals and buddies, "real" American teen-agers. They were fellows to be loved and admired with a proper wit. If the "army" marching on the Pentagon is mostly of a quite different sort, if it is dominated by "concepts," the earlier one was redolent of "obscenity," and Mailer, as he marches with one army against a later version of the other, still admits that he "never felt more like an American than when he was naturally obscene—all the gifts of the American language came out in the happy play of obscenity against concept, which enabled one to go back to concept again."

"Play" of this kind is often the effect of Mailer's own style, personal as well as literary. He provokes within himself some equivalent of the competing claims, the factionalisms of the whole country—the Brooklyn Jew, Harvard graduate, Army rifleman, novelist, dialectician, brawler, father, and, also, the husband who could write in 1968, "No, it could not be an altogether awful country because otherwise how would his wife, a southerner and an Army brat, have come out so subtle, so supple, so mysterious, so fine-skinned, so tender and wise."

It isn't too much to say that Mailer regards his achieved style (its mixture of "concept" and "obscenity," of intellectual jargons and hip vocabularies) as an image of America as well as of himself. Hence his fury when the audience at the Cavett show seemed to side with Vidal rather than with him. But when has he ever let a public gathering identify with him?

A rather startling instance of Mailer's failure to capture an audience's sympathy, or rather of his determination to reject that sympathy, occurred at the kickoff for his mayoralty campaign early in the summer of 1969. Again, the form of this rally was nearly identical to that of the Cavett show performance. Having circulated amiably throughout the group, he then took the platform; and within ten minutes, sensing that the audience of socialite supporters and prep-schooled, ivy-leagued hippies were taking him too much for granted, were assuming a too easy alliance between him and them, he abused them for their anticipated laziness. Then, body pushed out in schoolyard pugnacity, he stood shouting "Fuck you" to a chorus back of the same.

What is one to conclude from this? Only in writing can Mailer exist in a form that embraces his contradictions; only in writing about a historical occasion after it is over can he give form to feelings that, expressed at the time, threaten to mutilate the form that he is searching for in the occasion. The time of his time probably has no historical equivalent, only a literary one. The form of history most tolerable to him is made of his own language existing in a kind of suspension, productive of a turmoil of meaning that public events are designed not to sustain but to ameliorate.

Men of great power and magnificent ambition, men who become presidents or champions of the world, are, if one could look into their heads, probably very much like Mailer. But they make a point of not letting us, as he does, look into their heads. They act more like Vidal. Their madness may be their motive, but it is not their image to the world. Mailer is fascinated by dialectical encounters in which hunger for power, fascination with mystery, and any kind of lust work to the possible destruction of opponents rather than the destruction of oneself. And yet it is he himself who gets hurt in public, and only in his writing can he arrive at anything like his true but still tense equilibrium. Dialectics are his hope of sanity. Existing uncomfortably as a mere person rather than what he calls a Being, a mere character—partial, moderated—his only alternative outside writing is to turn destructively on himself with scatology. Where Mailer is not, by virtue of the act of writing, able to control a situation, the hidden thrust of his energy is toward the sacrificial waste of himself. □

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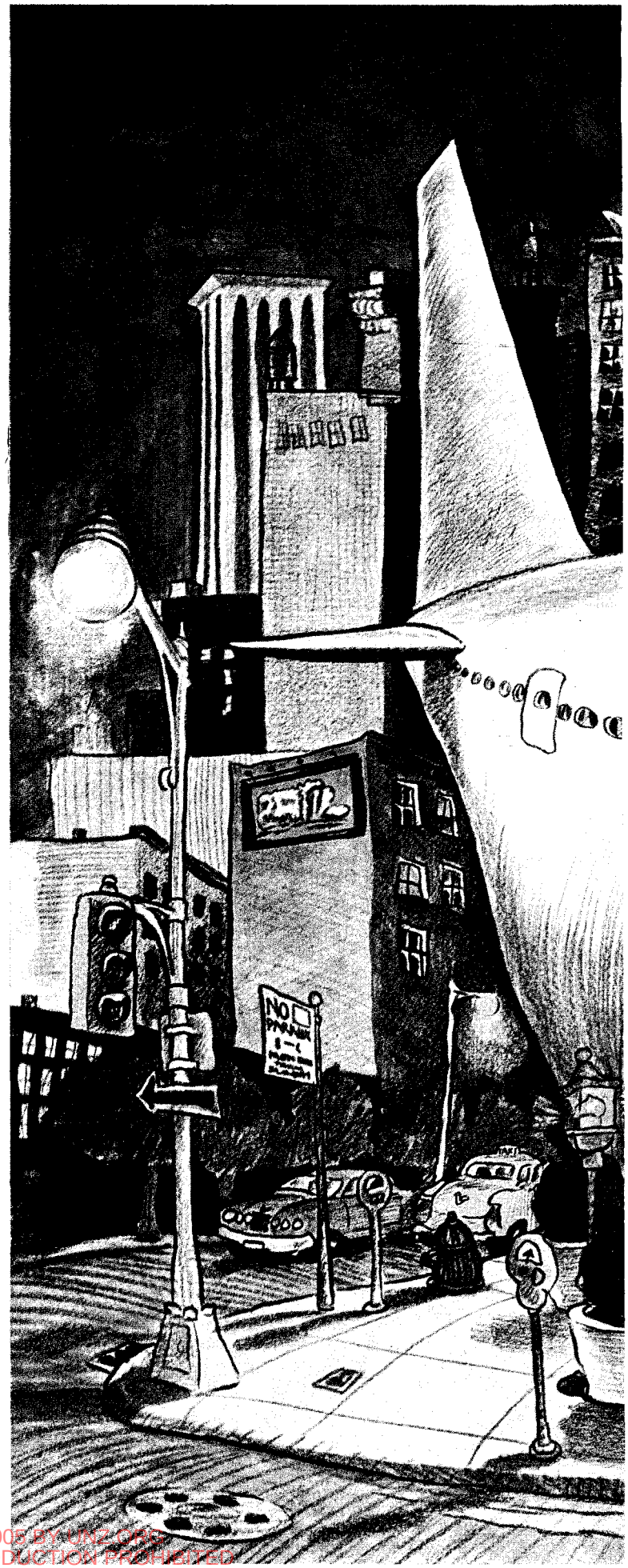

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JAZZ REPORT

BY STANLEY DANCE

Sidney Bechet, Dizzy Gillespie, Henri Renaud, and Charlie Parker: *Murmur of the Heart.* Bechet, soprano saxophone, with septet; Gillespie, trumpet, with quartet; Renaud, piano, with quintet; Parker, alto saxophone, with trio, quartet, and quintet. Roulette stereo, SR-3006, $4.98.

Most of these excerpts from the sound track of the French film *Le Souffle au Coeur* were originally recorded in Paris between 1949 and 1953. Four titles under Parker's name were made here for Dial in 1947, and on them he is accompanied by such musicians as Erroll Garner, Miles Davis, and J. J. Johnson. Johnson is also on the Renaud session with Milt Jackson and Al Cohn. The "cool" or "modern" idioms make an amusing contrast with the boisterous flights of Bechet in company with a French "New Orleans" band. The stereo is nominal, of course.

Jim Hall: *Where Would I Be?* Hall, guitar; Benny Aronov, piano; Malcolm Cecil, bass; Airto Moreira, drums. Milestone stereo, MSP-9037, $5.98.

Playwright Jack Richardson, who serves as annotator to this album, refers to "the combination of lucidity and passion that makes Jim [Hall] unique among guitarists." Although the passion tends to be intellectual, there is considerable variety in the music, which ranges from the delicate, ballad mood on the unaccompanied "I Should Care" to the driving blues vein of "Careful." What is remarkable—and enjoyable—is Hall's consistent lucidity of expression. The long "Minotaur," where Aronov switches to electric piano, is the one track on which the listener may at first feel baffled, but return visits will make penetration of the maze easier.

Earl Hines and Maxine Sullivan: *Live at the Overseas Press Club.* Hines, piano; Maxine Sullivan, vocal. Chiaroscuro stereo, CR-107, $5.98.

This is a souvenir that preserves the attractive spontaneity of a happy occasion last year. The qualities of joy and relaxation Maxine Sullivan brings to most songs are in striking evidence, and Hines backs her with authority and sensitivity. His great gifts as an accompanist have not always been acknowledged, but it is impossible not to recognize them here. He plays alone on five tracks, reworking with customary brilliance such standards as "If I Had You" and "Am I Blue?" There is also an imaginative exploration of the melodic and harmonic potential in "Along the Santa Fe Trail," and he concludes with a version of "Confessin'" that makes possible a fascinating comparison with another in his recently issued *Tribute to Louis Armstrong* on Audiophile AP-111.

The JPJ Quartet: *Montreux '71.* Budd Johnson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Dill Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Master Jazz stereo, MJR-8111. $5.50. (Postpaid from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.)

Because the JPJ Quartet is one of the best small groups in the country, it is a little ironic that it should have had to go to Montreux to get itself recorded. Performance and material here are excellent alike, and the live recording, fortunately, is nothing short of superb. Johnson has long been regarded within the profession as one of the giants of the tenor saxophone, but during the past year or so he has attained such mastery of the soprano, and expresses himself with such individuality on it, that today he is probably the instrument's supreme exponent. The rhythm section backs him surely, and pianist Dill Jones, who had the distinctly unenviable task of taking Earl Hines's place in the group, plays with notable verve and invention.

Charles Mingus: *Mingus.* Mingus, bass, with quartet. Prestige mono, 24010, $6.98 (two discs). *Better Get It in Your Soul.* Mingus, bass, with septet, octet, and nonet. Columbia stereo, G-30628, $5.98 (two discs). *The Candid Recordings.* Mingus, bass, with trio, septet, and nonet. Barnaby stereo, K2-31034, $4.98.

These three reissues, from 1955, 1959, and 1960, respectively, give a good idea of the range of Mingus's art, although the compositional heights of his *Black Saint and Sinner Lady* were still several years in the future. The first record in the Prestige set, where he is assisted by Mal Waldron (piano), Eddie Bert (trombone), and George Barrow (tenor saxophone), has a loose, almost innocent character that is in sharp contrast with the self-conscious complexity and ferocity of some of his later work. Mingus's admirers tend to focus their attention on his ability as a composer-arranger, but his drive and great technique make him even more formidable as a performing bassist.

McKinley Morganfield: *A.K.A. Muddy Waters.* Waters, guitar and vocal, with various small groups. Chess stereo, 2CH-60006, $5.98 (two discs). **John Lee Hooker:** *Mad Man Blues.* Hooker, guitar and vocal, alone and with small groups. Chess stereo, 2CH-60011, $5.98 (two discs).

The first of these stirring collections derives from 1948-1964, the second from 1951-1966, and they handsomely illustrate the careers and styles of these two immensely influential blues men. At his best, each is a musician of deeply satisfying and convincing authenticity. In fact, anyone unhappy with the course jazz has taken in recent years can probably find what he is missing in performances like Muddy Waters's "I'm Ready," where the integrity of mood and tempo is instantly impressive. Proof that both men are still going strong is also available in *Muddy Waters "Live"* (Chess 50012) and *Never Get Out of These Blues Alive* (ABC X-736). On the latter, Hooker effectively dominates a bunch of younger musicians, among whom organist Robert Hooker and violinist Michael White are noteworthy. His contemporary Memphis Slim is less successful on *Blue Memphis* (Warner Bros. 1899), where overelaboration in the Hollywood manner defeats him and a large contingent of young British blues aspirants. □

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Scriabin Hot, Scriabin Cold, Scriabin 100 Years Old

Scriabin: *Prometheus* (Op. 60); Concerto in F-sharp minor (Op. 20). Lorin Maazel conducting the London Symphony Orchestra; with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London stereo, CS 6732, $5.98.

Is it possible at once to love and loathe the same composer, accept some of his creations and reject others, esteem some of his music and decry some that he wrote with equal sincerity and conviction? With Alexander Nikolayevitch Scriabin it is not only possible, it is traditional. Certain of his piano works —including études and preludes of a quality to stand beside the best of Chopin—have always been played. More recently some of the longer, more complex sonatas have been having a new trial before the bar of public opinion, and, if the jury is still out, the chances for a favorable verdict appear to be better than previously.

It is the long, mystically shrouded, uncompromisingly adventurous orchestral literature—especially *The Poem of Ecstasy* and *Prometheus*—that has left even devotees of the piano works more impressed than enthused, admiring, perhaps, of the effort marshaled, but more than a little put off by the monotony of the results. But there are those who believe that in these times of avid sensuality, in which light shows and mixed media have caught up with the ideas of a color keyboard for *Prometheus* conceived by Scriabin more than fifty years ago, such works may be promoted to a prominence they have rarely enjoyed since his death in 1915, at forty-three.

Clearly, Ashkenazy and Maazel are such believers. And they may have succeeded in at least half their endeavor. For me, however, it is not the glorification of Scriabin's most adventurous writing in *Prometheus* to which they have contributed a new understanding, but the much earlier Piano Concerto. There have been, at various times, prior recordings of this melodiously appealing work (including one in which Paul Badura-Skoda was the pianist), but never one in which its strengths were so aggrandized, its weaknesses so effectively minimized. To all his general capacities Ashkenazy adds his specialized appreciation for the concertos of Rachmaninoff, which owe so much in mood, manner, and pianistic panache to Scriabin's example (the Concerto was introduced several years before Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto and Symphony No. 2, which made his fame).

I do not find such appeal, however, in the orchestral work that Scriabin based on one of his own "perfect" chords: a ladderlike piling up of intervals (in fourths) that provides the basis for *Prometheus*. It has its share of provocative sonorities, particularly with Ashkenazy putting himself out to play the important but not major piano part with unprecedented fluency and tonal appeal. But there comes the moment—well before the work's twenty minutes' playing time has expired—when I have had quite enough of augmented intervals in the A, D-sharp, G, C-sharp, F-sharp, and B formulation on which it is based. And it is aurally clear to me that Debussy did much the same sort of thing infinitely better, in *La Mer*, nearly a decade before.

Colin Davis, Beethovenian

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E-flat (*Eroica*); *Coriolan* Overture. Colin Davis conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Philips stereo, 650041, $5.98; cassette, 7300105, $6.95.

Such are the vagaries of the recording business, and the artistic world generally, that a conductor can achieve the first complete recording of Berlioz's *Les Troyens* and other massive matter without passing such way points along the conventional road as Beethoven or Brahms symphonies. That is rather like becoming a Supreme Court Justice without passing the bar exam. Davis may have paid his respects to one or the other, in some phonographic context, if not prominently enough to leave a memory.

But to judge from the order of effort expended here, the sequence has been all to the good, for Davis at least. This is not merely a good or a fine *Eroica*. It is one of outstanding directness, lack of pomposity and pretentious posturing, the kind of performance that used to be called Beethoven's Beethoven, not interpreter's Beethoven. That, of course, is the hardest kind of all, for, if it is not to become spiceless and flat, it must be seasoned and flavored by a *chef d'orchestre* cunning enough to know how to get the most out of the materials at hand without losing all relationship to basic taste.

This Davis has done to perfection here, on a scale suitable to the greatness of the work, yet informed with a buoyance and spring that proclaim it the effort of a man strong enough to bear the burden with enthusiasm. Some may complain that his "Funeral March" lacks the gravity of Toscanini's or the drama of Furtwängler's. Plainly, Davis is self-knowing enough to realize he is neither Toscanini nor Furtwängler, and wise enough not to pretend otherwise. The results he has produced in this section, as throughout the work, are infused with his own brand of sincerity and musicianship, both quite sufficient for a splendid *Eroica*.

The BBC Orchestra, one of several Davis can rightfully claim as his "own," honors its best repute with the quality of the effort it puts forth. Both works are impressively reproduced.

Dvorak by Rubinstein and the Guarneri Quartet

Dvořák: Quintet in A (Op. 81). Artur Rubinstein, piano; with the Guarneri Quartet. RCA stereo, LSC 3252, $5.98.

Of the several collaborations with the Guarneri Quartet that have enabled Artur Rubinstein to acquaint still another generation with his unique abilities as a chamber music performer, this is, by all odds, my favorite. That is not because it is, necessarily, of higher truth or greater beauty than their prior performances of Schumann and Brahms, but rather for quite another reason.

The catalogues abound with Rubinstein performances of other music by Schumann and Brahms, but where

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does one look for an example of his artistry vis-à-vis the works of Dvořák? High and low, I'd say, with no chance of finding it. Of course, for those with the proper esteem for Dvořák's chamber music, intimations of what Rubinstein might bring to it are not wholly lacking. It can be found in his unique recordings with Heifetz and Feuermann of the great trios by Schubert, with whom Dvořák has more affinity than with any other composer.

What that means in purely practical terms is a touch of the tonal lightness and dynamic flexibility to blend with the kind of string writing practiced by Dvořák, whether soft or loud. Being the man of discretion and taste that he is, Rubinstein is never guilty of either underestimating the importance of his younger associates or overestimating his own. Nevertheless, when the moment comes for the piano to assert itself, Rubinstein is not the least bit diffident. Those two rhythmic chords late in the first movement with which he answers their prior pronouncement by the strings is the kind of an echo that thunder is to lightning, a perfect illustration of the mailed fist in the velvet glove.

Though the Dvořák Quintet is not among the first to which public performers turn (César Franck's is apt to outrank it, as well as Schumann's and Brahms's), it has enjoyed the attention, on records, of ensembles including such pianists as Clifford Curzon, Jacob Lateiner, György Sándor, and Peter Serkin. What Rubinstein and the Guarneri players bring to their collaboration are qualities of warmth, affection, enthusiasm, and insight that match precisely those attributes of human warmth, musical affection, human enthusiasm, and spiritual insight that make Dvořák unique. Certainly, the Andante in the mood of the Bohemian "dumka" (a dance alternating from sad to gay, slow to fast) adds to something of greater fervor, simply conveyed, than in any other recording. The balance of sound is excellent.

Ogdon Plus One Equals Messiaen's "Visions"

Messiaen: *Visions de l'amen.* John Ogdon and Brenda Lucas, pianos. Argo stereo, ZRG 665, $5.95.

Olivier Messiaen continues to have his champions, none more devoted than John Ogdon. Unlike some other prize winners (Ogdon, it will be remembered, came to prominence as a co-winner in the Tchaikovsky Competition of 1962, which also honored Vladimir Ashkenazy), this Englishman has put his position to the promotion of music by such nonpopular persons as Busoni, Nielsen, and the Rachmaninoff of the solo sonatas.

For one lacking, as I do, a sense of trend and development in Messiaen's output—a by-product of some lack of opportunity as well as of considerable ignorance—these *Visions de l'amen* strike me as retrogressive by comparison with the *Vingt Regards*, to which Ogdon rendered such exemplary service a couple of years ago. It may be quite the other way around, but such is the impression these mystical, richly bell-like pieces make on me.

The emphasis on sonority is enforced by the use of two pianos, the second powered by Brenda Lucas. There is some blurring of sound in the first and second of the seven "Amens"—a number, it will be noted, which can be equated with the acts of creation. It is of such values that one must be aware in Messiaen for total appreciation. I, perversely, find much of pagan primitiveness in the sounds that are generated on the two pianos, traceable to such sources as certain passages of Mussorgsky's *Boris* (the "Coronation Scene" especially) and *Pictures at an Exhibition*, as well as to Stravinsky's *Sacre*. Those who persist into the second side will be rewarded with a feast of chromatic goodies not tendered the susceptible ear since César Franck—with whom, of course, Messiaen has a sizable affinity. The sound of the two pianos has been beautifully realized on the sub-London Argo label.

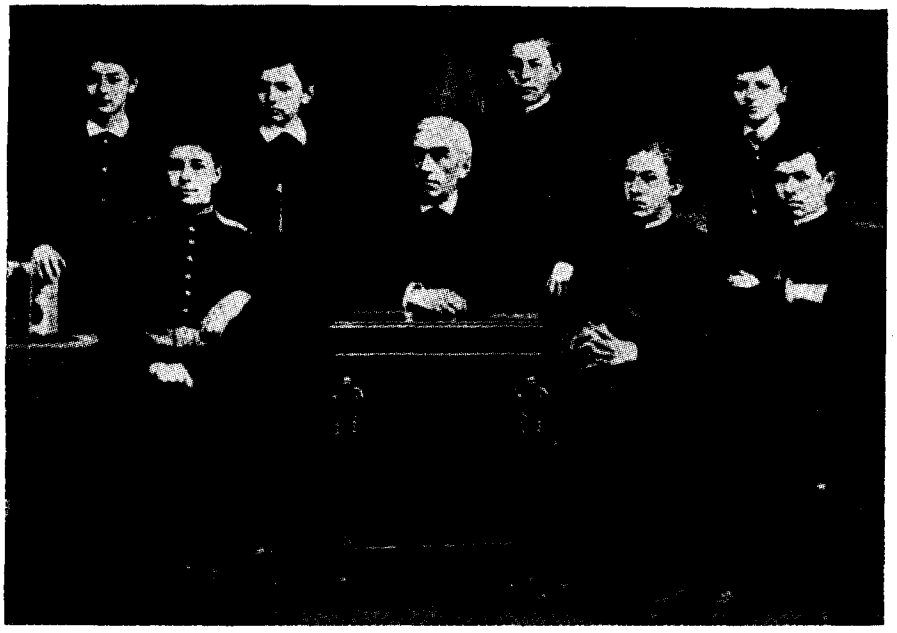
The Voice of Welitsch, the Artistry of Reiner

Strauss: Final Scene (*Salome*). **Mozart:** "Or sai chi l'onore"* and "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*). Ljuba Welitsch, soprano; with Fritz Reiner conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. **Puccini:** Duet* (Act I) and "Vissi d'arte" (*Tosca*). **Strauss, J.:** "Czardas" (*Fledermaus*) and "Habet Acht" (*Zigeunerbaron*). Welitsch; with *Richard Tucker, tenor; and Max Rudolf conducting. Odyssey, 32 16 0078, $2.98.

Those who may be wondering why Ljuba Welitsch is rousing cheers each time she appears in a small stint in the Metropolitan Opera's current staging of Donizetti's *La fille du régiment* with Joan Sutherland could do worse than investigate this disc of material originally recorded twenty years ago. She is an exciting performer in the Puccini and Strauss material, and a sometimes overtempestuous one in Mozart, but the feverish vocal heat she generates in the long concluding scene of *Salome* has not been equaled since and, in all probability, has never been surpassed in the work's history.

More to the point, it is a once-in-a-lifetime conjunction of vocal and instrumental elements supervised by a unique master of the idiom. The Viennese, who reacted with some surprise to the magnitude of the New York response to Welitsch in 1948, might have reckoned, but probably couldn't, with the contribution made by Reiner to the total outcome. It was—which is sometimes forgotten—his Metropolitan debut as well as hers, and the polish he put on the orchestral playing gave the score a luster and transparency it has rarely possessed. Side 2 provides a glimpse of the Tucker sound at its youngest and lightest, as well as other vignettes of the Welitsch personality. What is called "electronically rechanneled" stereo comes off better than most such updatings. □

The young Scriabin (seated, left) and the 1884 class of his teacher Nikolai Zverev. Standing, third from left, is fellow student Sergei Rachmaninoff.



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GUIDE TO EUROPEAN MUSIC FESTIVALS—1972

Preliminary Forecast

April 14-May 5
Oxford, London
English Bach Festival

Major works by Bach, including *St. John Passion, St. Matthew Passion,* B-minor Mass, as well as works of other composers. Orchestras include Royal Philharmonic, New Philharmonia, London Symphony Orchestra. Soloists include Ogdon, Pears, Stockhausen, Tortelier, others.

English Bach Festival Trust, 15 South Eaton Place, London S. W. 1
Tel. (0) 730 5925

May 12-June 4
Prague
International Music Festival
Prague Spring

Opera: Budapest State Opera; Concerts: Moscow Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, etc.; **Chamber Music; Recitals.**

Prague Spring, House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague I.
Tel. 635 82

May 16-July 31
Florence
May Music Festival

Opera: *William Tell* (Rossini), *Ciò che accada ti riguarda* (Bartolozzi), *Una gita in campagna* (Peragallo), *La morte dell' aria* (Petrassi), *Ulisse* (Dallapiccola), *Die Soldaten* (Zimmermann), *The Consul* (Menotti), *Intolleranza* (Nono); **Concerts; Chamber Music; Recitals.**

Teatro Communale, Via Solferino 15, Florence.
Tel. 262841

May 20-June 6
Copenhagen
Royal Danish Ballet and Opera Festival

Opera; Ballet; Chamber Music; Drama.

Royal Theater, Tordenskjöldsgade 3, DK-1055, Copenhagen K.
Tel. (01) 14 46 65

May 21-August 2
Glyndebourne, Great Britain
Glyndebourne Opera

Ariadne auf Naxos (Strauss), *Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria* (Monteverdi), *Abduction from the Seraglio* (Mozart), *Macbeth* (Verdi).

Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Lewes, Sussex.

May 24-June 7
Bergen, Norway
International Grieg Festival

Opera: *Barber of Seville* (Rossini), *Pimpinone* (Telemann); **Concerts; Chamber Music; Ballet; Drama.** Daily performances at Grieg's home. Soloists include Lupu, Frager, Seefried, Schneiderhan, others.

Festspillene I, Sverresgate 11, Bergen.
Tel. (05) 23 00 10

May 26-June 11
Bordeaux
Festival of Music

Opera: World premiere of *Eurydice* (Damase); **Concerts; Chamber Music; Ballet; Drama.**

Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8.
Tel. 924 97 28

May 26-June 4
Bath, Great Britain
Bath Festival

Concerts; Chamber Music; Drama. BBC Symphony Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic, Dimov Quartet, etc. Soloists include Bream, Shirley-Quirk, others.

Bath Festival, Linley House, 1 Pierrepont Place, Bath.
Tel. Bath 22531

May 27-June 25
Vienna
Vienna Festival Weeks

Opera: New production of *Der Freischütz* (Weber), performances of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* and *Bluebeard* by visiting Komische Oper of East Berlin; **Concerts:** Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Hungarian National Philharmonic, Prague Philharmonic; **Chamber Music; Ballet; Drama.** Soloists include Oistrakh, Thomas, Schwarzkopf, Badura-Skoda, Demus, Gedda, others.

Wiener Festwochen, Rathausstrasse 9, Vienna I.
Tel. 43 3257

May (late)-July (early)
Zurich
Zurich June Festival

Opera; Concerts; Chamber Music; Ballet; Drama. Soloists include Arrau, Cziffra, Ludwig, Menuhin, Milstein, Serkin, others.

Internationale Festwochen, Postfach 8023, Zurich.
Tel. (01) 27 12 56

June 2-June 19
Aldeburgh, Great Britain
Aldeburgh Festival

Opera: *The Visitors* (Gardner); **Concerts; Chamber Music; Recitals.** Box Office, Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.

June 9-June 25
Strasbourg, France
International Music Festival
Motto: Bach and the Twentieth Century

Concerts; Chamber Music; Recitals; Ballet. Soloists include Haefliger, Rampal.

Festival de Strasbourg, 24 rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg 67.
Tel. 32 43 10

June 12-July 6
Lyons, France
Festival de Lyon

Opera: World premiere of *Lysistrata* (Husson), *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); **Concerts; Recitals; Ballet.**

Festival de Lyon, Hôtel de Ville 69, Lyons.
Tel. 28 50 31

June 15-July 9
The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands
Holland Festival

Opera: World premiere of *Amores* (Berio), *L'Ormindo* (Cavalli), *Falstaff* (Verdi); **Concerts; Ballet.**

Holland Festival office, Haarlemsestraat 14, Scheveningen.
The Hague: Tel. 55 87 00

June 21-July 9
Spoleto, Italy
Festival of the Two Worlds

Opera: New production of *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* (Weill); *The Consul*; **Ballet:** Royal Ballet; **Chamber Music; Drama.**

Spoleto Festival, Via Margutta 17, Rome.
Tel. 686 762

June 24-July 8
Granada, Spain
International Festival of Music and Dance

Opera: *Abduction from the Seraglio, Maestro Pedro's Puppet Show* (Falla);

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Concerts; Recitals; Chamber Music; Ballet.

Festival Office, Palacio de la Madraza, Calle de los Oficios, Granada.
Tel. 22 52 01; 22 52 13

July 10-July 31
Aix-en-Provence, France
Open Air Festival

Opera: *Don Giovanni, Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart), *Pelléas et Mélisande* (Debussy), *Les Malheurs d'Orphée* (Milhaud), *Noces* (Stravinsky); **Concerts; Recitals; Chamber Music.**

Festival International de Musique, Aix 2 bis, boulevard de la République, Aix.
Tel. 26 30 33

July 10-August 25
Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia
Festival of Music, Drama, and Folklore

Opera; Concerts; Chamber Music; Ballet; Drama; Folklore.

Dubrovnik Festival, Od. Sigurate 1, Dubrovnik.
Tel. 6350; 6352

July 15-August 24
Verona, Italy
Verona Summer Opera

Opera performances in the open-air arena. *Ernani, Aïda, Un ballo in maschera* (Verdi), *Cavalleria rusticana* (Mascagni).

Ente Spettacoli Lirici Arena, Piazza Bra 28, Verona.
Tel. 235 20

July 20-August 20
Bregenz, Austria
Bregenz Festival

Opera: *La Sonnambula* (Bellini), *Bettelstudent* (Millöcker), *Fairy Queen* (Purcell); **Concerts; Chamber Music; Ballet; Drama.**

Bregenz Festival, Kornmarktstrasse 6, Bregenz.
Tel. (05574) 230 05

July 21-August 24
Bayreuth, Germany
Richard Wagner Festival

Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Parsifal, Ring Cycle.

Ticket Office, P.O. Box 2320; 8580 Bayreuth 2.
Tel. 57 22

July 26-August 30
Salzburg
Salzburg Music Festival

New productions of *Marriage of Figaro* and *Così fan tutte* (Mozart); *Abduction from the Seraglio, Otello* (Verdi), *Wozzeck* (Berg), plus *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti), *Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo* (de' Cavalieri); **Concerts; Chamber Music; Recitals; Drama.**

Austrian State Tourist Department, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Tel. 697-0651

July-September
Athens
Athens Festival
Opera; Concerts; Ballet; Drama.

Athens Festival, 1 rue Voukourestiou, Athens.
Tel. 230 049

August 1-August 31
Santander, Spain
International Festival of Music and Dance

Concerts; Chamber Music; Recitals; Ballet.

Plaza de Velarde, Apartado 258, Santander. Tel. 212 425; 277 382

August 1-September 10
Munich
Festival Weeks in framework of Olympic Program

[See *SR*, March 25, 1972]

Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, Brieffach 8, Munich I.
Tel. 21851

August 1-September 25
Ghent, Brussels, Bruges, Belgium
Festival of Flanders

Opera; Concerts; Chamber Music; Ballet. Visiting opera groups and orchestras, including Cologne Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Concertgebouw Orchestra, New Philharmonia, Vienna Philharmonic. Soloists include Baker, Berganza, Berry, Eschenbach, Zukerman, others.

Festival Office, BRT-Omroepcentrum 1B 19, Reyeerslaan 52, 1040 Brussels.
Tel. (02) 36 10 10

August 16-September 7
Lucerne, Switzerland
International Festival of Music

Concerts; Chamber Music; Recitals; Drama. Swiss Festival Orchestra, NHK Orchestra Tokyo, Berlin Philharmonic, Collegium Musicum Zurich, etc. Soloists include Fournier, Gitlis, Perlman, Prey, Rubinstein, Schneiderhan, others.

Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. (041) 225 222

August 20-September 9
Edinburgh
Edinburgh International Festival

Visiting opera groups, orchestras, and ballets. *Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo, Die Soldaten, La Straniera* (Bellini), *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra* (Rossini); Berlin Philharmonic, Krakow Philharmonic, Royal Philharmonic, London Philharmonic, English Chamber Orchestra. Soloists include Bream, Fischer-Dieskau, Barenboim.

Edinburgh Festival, 29 St. James's Street, London S.W.1. Tel. (01) 839 2611

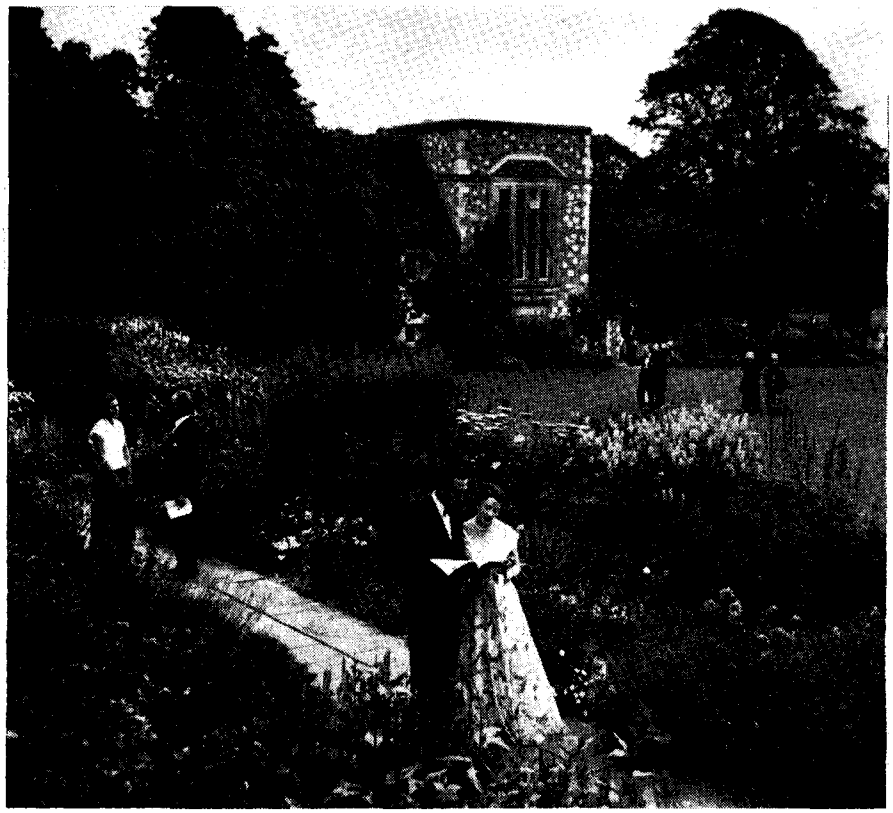
August 25-September 11
Helsinki
Helsinki Festival

Opera; Concerts; Recitals; Ballet; Drama. Soloists include Arrau, Gilels, Talvela, others.

Helsinki Festival, Unioninkatu 28, Helsinki 10. Tel. 659 688

Compiled by Hedy D. Jellinek

Glyndebourne Festival patrons can take an intermission stroll in fresh Sussex air.



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BY DAVID KALSTONE

TALKING WITH ADRIENNE RICH

In college, in what now seem the formal Fifties, my friends and I envied and admired the poetry of our near contemporary Adrienne Rich. In 1951, while she was still an undergraduate at Radcliffe, her first book, *A Change of World,* was published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. She had been chosen by W. H. Auden, praised for her poise and proportion, for her mastery of feeling, in a decade when we valued the mastery as much as the feeling. Today Adrienne Rich lives in New York City and writes poetry of a different order of excellence—adventurous, disquieting, and of a radical intensity that readers of Fifties poetry could never have anticipated. She is one of those writers who, to use the title of her most recent book, has "the will to change." Her own sense of urgency ("We're living through a time/ that needs to be lived through us") has been instrumental in making poetry responsive to and responsible for political and social energies of the greatest importance: new understandings of politics, of power, and of the sensibilities of women.

David Kalstone: *Did you have that first book,* A Change of World, *consciously in mind when you titled your most recent one, your sixth,* The Will to Change*?*

Adrienne Rich: No, I almost thought I should find another title for the new book. But I wanted to use that line by Charles Olson—"What does not

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change/is the will to change"—and I couldn't give it up.

The two titles mark off such extremes in your career. A Change of World *is such an accepting book—change as the way of the world.* But it was always a very threatening change in that book. Looking through it, I'm amazed at the number of images of glass breaking—as if you're the one on the inside and the glass is being broken from without. You're somehow menaced. Now I guess I think of it in reverse. I think of the whole necessity of smashing panes if you're going to save yourself from a burning building.

Still, poems are like dreams; you put into them what you don't know you know. Looking back at poems I wrote before I was twenty-one, I'm startled because beneath the conscious craft are glimpses of the split I even then experienced between the girl who wrote poems, who defined herself in writing poems, and the girl who was to define herself by her relationships with men. In those years poetic skill was part of the strategy—like asbestos gloves it allowed me to handle materials I couldn't pick up bare-handed. But then I think in my second book, *The Diamond Cutters,* I was very actively *not* dealing with a great deal of what I was going through. It wasn't until those fragmented short poems I began to write in *Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law* that things began to come out. I mean just the expression of the sense of being unfinished. I felt experience was no longer something manageable and malleable and that I just had to take it as it came and try to deal with it.

Yes, it was about 1958, wasn't it, when you started dating each poem in your books? I started dating them because I felt I was changing so much, and it was like trying to keep my finger on the pulse of that change; I very much wanted them to be in chronological order. I remember I dated the poems in that book because I was saying to myself and maybe saying to the reader, "In these years this is what I've been able to do." I was very conscious of the fact that when I was first having children I wrote maybe only one or two poems a year that I could even remotely think of as finished. But as time went on, I began to write more again. I'd always been very prolific, so there *was* some conflict there; the dates were just stating that.

Becoming aware of yourself as a woman writing poetry had a lot to do with the books that followed? I would have said ten or fifteen years ago that I would not even want to identify myself as a woman poet. That term *has* been used pejoratively; I just don't think it can be at this point. You know, for a woman the act of creation is prototypically to produce children, while the act of creating with language—I'm not saying that women writers haven't been accepted; certainly, more have been accepted than women lawyers or doctors. Still, a woman writer feels she is going against the grain—or there has been this sense until very recently (if there isn't still). Okay, it's all right to be a young thing and write verse. But a friend of mine was telling me about meeting a noted poet at a cocktail party. She'd sent him a manuscript for a contest he was judging. She went up to him and asked him about it, and he looked at her and said, "Young girls *are* poems; they shouldn't write them." This attitude toward women poets manifests itself so strongly that you are made to feel you are becoming the thing you are not.

You really started touching that conflict in Snapshots, *didn't you?* Yes, and I felt monstrous in writing about it.

Weren't there poems in which you seemed to be worrying about the dominance of men's voices in poetry? Yes, there's one called "The Demon Lover." I understand it much better now than when I was writing it. I was trying to write a poem out of experiencing, as a woman and as a poet, the compelling and even erotic quality of a man's mind, and the only way I could begin to be aware of what I was trying to talk about was in the poem. It's about a whole kind of relation between male and female writers that I can now see much more clearly. You see a man doing extremely well something that you too are doing, and instead of there being envy or jealousy, there's almost a desire to turn into that person, to let the language take you over, feeling almost seduced by it, and also refusing to be seduced. You have to know that this was being written at a point when I really felt I was going to have to make some kind of ultimate choice: that if I was going to write the kind of poetry that I wanted to write I was going to have to give up a great deal of what I had once thought I could have as a woman.

If a man is writing, he's gone through all the nonsense and said, "Okay, I am a poet and I'm still a man. They don't cancel each other out or, if they do, then I'll opt to be a poet." He's not writing for a hostile sex, a breed of critics who by virtue of their sex are going to look at his language and pass judgment on it. That does happen to a woman. I don't know why the woman poet has been slower than the woman novelist in taking risks, though I'm very grateful that this is no longer so. I feel that I dare to think further than I would have dared to think ten years ago—and *that* certainly is going to affect my writing. And I now dare to entertain thoughts and speculations that then would have seemed unthinkable.

And that would have disrupted your family life? Oh, definitely, yes. I think the family is a very conservative force. But there are other reasons why women poets haven't been so daring in the past. The whole convention of lyric poetry is written in a sense as a misleading script for them: "If I'm in pain, it's because of Love. Not because I'm failing to realize my being, or failing to become the person I was intended to be, no—it's got to be Love." That's a misdefinition by women themselves of what their pain was about. I don't know. I'm just hazarding a theory. Take Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "I feel that I shall stand/Henceforward in thy shadow." And maybe that's how she really felt. But she had other feelings, as we see in "Aurora Leigh." The problems aren't new. Our desire to grapple with them is new.

Do you really hear differences between poetry now being written by men and poetry women are writing? Many of the male writers whom I very much admire—Galway Kinnell, James Wright, W. S. Merwin—are writing poetry of such great desolation. They come from different backgrounds, write in different ways, and yet all seem to write out of a sense of doom, as if we were fated to carry on these terribly flawed relationships. I think it's expressive of a feeling that "we, the masters, have created a world that's impossible to live in and that probably may not be livable in, in a very literal sense. What we thought, what we'd been given to think is our privilege, our right, and our sexual prerogative has led to this, to our doom." I guess a lot of women—if not a lot of women poets—are feeling that there has to be some other way, that human life is messed up but that it doesn't have to be *this* desolate.

You mentioned once something about reading Virginia Woolf and finding a tone of suppressed rage. Yes. In rereading *A Room of One's Own* for the first time in some years, I was astonished at the sense of effort, of pains taken, of dogged tentativeness. And I recognized that tone. I had heard it often enough in myself and in other women. It is the tone of a woman almost in touch with her anger, who is *willing* herself to be calm, detached, and even charming in a roomful of men where things have been said that are attacks on her very integrity. Virginia Woolf is addressing an audience of women, but she is acutely conscious of being overheard by men: by E. M. Forster and Lytton Strachey and Maynard Keynes and perhaps especially by her father, Leslie Stephen.

Today much poetry by women is charged with anger and uses voices of rage and anger that I don't think were ever used in poetry before. In poets like

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"Neither men nor women have written about the really desolate things that go on in bed...."

Sylvia Plath and Diane Wakoski, say, those voices are so convincing that it is impossible to describe them by using those favorite adjectives of phallic criticism—shrill and hysterical. Well, Sylvia Plath is dead. I always maintained from the first time I read her last poems that her suicide was not necessary, that she could have gone on and written poems that would have given us even more insight into the states of anger and willfulness, even of self-destructiveness, that women experience. She didn't need literally to destroy herself in order to reflect and express those things. Diane Wakoski is a young woman. She's changing a lot and will continue to change. What I admire in her, besides her energy and dynamism and quite a beautiful gift for snatching the image that she wants out of the air, is her honesty. No woman has written before about her face and said she hated it, that it had served her ill, that she wished she could throw acid in it. That's very shocking. But I think all women, even the most beautiful women, at times have felt that in a kind of self-hatred. Because the *face* is supposed to be the *woman*.

You wrote somewhere about sexuality being the major subject for poetry—certainly for your poetry—in the next few years. I think it's the main subject, period—the one that we have been trying to grapple with in very specific ways since the nineteenth century. But maybe we're only beginning to perceive the dimensions of it, because right now everything seems to be breaking up: in society, in individual lives, with the disintegration of the nineteenth-century patriarchal family and with the collapse of the institution of marriage as it traditionally existed. In the resulting chaos people have begun to be conscious of an awful lot of pain that maybe they were feeling before but couldn't acknowledge or define. There's something else I was trying to put my finger on—neither men nor women have written about the really desolate things that go on in bed and in relationships that are supposed to be romantic, the best thing we have.

Poetry seems to be bringing to the surface a lot of voices and anxieties that haven't been heard before. I wasn't thinking only about poetry. Just the fact that we have things like tape recorders and film and even those telephone-in programs on the radio, makes it possible for obscure people, who never would have written, to make themselves heard. It's interesting that prisoners are writing poetry by the reams. Men in prison have always written, but now you have a tremendous amount of prison poetry. It seems to me that people turn to what they at least call poetry when they're trying to break out of an extreme situation. Because poetry's got that incredible connection with speech. It seems like almost the most human thing you can do. Paul Goodman in his new book, *Speaking and Language,* talks about words that mean so much they're already poems in certain languages, so that making the word is almost the act of making a poem; for instance, the Zulu word for "far away" is a conglomerate meaning "there where someone cries out, 'O Mother, I am lost!' "

The problem that comes up—perhaps we can't afford to be finicky about it—is exactly when do those urgent voices you talked about turn into poems? When it's the voice of someone who knows the rhythm of his or her own energy and blood. You can be the ultimate craftsman and be out of touch with those rhythms and energies. A lot of poetry is becoming more oral. Certainly, it's true of women and black poets. Reading black poetry on the printed page gives no sense of the poem, if you're going to look at that poetry the way you look at poems by Richard Wilbur. Yet you can hear these poets read and realize it's the oldest kind of poetry. Many black poets *are* concerned with the writing itself. David Henderson, for example, writes an incredibly sophisticated poetry, good on the page, which I think he'd feel is very oral, too. It might not be good on the page if you'd never heard black voices speaking black English, but you'd have to say with a lot of poetry that you missed something if you'd never heard the language spoken. And I understand the feeling that no one in a culture that has begun to be vocal and to be recognized in its own dialect for the first time, and that has been working in the dominant culture under terrific limitations and discouragements—you're not about to say they're not "good enough" writers. You want to see what they turn into, what they are saying that has not been said, ever, in the dominant culture.

Do you feel that way about so-called confessional poetry, too? I don't know about that term. Does it refer to a specific group of writers like Anne Sexton, Sylvia Plath, and Robert Lowell in *Life Studies*? Or is it any poetry that uses actual places, names, dates? In one sense I think the act of poetry is like going into the confessional. But I don't think we always know, when something has just happened to us, *what* has happened to us, what it expresses in our being. Certain kinds of experiences—some of them we have over and over—are like pieces of an iceberg above water. We don't know what that iceberg is for a long time; maybe we never know. A poem can be dealing with a very concrete experience in some of its actuality and concreteness and still not be about that, but be *out of* that, metaphoric. Or the experience is metaphoric.

What about New York? Did your move here change your way of thinking about things, or was it the coincidence of New York with the events of 1968, the things that changed all of us? It's possibly the coincidence of New York with having started to teach for the first time in my life [at CUNY and Columbia], when I came here. Having some relation with students was a marvelous thing for me. And it certainly was being here at the time of events like King's assassination, Columbia—the shock treatment.

Many of your poems touch on politics. In fact, it seems to me that sometimes your penetration of motives, of the complicated feelings behind political acts, is so complex as to dwarf the acts, make them seem impossible or reductive. What kind of acts were you thinking of? *Militance. Throwing bombs is the extreme version.* You see, I don't think you make a revolution through those acts, but I'm not sure you can make one without them. I'm quite convinced you don't make a revolution *strictly* through those acts. Increasingly, I've become convinced that a politics, in the militant sense, that cuts itself off from its subjectivity is doomed to repeat the cycle of every revolution we've had thus far. Masculine politics has been very reductive and has, for instance, resulted in people committing acts, let's call them of guerrilla warfare, without sufficient concern that these should in any way be educative. That's wanton and self-destructive.

Still, you try in some of your poems to imagine that violent mentality. In a poem called "Violence" I've said, "No one knows yet/what he is capable of." We don't know how we'd react when something we were prepared to fight for was seriously menaced in an immediate, physical way. Since that poem was written I've come much more to a way of thinking that there are seeds of reaction in what we call revolutionary anger, and those seeds are precisely in areas where the notion is that if you gain control by force you can change the world. Somehow force *has* to be part of it, because you're up against enormous force. But revolutionary force has got to have behind it so much more understanding of

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what we're all about, of whether a whole new set of relationships is possible. It has to begin at the sexual level. *Say a little more about what the language of women's poetry and black poetry has to do with these tangles.* Well, I think the energy of language comes somewhat from the pressure and need and unbearableness of what's being done to you. It's not the same energy you find in the blues. The blues are a grief language, a lost language, and a cry of pain, usually in a woman's voice, which is interesting. For a long time you sing the blues, and then you begin to say, "I'm tired of singing the blues. I want something else." And that's what you're hearing now. There seems to be a connection between an oppressed condition and having access to certain kinds of energy, vitality, and subjectivity. For women as well as blacks. Though I don't feel there is a necessary cause-and-effect relationship, what seems to happen is that being on top, being in a powerful position leads to a divorce between one's unruly, chaotic, revolutionary sensitivity and one's reason, sense of order and of maintaining a hold. And, therefore, you have at the bottom of the pile, so to speak, a kind of churning energy that gets lost up there among the administrators.

And in the case of women's writing, you think that exploring those energies, being daring about them, will challenge other writers—and not only writers? Look, I don't know how or whether poetry changes anything. But neither do I know how or whether bombing or even community organizing changes anything when we are pitted against a massive patriarchal system armed with supertechnology. I believe in subjectivity—that a lot of male Left leaders have turned into Omnipotent Administrators, because their "masculinity" forced them to deny their subjectivity. I believe in dreams and visions and "the madness of art." And at moments I can conceive of a women's movement that will show the way to humanizing technology and fusing dreams and skills and visions and reason to begin the healing of the human race. But I don't want women to take over the world and run it the way men have, or to take on—yet again!—the burden of carrying the subjectivity of the race. Women are a vanguard now, and I believe will increasingly become so, because we have —Western women, Third World women, all women—known and felt the pain of the human condition most consistently. But in the end it can't be women alone. □

David Kalstone, professor of English at Rutgers, frequently writes about poetry for *The New York Times Book Review.*

DIVING INTO THE WRECK

by Adrienne Rich

First having read the book of myths,
and loaded the camera,
and checked the edge of the knife-
  blade,
I put on
the body-armor of black rubber
the absurd flippers
the grave and awkward mask.
I am having to do this
not like Cousteau with his
assiduous team
aboard the sun-flooded schooner
but here alone.

There is a ladder.
The ladder is always there
hanging innocently
close to the side of the schooner.
We know what it is for,
we who have used it.
Otherwise
it is a piece of maritime floss
some sundry equipment.

I go down.
Rung after rung and still
the oxygen immerses me
the blue light
the clear atoms
of our upper air.
I go down.
My flippers cripple me,
I crawl like an insect down the ladder
and there is no-one
to tell me when the ocean
will begin.

First the air is blue and then
it is bluer and then green and then
black I am blacking out and yet
my mask is powerful
it pumps my blood with power.
The sea is another story
the sea is not a question of power
I have to learn alone
to turn my body without force
in the deep element.

And now: it is easy to forget
what I came for
among so many who have always
lived here
swaying their crenellated fans
between the reefs
and besides
you breathe differently down here.

I came to explore the wreck.
The words are purposes.
The words are maps.
I came to see the damage that was done
and the treasures that prevail.
I stroke the beam of my lamp
slowly along the flank
of something more permanent
than fish or weed

the thing I came for:
the wreck and not the story of
  the wreck
the thing itself and not the myth
the drowned face always staring
towards the sun
the evidence of damage
worn by salt and sway into this
  threadbare beauty
the ribs of the disaster curving their
  assertion
among the tentative haunters.

This is the place.
And I am here, the mermaid whose
  dark hair
streams black, the merman in his
  armored body.
We circle silently
about the wreck
we dive into the hold.
I am she: I am he

whose drowned face sleeps with open
  eyes
as figurehead
whose breasts still bear the stress
whose silver, copper, golden cargo lies
obscurely inside barrels
half-wedged and left to rot
we are the half-destroyed instruments
that once held to a course
the water-eaten log
the fouled compass

We are, I am, you are
by cowardice or courage
the one who find our way
back to this scene
carrying a knife, a camera,
a book of myths
in which
our names do not appear.

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HOW THE KIDS MADE MOVIE MUSICAL HISTORY

Betty Comden and Adolph Green reminisce about the creation of "Singin' in the Rain."

Since it was first presented to the public in 1951 *Singin' in the Rain* has acquired the reputation of being a film classic, famed for its precision and professionalism. Pauline Kael has written of it: "This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late Twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals—just about the best Hollywood musical of all time." The film has made the all-time top-ten lists in a startling number of publications throughout the world, and it is studied in schools and revived on television and in art-film theaters.

In the following article script writers Betty Comden and Adolph Green recall the hilarious, slapdash way in which the movie was put together. Their recollections will serve as a preface to the scenario that Viking Press is publishing this summer as a part of their MGM Library of Filmscripts series.

All we knew about our assignment when we arrived in Hollywood in late May 1950 was that we were to write an original story and screenplay, as well as the lyrics, for a new musical picture. We had rushed out there in answer to an urgent "there's-not-a-moment-to-lose" crisis command from MGM, only to find every studio shut down and the whole place deserted. It looked very much the way Hollywood does right now on an average business day. Actually, all that had happened then was that everyone had taken off for a six-day Decoration Day weekend, leaving us to grind our teeth to the eyeballs in frustration and run up epic telephone bills calling our loved ones back East.

At the time, we were pioneers in bicoastal living, continuing to write for the theater in New York, our home, and going out West periodically to do a movie. By then we had written several pictures, the latest of which was the adaptation of our own first Broadway show, *On the Town*. It had also been the first directorial assignment for Gene Kelly and for Stanley Donen.

We always worked in what was known as the "Freed Unit." This was presided over by producer Arthur Freed from his three-room office suite in the imposing Thalberg, or Administration, Building, affectionately called the "Iron Lung." Our office was a simple "monastic" cell down the hall that, because of our transiency, we never tried to make even remotely livable. The Freed Unit was something quite special in Hollywood, with conditions that permitted us to function somewhat the way we would in doing a show in New York. The writer was not treated as part of an assembly line in the old Hollywood tradition that placed him at the bottom of the social structure. Writers were considered "the authors" unless disastrously proved otherwise and were usually included in discussions of all aspects of production. Arthur also had a gift for importing or taking chances on people of the theater, allowing them to develop into movie-makers with a free-swinging spirit. Vincente Minnelli, Gene Kelly, Stanley Donen, Alan Jay Lerner, Oliver Smith, Michael Kidd, and the two of us. Down

From the "Introduction" by Betty Comden and Adolph Green that appears in *Singin' in the Rain* (MGM Library of Filmscripts Series). Copyright © 1972 by The Viking Press, Inc. All rights reserved.

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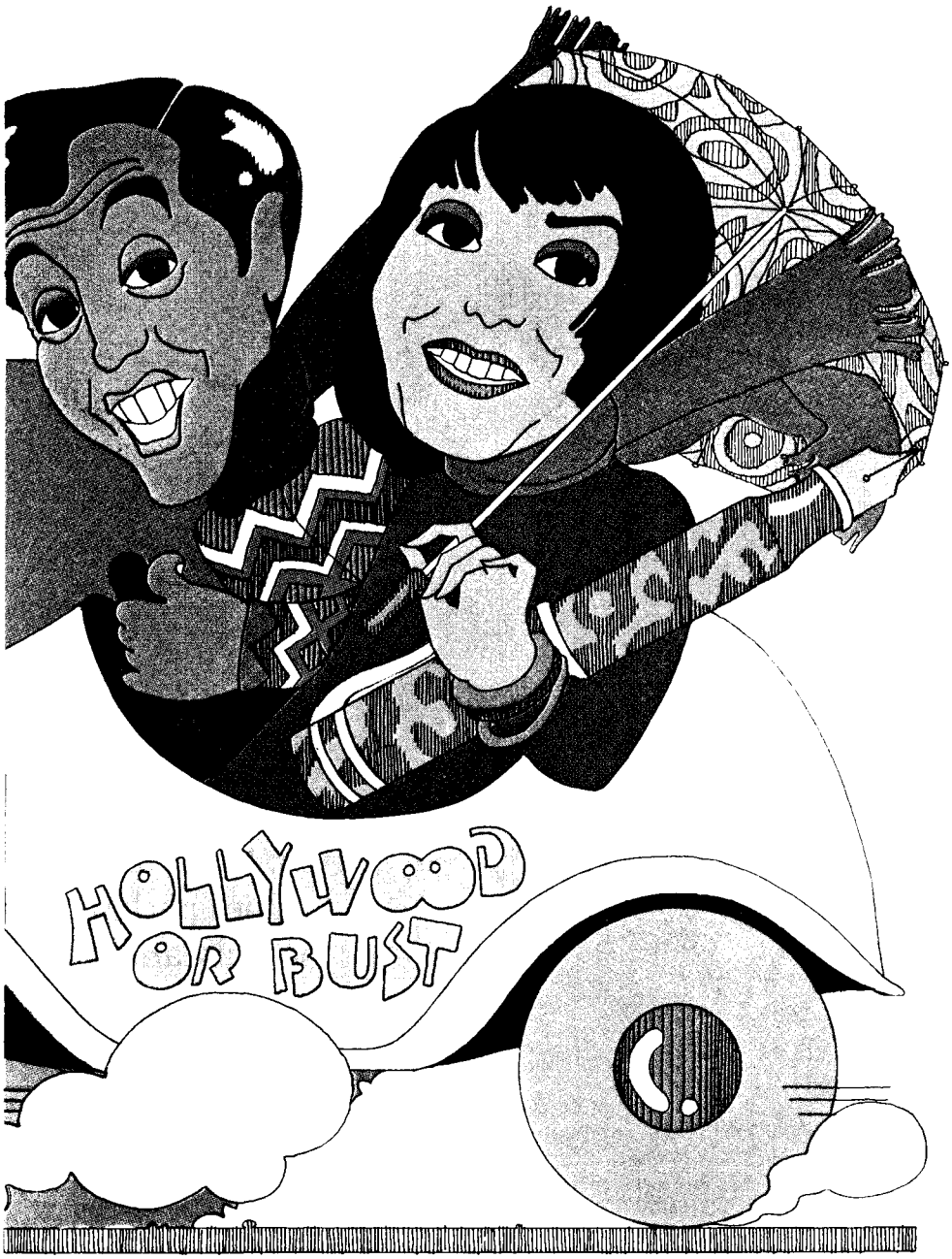

through the years and up until today, Arthur Freed has always referred to us as "the kids," sometimes warmly, as in "Hiya, kids" or "I'd like you to meet 'the kids,'" or sometimes impatiently (at a story conference) as in "For Chrissake's, kids, no one will believe that!" Assisting in all departments as musical supervisor, script shepherd, arranger, associate producer, general coordinator of production—sometimes one or all of these—was Roger Edens, invaluable and devoted to Freed, whose lapels we often clutched and drenched with tears in moments of despair. In the late Forties and early Fifties the musicals emerging from this group had a kind of style and taste, a filmish verve and inventiveness that gave them the individual stamp of the Freed Unit, and a number of them survive not as "camp" or sociological curiosa but as films to be enjoyed, admired, and even wondered at —expressions of a form that has all but vanished.

When everyone returned from his interminable holiday that June of 1950, we were summoned, unslept and nervous, to a meeting in Arthur's office where we finally were to discover why we had been rushed out there. Sun-drenched and relaxed after his rest, surrounded by orchids from his vast greenhouses, Arthur greeted us warmly, inquired after families and friends, quoted the grosses of *South Pacific* from *Variety*, read us letters from Gian-Carlo Menotti and Irving Berlin, and, after some further discussion of the state of the theater in New York, and phone calls to his brother Hugo at the orchid ranch and to Oscar Levant on Stage 27, he said, "C'mon, kids, let's have some lunch." Arthur was trying not to tell us something. Somewhere around four that afternoon, after some prodding from us, he let it be known with a proud but shy chuckle that we had been assigned to write an original story and screenplay using songs from the extensive catalogue of lyricist Arthur Freed (the same) and composer Nacio Herb Brown (how many people can there be named "Nacio Herb Brown"?). Whatever came out of our creative hoppers, or out of two hopping mad creators, was to be called *Singin' in the Rain*. We gulped a gulp that could be heard round the world, and then there followed a long silence during which the orchids around us seemed to grow into a man-eating variety. Finally, we said, "But, Arthur, what about our new contract? It says, with all names spelled out, that Comden and Green are to write the lyrics unless the score is by 1) Irving Berlin, 2) Cole Porter, 3) Rodgers and Hammerstein." Arthur said, "Kids, I never heard of any such clause. Now, about *Singin' in the Rain*. . . ." Bolstered by our knowledge of that magical clause, we sneered imperiously, skulked out of the office, and went on strike. After two war-torn weeks during which we repeatedly accused Arthur of reneging on an official document, some flutter of the gut told us to read our contract. With the help of our new agent, Irving Lazar, using his bifocals as a Geiger counter to unearth the magical phrase, we learned there was no such thing. It was the Emperor's new clause, a total fabrication of our former agent. "Kids," said Irving, "*anyone* can write lyrics for your picture—Berlin, Porter, R. and H., Freed, Karloff, Lugosi, Johnny Weissmuller—you name it. My suggestion is you write *Singin' in the Rain* at the top of a page, followed by 'Fade-in' and don't stop until you come to 'That's all, folks.'"

So we began working on *Singin' in the Rain* like rats trapped in a burning barn. And let it be known for the record that Freed was very sweet and tolerant with us rats—didn't chase us with a broom or anything.

Later that very day we met with Roger Freed's assistant around his piano in the Freed office and surveyed the sprawling stacks of Freed-Brown songs in sheet-music form, ranging all the way from "Should I?" to "Would You?" The late sun was just hitting the sign outside Smith and Salisbury Mortuary next door, and we felt like walking over and lying down. Riffling through the songs, as Roger played and sang them in his southern colonel's whiskey baritone, several possible

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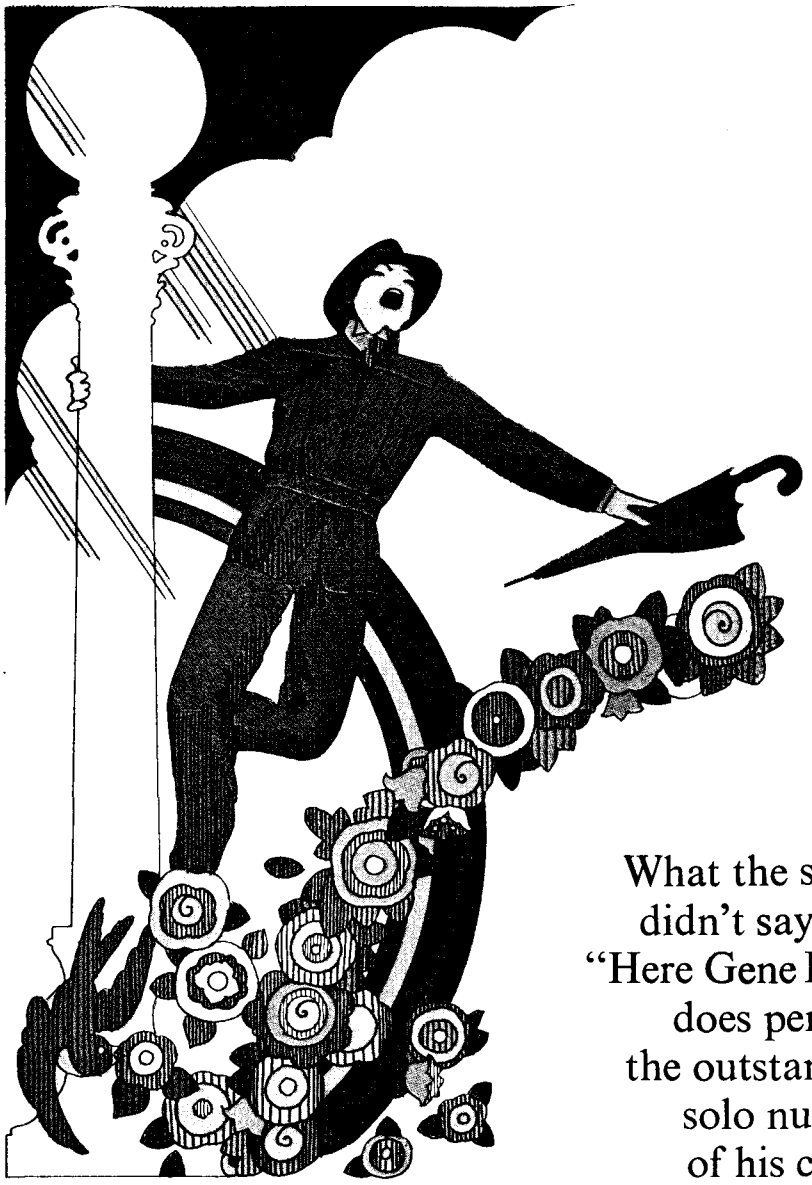
stories suggested themselves. For instance, "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" could well have inspired a story about a painted doll who got married.

But as Roger kept playing and we hummed along, we began in spite of ourselves to get excited. Many of them were famous songs, standards, bristling with vitality and part of the nation's collective unconscious—"Broadway Melody," "Broadway Rhythm," "You Are My Lucky Star," "Fit as a Fiddle," "You Were Meant for Me," and the title song itself, an irresistible ode to optimism that no one can possibly sing without acting out the line "There's a smile on my face." We knew one thing about the story. There would have to be some scene where there would be rain, and the leading man (Howard Keel? Van Johnson? Fred Astaire? Gene Kelly?) would be singin' in it. Many of these songs had been written by Freed and Brown for the earliest musical pictures made between 1929 and 1931, during the painful transition from silence to sound, and it occurred to us that rather than try to use them in a sophisticated, contemporary story, or a Gay Nineties extravaganza, we should let them bloom at their happiest in something that took place in the very period in which they had been written. With this decision made, we began to feel the ground beneath our feet at last. We both knew the period intimately and were amateur authorities on silent films and early talkies, long before Cinema I and II were taught in every kindergarten.

The studio grapevine reached us that Howard Keel had been penciled in for the lead, and we made a few dispirited stabs at a yarn about a minor Western actor in silents who makes it big with the advent of sound as a singing cowboy. But our thoughts kept coming back to the dramatic upheavals of that period when great careers were wrecked because the public's image of a favorite would be instantly destroyed by a voice that did not match the fabled face. We remembered particularly the downfall of John Gilbert, the reigning king of the silent screen in 1928, whose career was finished by one talking picture in which, with his director's encouragement, he improvised his own love scene; it consisted of the phrase "I love you" repeated many times with growing intensity, exactly as he had done it the year before in front of the silent camera. The audience screamed with laughter. We decided our leading character should be just such a star. The trick, of course, was to make the stuff of tragedy like this fit into a lighthearted satirical comedy that featured fifteen or twenty Freed-Brown songs. Our silent star would have to survive his downfall and make good as a musical star, and to give *that* story point a faint air of credibility, we had better establish our hero as someone who had had a song-and-dance vaudeville background before he entered pictures. Such a character felt more to us like Gene Kelly than Howard Keel.



What the script didn't say was, "Here Gene Kelly does perhaps the outstanding solo number of his career."

Gene was one of our oldest friends from New York, as was Stanley Donen. We had first met Gene when we were in a revue at the Westport Country Playhouse one summer, he hoofing it up alone, the two of us performing as part of a satirical act called The Revuers. Later, when we had reached the dizzy heights of the Rainbow Room, Gene, still an unknown, was suddenly announced by the MC there as doing a tryout appearance for one show. Not long after, our paths crossed again, when he, now the newly acclaimed Broadway star of *Pal Joey*, came down to the Village Vanguard to see his old pals, The Revuers, who had followed their heady climb to the sixty-fifth floor of the RCA Building by plummeting swiftly back down to the Vanguard cellar where they had started. Later, a big movie star in Hollywood, Gene was to feed us often and watch us perform tirelessly in his living room, writing having replaced performing in our careers, but not in our hearts and throats.

After Gene and Stanley's success as the directing team of *On the Town*, what we none too secretly hoped was to reunite the four of us with Gene again as star. But Gene was now, deservedly, at that happy moment when everyone wanted him for everything, and had he expressed the desire to film Kafka's *Metamorphosis* featuring the Million-Legged Cockroach Ballet, the studio would have considered it a smart commercial move and gone all the way with him. It was impossible for us to approach him, because he was deeply involved, head and feet, starring in and choreographing *An American in Paris*, which was shooting on the lot under Vincente Minnelli's direction. We kept seeing him all the time socially, but he let us know, in a friendly way, that he was going to pick his next ven-

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ture very carefully and would rather not know what we were up to so he could judge our script impartially.

In the meantime we spent an agonizing month trying to get a grip on ourselves and our screenplay. We finally had what seemed to be three possible opening sequences of a picture: a big silent movie premiere in New York; a magazine interview with the star in Hollywood telling a phony life story; a sequence from the silent movie being premiered in New York, the star meeting the girl in New York, losing her, and going back to Hollywood. After staring for hours at a time at this seemingly insoluble mess in which the story never seemed to get started, we would wander down to the set where *An American in Paris* was shooting and feel even more wretched in the face of this assured, inevitably successful reality rolling along with its thundering playbacks, swinging cranes, and jubilant actors, and its little Paris street so achingly authentic that Arthur Freed could sit in the sidewalk café and quip to no one in particular, "I can sit here and feel homesick for Hollywood."

Our depression deepened as our story refused to move, and our feeling that we were involved in something ghoulish rather than comic was reinforced by the atmosphere of the place in which we were living. It was a miniature "Sunset Boulevard" house, once owned by silent star Marie Prevost, which we had taken with mixed laughter and shudders, because the price was right. The place screamed, in its tattered elegance, of high times in the Twenties, with its glory suddenly extinguished. There was no body floating in the swimming pool, but tons of soggy leaves filled the deeper-than-wide concrete oblong gloomily hidden from the sun at all times of the day; torn strips of faded awning flapped mournfully against the terrace windows; and inside the living room, furnished mainly with peeling gilt and needle-point pieces and an urn containing God knows whose ashes, was the crowning touch—an inlaid concert-grand player piano, its piano roll stuck from there to eternity somewhere in the middle of "Fascinatin' Rhythm." It was in this very room, one late afternoon, that we decided to kick the nightmarish grip of doom that had settled over us and do something realistic: We would give MGM back the money they had paid us thus far, tell them we had failed, and go home.

A couple of hours later we were jumping up and down with glee, like Gene, Donald, and Debbie in the "Good Mornin'" song and dance in the movie *Singin' in the Rain* itself. My [Betty's] husband, Steve, had just arrived from New York and, knowing us rather well, was not too surprised to find us slumped in our familiar Dostoevskian attitudes. At some point we grabbed him and read him our goulash of openings, to illustrate the hopelessness of the situation. Much to our amazement, Steve, a reticent chuckler, was roaring throughout and asked, offhandedly, why, instead of abandoning the project, didn't we use *all* the openings. This led to the "Eureka!" moment of realizing that maybe it could work if the action never went to New York, but all took place in Hollywood: the premiere, the interview in front of the theater before the stars go in, the shots of the silent movie itself, the backstage scene, the star's escape from his fans, and his meeting the girl on Hollywood Boulevard, instead of Fifth Avenue. It seems pitifully obvious now, bordering on the moronic, but at the time we felt like Champollion deciphering the Rosetta Stone. From here on the gates were open, and the writing of the screenplay gushed in a relatively exuberant flow. We tapped the roots of our memories and experiences without editing ourselves when our ideas got wild, satirical, and extravagantly nonsensical. To our surprise, not only did Roger seem delighted with it all, but Arthur, to whom we read each section as we completed it, gave his happy approval.

At Arthur's suggestion, Gene, who by then had finished shooting *An American in Paris*, was given a script to read. We geared ourselves for a friendly refusal. Instead, he and Stanley Donen, who had also read it, came rushing over to us in the commissary the next day bursting with enthusiasm and filled with ideas that they imparted to us over our usual lunch of L. B. Mayer matzo ball soup and surrealistic song parodies. We started meeting with them instantly for final changes and rewrites, going over the script shot by shot. In addition to their outstanding skill in integrating all the elements of a musical film, our old friendship with them and their knowledge of our work from our early performing days made it easy for them to use many ideas and visual details that might have seemed irrelevant or a mystery to anyone else.

The success of the film and its continued life over the years have much to do with our four-way mental radar, Gene and Stanley's brilliant execution, and their sure professionalism while they maintained an air of effortless, carefree spontaneity. One of the two directors gave a great performance. Just as we knew from the start, there was a scene where there was rain, and a leading man was singin' in it. What we hadn't written into the script was "here Gene Kelly does perhaps the outstanding solo number of his career." Today, ironically enough, this exuberant, joyous expression of love of life is achieving a new kind of identity through Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, where it's so chillingly used as an *a cappella* song and dance of mindless violence.

We went back to New York, leaving behind a lyric composed of tongue twisters starting with "Moses supposes his toes-es are roses," which Roger Edens put to music, making it the one non-Freed-Brown contribution to the score. We also learned as the shooting date approached that "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," which we had painfully wedged into the script as a cheering-up number for Donald O'Connor, had been replaced by a new song by Arthur and Mr. Brown, "Make 'Em Laugh." For this number, Gene and Stanley took every bit of zany gymnastic clowning and surrealistic vaudeville Donald had saved up in his body and worked them into an insane classic unlike any other before or since.

Some months later, while out of town in Philadelphia and enduring the life-and-death throes of a revue we were involved with, we got a call from Gene and Stanley that seemed by that time to be coming from another galaxy. We had written a protracted love scene with a song-and-dance medley for Gene and Debbie Reynolds that involved touring many different sets all over the studio lot, but our directors wanted to change all that to a romantic love scene inside an empty sound stage where Gene would sing one song only and do a romantic dance with Debbie. Could we run it up and mail it right out, please? We wrenched our minds away from the great Bert Lahr just two blocks away at the Shubert Theatre despondently being hilarious in the 95-degree July Philadelphia heat and time-machined ourselves back into *Singin' in the Rain* long enough to fill the order. It worked. So did the picture.

A few years ago we were in Paris with my [Betty's] husband, Steve, and my [Adolph's] wife, Phyllis, at a party and were rendered breathless and awe-struck by the news that François Truffaut was right across the room from us. Suddenly, a small, lithe figure came sliding across at us like a hockey player zooming over the ice. It was Truffaut himself, and he was breathless and awe-struck at meeting the authors of *Chantons sous la Pluie*. In total disbelief we heard him say, through his interpreter, that he had seen the film many times, knew every frame of it, felt it was a classic, said that he and Alain Resnais, among others, went to see it regularly at a little theater called the Pagode, where it was even at the moment in the middle of a several-month run. This is a scene we never could have dreamed of that day at MGM when we went on strike, because we did not want to write anything to be called *Singin' in the Rain*. □

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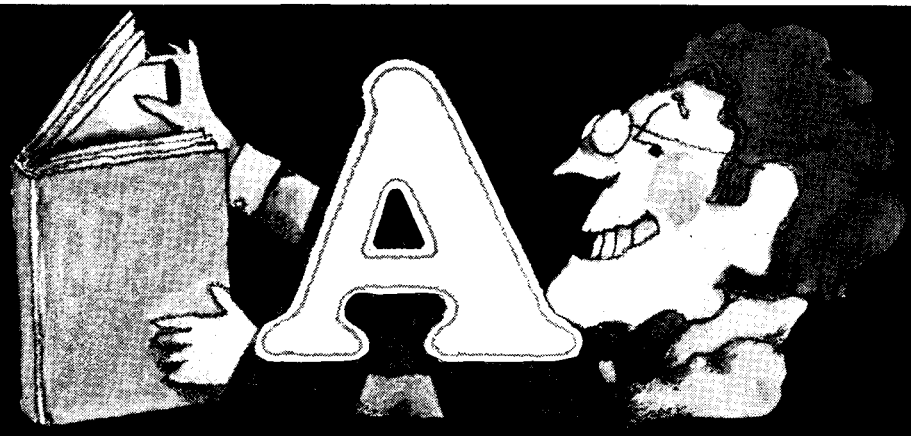
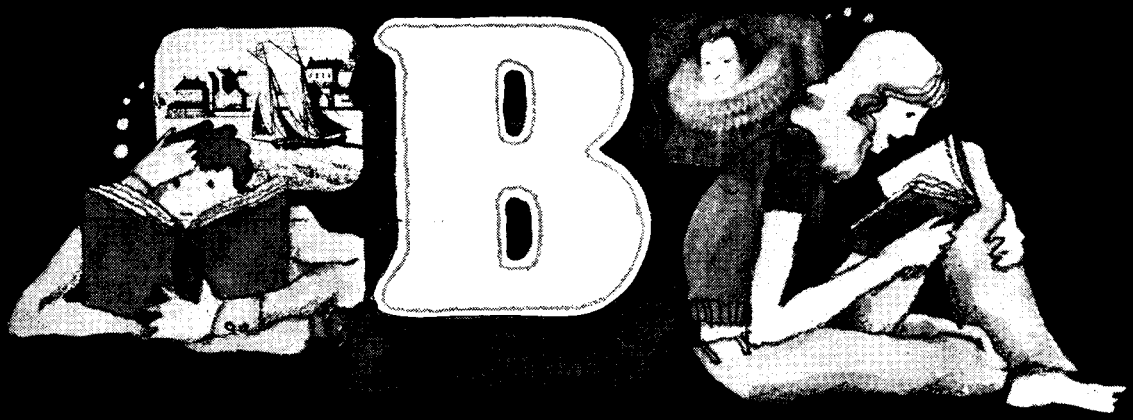
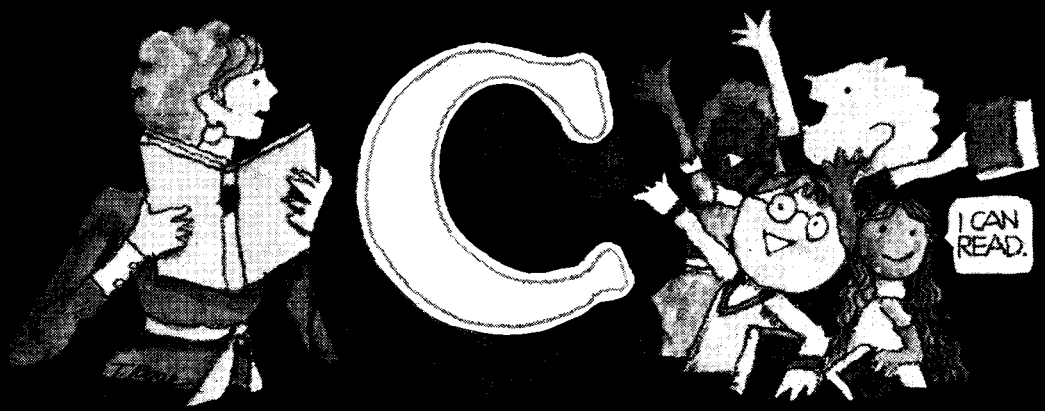


A is for adult Americans, the 18 million who failed to learn to read when they were children.



B is for books, still the most portable, versatile and inexpensive of all teaching and communication devices.



C is for concern shown by teachers, librarians, volunteer tutors, and others enlisted in the national "Right to Read Effort"...with the goal of having every child reading at his grade level by 1980.

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Computer Printout on the Earth's Ecosystem

I. Global Doom

by LESTER R. BROWN

THE LIMITS TO GROWTH:
A Report for The Club of Rome's Project on the Predicament of Mankind

by Donella H. Meadows, Dennis L. Meadows, Jørgen Randers, and William W. Behrens III

Potomac, 205 pp., $6.50; paperback, $2.75

This important work is a response to a crucial question: What will happen if current economic and demographic trends continue? Beginning with Malthus, many men have examined the issue of exponential growth in a finite system; none, however, have done so in such an empirical and systematic fashion as have the authors of *The Limits to Growth.*

The seventeen-member Massachusetts Institute of Technology team that undertook this project used the systems dynamics method of computer modeling—a method devised by MIT Professor Jay W. Forrester that enabled the study group to consider the complex of global activities and trends as an interlocking system. The project's basic model focuses on the complex interrelationships over time between five principal variables: population, food supply, natural resources, industrial production, and pollution.

The first of the team's various probes into the future, however, employs the so-called standard world model. This model simply predicates the future on current trends, assuming "no major change in the physical, economic, or social relationships that have historically governed the development of the world system." Using as a historical base the trends from 1900 to 1970, the five principal variables are projected into the future. Both population and industrial capacity continue to expand, generating a growing demand for natural resources. As natural resources diminish, forcing the use of marginal reserves, prices go up, leaving less money for reinvestment in future growth. Eventually new investment falls below depreciation and the industrial base collapses, causing the collapse of the service industries and agriculture. Shortly thereafter the still soaring population drops precipitously from lack of food and health services.

Variations of this model include one that doubles the assumed reserves of natural resources, another that posits cheap and abundant nuclear energy, a third that assumes a slowed population growth, and so forth. Each ends in catastrophe within a century through overpollution, food scarcity, or resource depletion.

The principal conclusion of the study is that "if the present growth trends in world population, industrialization, pollution, food production, and resource depletion continue unchanged, the limits to growth on this planet will be reached sometime within the next 100 years. The most probable result will be a rather sudden and uncontrollable decline in both population and industry capacity."

Let us briefly look at each of the two points in this conclusion. First, how real are the various limits to growth? We can gain insights into the next several decades by examining recent history. From 1950 to 1970 the gross world product (GWP) increased from something like $1.25-trillion to nearly $3-trillion. In 1950 there were relatively few signs of environmental stress. It was not until the late Sixties that the environmental crisis became a matter of widespread concern. By 1970 the press throughout the world was daily reporting new signs of environmental deterioration.

This historically recent explosive

Lester R. Brown, a Senior Fellow at the Overseas Development Council, is the author of *World Without Borders,* which will be published this fall.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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growth in global economic activity must be viewed from two reference points. One is the magnitude of the increase itself. The other is the relationship of each incremental increase to the earth's various limits. It seems evident that the addition of the third trillion dollars to the GWP has created far greater environmental stress than did the second trillion. What will be the effect on the ecosystem of adding a fourth trillion or of doubling the current GWP over the next eighteen years? If we assume a continuation of the 5 per cent annual rate of global economic growth, the result would be a gross world product of $13-trillion by the year 2000. What will be the state of the earth's ecosystem at that point?

Economic activity depends on the earth's capacity to supply fresh water, energy fuels, and industrial raw materials, to produce forest products and marine protein, and to provide living space, arable land, and natural recreation areas. Some of these capacities can continue to support the present rate of economic expansion for centuries to come without reaching the limits. The supply of bauxite is a case in point. But other finite capacities are already being rapidly depleted either locally or globally. Man's use of forest products, for example, has long exceeded the global rate of replenishment, with the result that forest areas is shrinking steadily.

In the case of marine protein, man is rapidly approaching the limits of the world's oceans. The excessive take of whales has reduced the major species to the point where the catch is declining despite the great increase in capital investment in the whaling industry in recent years. The rate of growth in the global catch of table-grade fish (salmon, tuna, haddock, etc.), which has been slowing for several years, has now dropped below the increase in human population. Many marine biologists believe that the global catch of table-grade species is fast approaching the maximum sustainable limit. On the other hand, the prospects for increasing the catch of those less desirable species used for fish meal would appear to be excellent. Various projections of the potential catch of these types range up to several times the current level. Yet these projections are based on an assumption that may prove to be optimistic: namely, that oceanic pollution will not worsen appreciably.

The long-term prospects for petroleum and natural gas supplies are not good. Global production is expected to peak sometime during the next few decades, perhaps before the end of this century. This prospect, combined with a continuing annual 3 to 4 per cent growth in consumption, has helped convert what has always been a buyer's market into a seller's market. Illustrative of this change is the recent establishment of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, a centralized authority set up by the world's principal exporters to exploit their newfound bargaining power in the world economy.

The earth's capacity to absorb certain wastes has already been exceeded at the local level, and in some instances at the global level as well. The result is an increasing incidence of environmentally induced illness such as emphysema in industrial societies, the eutrophication throughout the world of fresh water lakes and rivers, and a growing list of species threatened with extinction.

Many critics of the MIT study fault the authors for not making sufficient allowance for technological advances that could push back existing limits to growth. Cheap nuclear energy is often cited as a means of overcoming many constraints to growth, such as the supply of energy itself and the rising cost of mining low-content mineral ores. This will undoubtedly extend the limits to some degree, much as the Green Revolution has in agriculture, but it does not remove them. (Radioactive waste and thermal pollution remain.)

> "Strongly assailed by some, staunchly defended by others, the study is already an international Event."

Within agriculture some limits can be forced back much more readily than others. The growing use of both pesticides and fertilizers—important components of the Green Revolution—is a source of environmental stress. For pesticides, there are now a number of promising biological controls in the experimental stage, such as pest-resistant strains of crops and livestock. No substitute for chemical fertilizers has been devised, however. And all projections indicate that fertilizer use will soar in the future, causing increasingly widespread eutrophication.

Most efforts to expand the food supply today entail some ecological cost. It has been fashionable among ecologists and journalists to inventory the many adverse ecological effects of the Aswan Dam. The loss of annual deposits of fertile alluvial silt in the lower Nile Valley flood plain forces Egyptian farmers to use more chemical fertilizer. The same loss of nutrients has caused a precipitous decline in the fish catch in the Nile estuary. Evaporation rates in the Aswan Reservoir are much higher than originally estimated, causing an additional reduction of the overall water supply. But we must ask ourselves, what are the alternatives for feeding the population increase in Egypt of nearly one million per year? If additional food is not produced internally, it must be imported. Should more land be cleared in sub-Sahara Africa, thus further threatening wildlife? Should grassland in Argentina be plowed and planted to wheat? Or should farmers in the Midwestern United States use more fertilizer? The state of Illinois held hearings in late 1971 to consider the possibility of limiting nitrate fertilizer applications by farmers in order to reduce the dangerously high nitrate levels in the water supply of several communities. Limits being considered were below those now used by some Illinois farmers.

Every region of the world is faced with environmental constraints on efforts to expand food production. The Soviet Union has struggled against these restraints for several years. Under Khrushchev the Russians brought 100 million acres of virgin land under the plow only to learn after a few years that much of this land lacked enough moisture to sustain cultivation. Abandoning this approach, they then decided to intensify production on traditionally cultivated land but discovered that they needed more water. The next step was to devise plans for reversing the flow of four rivers that now empty into the Arctic Ocean, using the additional water supplies for irrigation in southern Russia. But meteorologists throughout the world objected, claiming that this would alter the Arctic climate, quite possibly affecting the thickness of the ice cap and global climatic patterns as well. The last word is that the plan has been scrapped. As of early 1972 the Russians are using feedgrains from the U.S. to increase livestock production.

In citing such examples my intention is not to systematically examine the various limits to growth, but simply to emphasize that even current levels of population and economic activity are beginning to bump against some of the earth's limits. A number of the consequences forecast by The Club of Rome for the longer term are already upon us.

The second point in the principal conclusion cited earlier is that if present demographic and economic trends continue "the most probable result will be a rather sudden and uncontrollable decline in both population and industrial capacity." In my opinion, the social and ecological costs of following the current global demographic and

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economic trends will continue to rise until we are forced to modify them, moving toward a global equilibrium. Indeed, the latest evidence indicates that this may already have begun.

A careful examination of recent trends indicates that the global rates of both population and economic growth, accelerating since the turn of the century, may have recently begun to slow. The evidence, one must hasten to add, is much more conclusive in regard to population growth than it is concerning economic growth. Results of the 1970 decennial census for many countries, as well as more recent monthly data on birth and death rates from others, indicate that the global population growth rate of 2 per cent of several years ago may now have declined to 1.8 per cent. Admittedly this is still a far cry from Zero Population Growth (ZPG), particularly given the enormous number of young people coming of reproductive age throughout the world; still, it is a reversal of the long term trend of accelerating growth. In three of the world's four most populous countries—Mainland China, the Soviet Union, and the United States—birth rates have dropped considerably from the postwar peaks of the late Fifties or early Sixties.

In many poor countries, too, there are indications that population growth is beginning to slow. Within Europe several countries are approaching ZPG. One country, East Germany, reached ZPG in 1969. Since then births have been slightly less than deaths. West Germany's crude birth rate need drop only two births per thousand to bring births and deaths into balance. By 1973 the 90 million German-speaking population of Europe may have virtually stabilized. Again, this is a very small part of the global 3.6 billion, but it is an encouraging sign. In some parts of the world people are beginning to respond to the adverse effects of population growth by modifying attitudes toward childbearing. There is some reason to hope that mankind may adjust to the finite system in which he exists before the population "over shoot and collapse" point is reached.

On the economic front, the trend thus far this century has been for each decennial rate of economic growth to surpass the preceding one. However, there is now reason to doubt whether the principal industrial economies, which account for the lion's share of global output, will grow as rapidly in real terms during the Seventies as during the Sixties. Japan, growing rapidly on imported technology and running up a sizable ecological debt during the Sixties, will be hard pressed to match that performance during this decade. If the United States follows the recommendation of its Council on Environmental Quality to spend $105-billion by 1975 for a partial cleanup of air, water, and solid waste, a sizable chunk of investment capital will be diverted from the production of new goods and services. Similar situations exist in Europe and the Soviet Union. Rising real costs of energy may also act to slow growth in virtually all the industrial economies.

Conceivably, the findings of the MIT study will render obsolete the existing system of international relations based on competition and conflict. The principal threat to our future well-being may not be the relationship of man to man, which global military expenditures of $204-billion per year would indicate, but rather the deteriorating relationship of man to nature. As the eventual limits to at least some types of economic activity draw nearer, the global poverty problem begins to loom larger. Indeed this study casts the relationship between rich countries and poor in an entirely new light. The issue is no longer how much alms the rich countries should give the poor but how, and on what terms, countries will divide the earth's finite resources—marine protein, energy fuels, or scarce minerals, for example. *The Limits to Growth* puts the issue of social justice at the international level in a very different framework from that in which we are accustomed to viewing this subject.

> "The findings of 'The Limits to Growth' are not comforting—but neither are the circumstances in which we find ourselves."

As the collective claims of human society approach the bounds of the earth's various resources and amenities, the crucial role of population growth comes into sharp focus. The principle is a simple one. With a fixed global resource, the more of us there are the less each of us can have. The need to stabilize world population is obvious. History emphasizes a corollary point, which should be equally obvious by now: that birth rates are not reduced voluntarily until living standards rise above a certain socio-economic threshold.

In effect, this threshold amounts to a minimum standard of living. Couples will not reduce the number of children until infant mortality declines to the point where they are confident that they will be able to raise most of their children. This in turn requires an assured food supply, one that removes the fear of famine and limits malnutrition. It also requires that health services of at least a rudimentary nature be extended to that one-half of mankind now without any medical care whatsoever. The historical record indicates that meaningful declines in human fertility do not normally occur among largely illiterate populations.

With the desire to reduce birth rates closely related to income levels, the population variable inextricably links the environmental crisis with global poverty. A solution to the environmental crisis requires that the rich countries become much more concerned about living levels in the poor countries than has hitherto been the case. Achieving a minimum level of living everywhere suddenly acquires a new priority. It is in the interest of all mankind, rich countries as well as poor, to assure food supplies for everyone, to seek universal literacy, and to provide a modest level of health services, including family planning, for all.

While some poor countries have been disinclined to confront the population issue head on, the rich countries have been even more reluctant to confront the other source of growing demand for goods and services: rising affluence. It is a widely accepted article of faith within the international development fraternity that the poor countries, containing more than 2 billion people, cannot emulate the American lifestyle. But the considerations that lead to this conclusion are not brought to bear on the question of lifestyles within the superaffluent societies as they absorb an ever growing quantity of resources. What are the consequences for the world's poor if the pursuit of ever higher levels of affluence within the rich countries continues?

Americans, representing 5 per cent of mankind, now consume an estimated one-third of the earth's resources. As mankind presses closer to the earth's limits, those of us who count ourselves among the affluent must ask what right we have to use up such a disproportionately large share of the earth's material resources. For Americans, this may be the most difficult question which *The Limits to Growth* raises.

In many ways, the challenge to man today is an educational one. We must understand the dilemma we are in if we are to respond rationally. It is here that The Club of Rome study, which succeeds in lucidly presenting a complex set of issues, is so valuable. The enormous volume of discussion, debate, and re-examination it has stimulated since its release a few weeks ago demonstrates that as a means of alerting mankind to its predicament it has been immensely effective. A forthcom-

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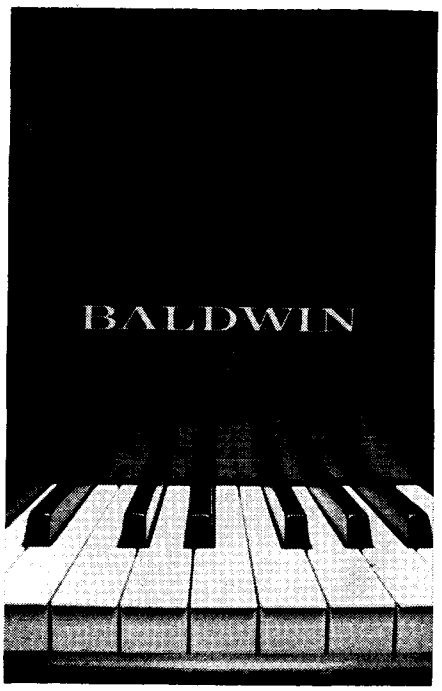

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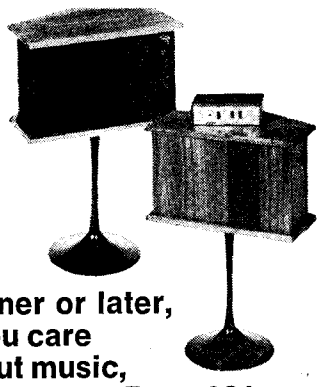

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ing backup volume of several hundred pages will enable us to examine the data and assumptions used in the various projections in detail. We can then make our own assumptions and project the consequences.

Response to the study varies from those who agree with the work's principal thrust, as I do, to those who reject it out of hand as a doomsday prophecy. The findings of *The Limits of Growth* are not comforting—but then neither are the circumstances in which we find ourselves in the late twentieth century.

II. Planetary Salvation

by LARRY L. FABIAN

Jeremiah has gone modern. He has traded his scrolls for computer printouts and the imposing paraphernalia of the systems analyst—mathematical models, complex simulations, feedback loops, flow charts, and all the rest. He displays mankind's grim future on cryptic graphs that show weird squiggles colliding ominously as they trace planetary collapse under the crushing weight of excessive growth.

In the unemotional language of science, this contemporary prophet challenges us to rethink cherished premises of the good life, and to see growth as decay, progress as regression, abundance as scarcity. He foresees irreversible damage to the planet's finite life-support systems, perhaps during the lifetimes of our children, if current industrial-output and population-growth trends continue unchecked. He pricks our optimism by saying that we are running out of technological solutions, which hitherto have always confounded Malthusian predictions. Why? Because a computer fed a model of a world with unlimited resources, effective antipollution measures, vastly increased food production, and perfect birth control reported that even if the real world could live up to this ideal model the result still would be "an end to growth before the year 2100."

Much critical dust has been stirred since Professor Dennis L. Meadows of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology unveiled the chilling findings of *The Limits to Growth* at a day-long seminar held at the Smithsonian Institution on March 2. So far this latter-day Jeremiah, together with his study-group colleagues, has fared only a shade better than his biblical counterpart, whose manuscripts were contemptuously tossed into a royal fireplace by a complacent Judean monarch deaf to unpalatable prophecies. The MIT study has been ridiculed, belittled as an intriguing but misguided curiosity, and more fundamentally criticized for its methodology and skimpy evidence. While the authors readily admit the limitations and imperfections of their models, they insist that these do not significantly alter the book's pervasive message, characterized so gently by the *Washington Post* as "Stop-Growth-or-Die."

Strongly assailed by some, staunchly defended by others, the study is already an international Event, complete with translations and wide distribution to world leaders. Sensational conclusions are not the only explanation for the hoopla. For this little volume is not the standard run-of-the-computer report by sheltered academics in Cambridge. Rather, the Event marks the splashy public debut of The Club of Rome, the four-year-old, international elite study group that sponsored Meadows's work. An "invisible college" of peripatetic scientists, scholars, and other assorted professionals, The Club was founded by Aurelio Peccei, an Italian corporation executive (Fiat, Olivetti, Alitalia), management consultant (Italconsult), and transnationally-minded reformer who refuses to be intimidated by macroproblems of global survival.

The Club's mystique is well-groomed. Just shadowy and discreet enough to be tantalizing, it is less a prosaic club than a loosely organized, multinational, and highly respectable intellectual brotherhood. The organization has grown from the thirty charter members who met in 1968 at Peccei's urging to a present count of seventy-five, and it will reach but not exceed 100. In 1970 Peccei discovered Jay W. Forrester, MIT's famed pioneer in the "systems dynamics" of industrial and urban planning. After convincing The Club that his methods could handle planetary phenomena as well, Forrester promptly developed a computer model of global ecological processes. Meadows, a Forrester protégé, was then given the task of refining this world model for The Club. He elaborated but did not radically depart from the overall antigrowth thrust of Forrester's earlier research.

Despite this carefully nurtured partnership between The Club of Rome and MIT, The Club's evaluation of the Meadows report is still rather fuzzy, enough so to raise a question or two about how solidly The Club's experts endorse the scientific underpinnings of the book. In a concluding "Commentary" drawn up by the six-man executive Committee, of which Peccei is a member, it is stated that preliminary drafts were seen by some forty individuals, mostly Club members—that is, by about half of The Club's roster. After briefly summarizing the resulting comments, the Executive Committee

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vaguely informs us that "Over-all, a majority of those who read [the Meadows] report concurred with its position." The Committee then offers its own generally favorable evaluation, but adds: "We cannot speak definitively for all our colleagues in The Club of Rome, for there are differences of interest, emphasis, and judgment among them." Fair enough. Ordinarily there ought to be no particular magic to a sponsor's imprimatur. But the MIT study has been routinely identified with this prestigious Club, and it shares its cachet. The reader therefore is entitled to know more than he is told about the "invisible college's" professional assessments of the analysis and specific findings.

These questions would be less important if the book had not been published in advance of a technical compendium promised for later release. As things stand, the authors have it both ways. They can derive tacit blessing from The Club, which seems not to have reviewed it comprehensively. And they can rest their conclusions on data and cause-and-effect assumptions that it will take outside experts considerable time to evaluate. The interests of the general public, like those of the scientific community, would have been better served by simultaneous publication of both the book and the supporting technical documents, even at the cost of some delay. Those who confront a lay audience with such immensely significant conclusions bear a correspondingly great responsibility for scientifically validating their conclusions.

The Limits to Growth suffers from more than a presentational flaw. While its global perspectives and long-range concerns provide important correctives for our often myopic discourse about planetary housekeeping, the book's time may already have passed. For the conclusions merely jolt once again our ecological awareness without really deepening or extending it. The study tells us that we must mend our ways and that this will be painful, but it barely hints at how painful, or for whom. *The Limits to Growth* reminds us of our finite ecological boundaries (although with some fancy hedging) without significantly sharpening our understanding of how to redirect behavior and institutions. Furthermore, while the study provides us with models of alternate futures it does not satisfactorily connect any of them with today or with norms for guiding our choices among conflicting social goals. Nationally and globally, ecological security will impinge deeply on man's philosophical outlook and on his social and economic life. The authors sensitively identify these dimensions; however, they make no serious attempt to explore them.

These MIT analysts make modest claims for their model. They do not pretend to be infallible; they are, though, sufficiently convinced of their rightness to reject orthodox faith in economic growth. Although they seek to stimulate further thought and research, they have settled in their book for a vulnerable scientific apparatus, for prescriptions too generalized to be useful to policymakers, and for an approach that makes assertions rather than explains matters to the layman. They risk, in the end, satisfying none of their intended constituencies.

In a larger sense, the work's future context could become as controversial as its contents. Billed as phase one of a continuing Club of Rome endeavor to study "the predicament of mankind," it is a stepchild of Peccei's, and as such reflects a special brand of internationalist reformism, one that deserves scrutiny. Plans for a phase two have not yet been outlined. But Peccei will doubtless remain The Club's guiding figure, and his preferred framework for global problem-solving has been revealed in his impassioned personal testament, *The Chasm Ahead* (1969). There he sketches a benevolently elitist blueprint for planetary salvation, catalyzed by a faintly messianic network of apolitical technocrats. What he calls the Great Four—America, Europe, the Soviet Union, and Japan—would steer a new global institutional setup, a kind of super think tank *cum* guidance mechanism for central planetary management. Efficiency would be the overriding criterion for collective decisions. Avoidance of "politicized" international forums with broadly representative membership would facilitate sound planning. What Peccei calls a "World Forum" of experts would execute a feasibility study for the project.

This approach raises a profoundly important issue for the future of world order: Can the technologically advanced "few" of this world develop viable and just community relationships with the technologically less advanced "many"? Peccei's future may promise merely a substitution of one parochialism for another. To exchange outmoded nationalism for a narrowly technocratic multilateralism is not much of an advance, tempting as it may be to turn away from the messiness and frustrations of genuine global community processes where "politics" often defies efficient, rational solutions. Yet coping with these stresses rather than systematically sidestepping them is the cost of world community-building. Barry Commoner's meta-law of ecology, Everything Is Connected to Everything Else, increasingly governs our multiple and overlapping global interdependencies—political, social, technological, and biophysical. A

SUMMER SCHOOL 1972
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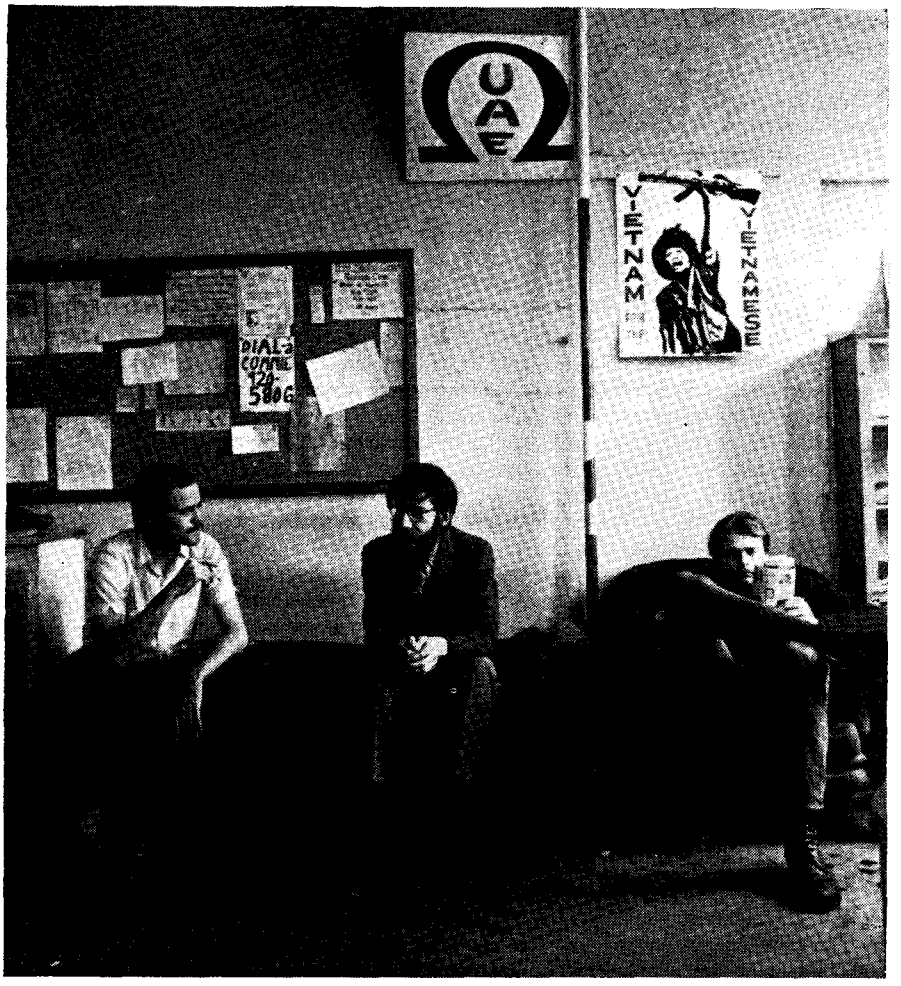
paramount implication of our mutual responsibility for each other is that we must commit ourselves to the creation of social structures regarded as legitimate by the bulk of the global community rather than by only the privileged minority.

This imperative could hardly be clearer than in the holistic verdicts of the Meadows study. Massively consequential choices would face statesmen in the world he assures us is coming. Social justice and welfare would have to be defined in planetary terms. Global goods and services would have to be allocated in a limited-growth or equilibrium world. For tasks of this scale, the exclusivism implied by Great Four-based designs would be not only naïve but also dangerously discriminatory and divisive. The inner logic of Meadows's world view insistently contradicts particularist solutions and reinforces awareness of universally shared interests. If during subsequent Club of Rome studies of the "world problematique" this awareness is translated into creative thinking about how to remold planetary institutions effectively and equitably, then The Club will have helped bridge the real chasm ahead.

Larry L. Fabian, a research associate in the Foreign Policy Studies Program of the Brookings Institution, is working on a study of technology and world order.



Draft evaders in Canada—if a general amnesty were declared, would they return?

WHEN CAN I COME HOME?
A Debate on Amnesty for Exiles, Anti-war Prisoners, and Others

by Murray Polner

Doubleday, 267 pp., paperback, $1.95

Reviewed by Eugene G. Windchy

■ Youth, which is ordered to fight the war, is uniquely affected by it. Murray Polner, a historian, tells us precisely how. In his first book, *No Victory Parades,* which came out last year, Polner describes the experiences overseas and at home of the Vietnam veteran, and observes:

> Never before in American history have as many loyal and brave young men been as shabbily treated by the government that sent them to war; never before have so many of them questioned as much, as these veterans have, the essential rightness of what they were forced to do.

The press recently reported a sad postscript to Polner's conclusion. In 1968 Lloyd J. Kantor, one of the college students who worked for the election of Richard M. Nixon, assured skeptical friends that his candidate would stop the war. Nixon was elected, but the war continued, and Kantor was drafted. He went to Vietnam. There he lost both hands, both feet, one eye, and part of his hearing. Shortly afterward, President Nixon let it be known that, in his view, the war was no longer an issue. But it was to Kantor. The hospitalized youth sent a letter to the White House, making use of his 1968 Nixon-campaign stationery—and never received a reply. In the news story, Kantor was particularly bitter that President Nixon devoted his spare time to visiting football players rather than war veterans.

Polner's new book, *When Can I Come Home?,* is about the young men who refused to fight—the deserters and the draft evaders. Working this time as editor, Polner has put together two dozen articles, including one of his own, that tell what it's like to break the law and debate the question of amnesty. He makes no pretense of objectivity; his aim is "to initiate a national debate that would ultimately declare a general amnesty and forgive both the 'victims and the executioners.'"

Those proposing various forms of amnesty are not the war resisters themselves, but such persons as Edward I. Koch, Democratic Congressman from New York, and James Reston, Jr., novelist and son of *The New York Times* columnist. Those against include William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review,* who argues, somehow, that "the possibility of amnesty is in direct proportion to the success of American arms in Southeast Asia. . . ." Ernest van den Haag, professor of social philosophy at New York University, complains that amnesty would "make suckers out of those people who obeyed the law." Ronald Docksai, a student of political science and national chairman of the Young Americans for Freedom, says he would rather not go to Vietnam, but would if drafted, "for I believe it is my duty as an American to serve."

One of the most informative chapters is by Willard Gaylin, a psychoanalyst who made an early study of the men incarcerated for draft evasion. Since 1965 some 2,600 men have gone to jail for refusing induction; approximately 300 are there now. (Having "paid the penalty," they still need amnesty to regain full rights of citizenship, including the right to vote.) Gaylin expected to find behind bars politically sensitive individuals "analogous to the college radical," a type that includes a high percentage of Jews and a low percentage of Catholics. To his surprise, nearly 80 per cent of the men he encountered were Jehovah's Wit-

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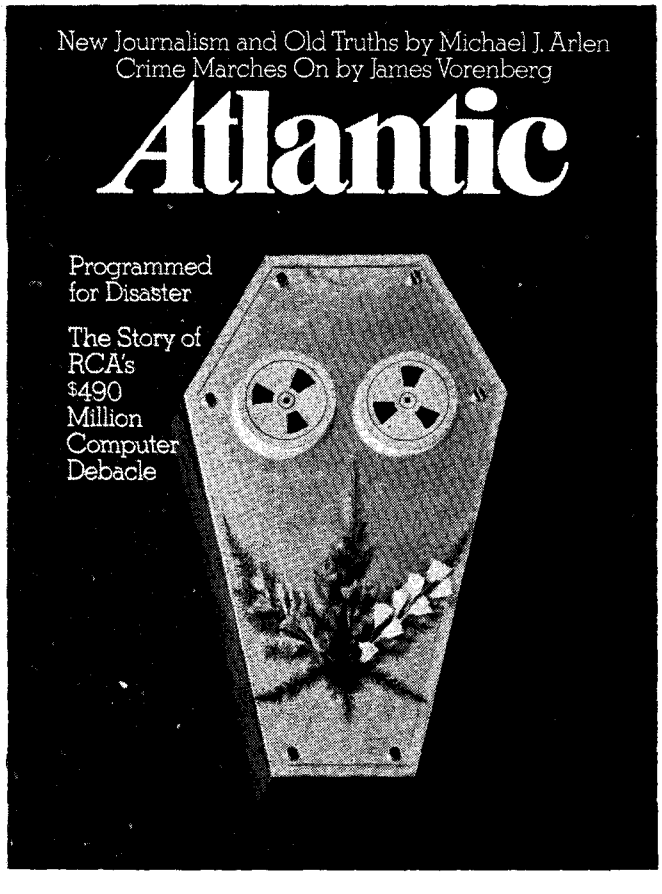
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The Newsmonthly.

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nesses. Members of this sect, unlike the Quakers, cannot as a matter of principle perform alternate service, such as working in government hospitals. Gaylin's sample included no Jews at all, but a high percentage of Catholics. In general, the group was "markedly heterogeneous," but most of its members shared a highly developed conscience and a sense of moral outrage concerning the war. In technical language, these were "service-oriented individuals who believed . . . that ideals and behavior were not separable phenomena."

But not for long. Gaylin, like other students of prison life, observed that it tends to destroy a man's ideals:

> The men I met in prison have paid a price in loss of youth, in loss of self-confidence, in loss of ideals. All could have been classified as being committed to the principles of nonviolence and passive resistance when they entered. By the time they were discharged, none of them accepted these principles.

A Jewish prisoner whom Gaylin missed meeting was John Jacob Phillips, who contributes a chapter on the fourteen months he served for defying the draft. It is clear that Phillips, too, emerged from the experience less committed to nonviolence. He helped to destroy an estimated 40,000 Selective Service records, and now is doing a second term in prison.

How many men who have broken the law in order to evade military service in Vietnam would come under amnesty? The resisters themselves talk in large numbers while the executive branch of the government suggests very small ones. Thanks to hearings conducted recently by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, the situation is becoming better understood. Now one hears that the government has reports of some 30,000 draft evaders and another 30,000 deserters. The true figures could be much greater, since many youths never register for the draft, and deserters are at times discharged in absentia, on terms less than "honorable." (I suppose some of the missing men have been discharged without knowing it.)

Although the news media have had much to say about Americans seeking refuge in Sweden, this is the smallest category of war resisters, amounting to about 450 men. Most of them have left military units in West Germany; few are draft evaders. In Canada the deserters and evaders are roughly even in number, totaling perhaps 70,000, as an average of local estimates. (The Justice Department knows of only 2,300 draft evaders in Canada.) Inasmuch as the Canadian people sympathize with the war resisters, the fugitive Americans suffer little from social stigma. They openly sponsor dodger-deserter baseball games. One can tell the players by their haircuts because deserters run to short-haired working-class youth, who quit military service as a gut reaction, while dodgers tend to be long-haired, middle-class college students, who made an abstract choice.

Another category of war resister is "underground" here in America. This group, whatever its number, includes a relatively high percentage of blacks, since most of the black resisters would rather disappear into the ghetto than live abroad.

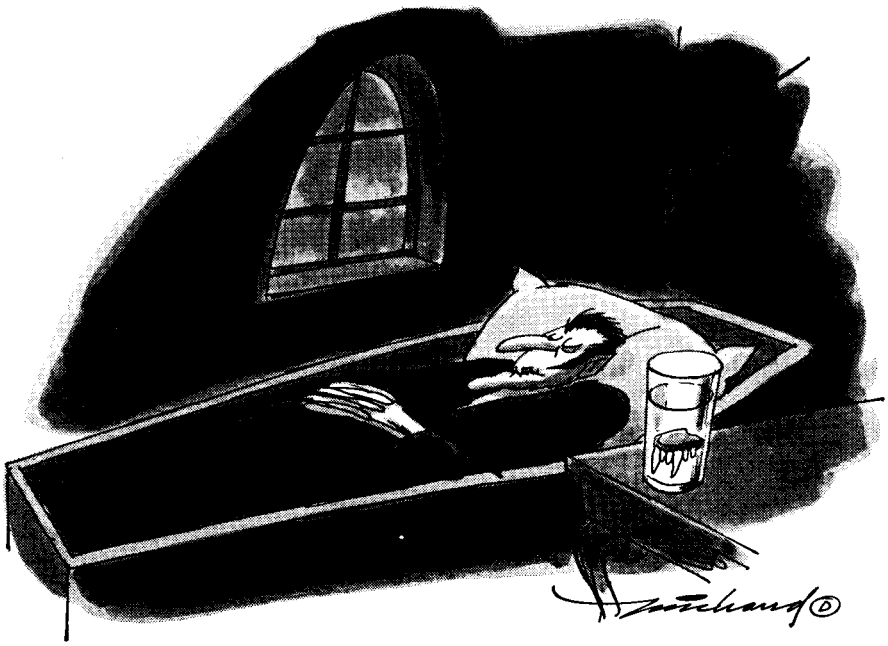
As the Vietnam War drags on into a second decade, the expatriates are getting more and more settled in their new homes. They take up careers, marry, and raise children. *When Can I Come Home?*, despite its title, offers little indication that most of the expatriates would return to the States if they could, except to visit their families. (The same holds true of *The New Exiles*, a book published last year by Roger Neville Williams, a draft evader then residing in Canada.) But if a general amnesty were declared, nobody knows what might happen. Most Americans living abroad grow increasingly devoted to their Americanness, even if they left their country in disgust.

In the history of the United States there never has been a general amnesty following a period of armed conflict, although, before this century, Presidents were generous with partial amnesties. After the Civil War no rebel was punished. Twentieth-century Presidents have been less lenient, possibly because their wars have been distant crusades rather than conflicts close at home that citizens could see and hear. It took six years to free the political prisoners after World War I, and following World War II most of the prisoners served their sentences. (Not counted here are the more than 100,000 persons of Japanese descent who were released from detention camps; they needed no pardon since they never had been accused of any crime.)

According to a Gallup poll, the majority of Americans oppose an amnesty for those who refused to fight in Vietnam; 63 per cent, however, would approve one for the draft evaders if it were coupled with some kind of alternate service. Among the Presidential candidates, Senator Eugene J. McCarthy favors alternate service, but Senator George S. McGovern does not. The latter would pardon draft evaders and deal with deserters on a case-by-case basis. President Nixon's position is far from clear. He says that after the war he would be "very liberal," but "of course . . . anyone should pay for violating the law."

Although the war resisters would welcome a postwar improvement in their legal status, they abhor any imputation of the need for forgiveness. In their eyes, the persons at fault are those who led the nation into war and still support the conflict. Doubtless they would consider former President Lyndon B. Johnson a candidate for alternate service, carrying bedpans and cleaning up the cities.

Dr. Gaylin himself recommends amnesty not only for the benefits it would confer on the war resisters but on the nation as a whole. "Without amnesty," he warns, "this war will never end in our own minds."



Eugene G. Windchy, the author of *Tonkin Gulf*, served for twelve years in East Asia with the U.S. Army and the U.S.I.A.

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POLITICAL HYSTERIA IN AMERICA
The Democratic Capacity for Repression

by Murray B. Levin

Basic Books, 312 pp., $8.50

THE TRUMAN DOCTRINE AND THE ORIGINS OF McCARTHYISM: Foreign Policy, Domestic Politics, and Internal Security, 1946-1948

by Richard M. Freeland

Knopf, 432 pp., $10

Reviewed by Robert Griffith

■ In recent years historians and other social scientists have sought to explore certain grim episodes of the American past—those marked not by the successive triumphs of democratic virtue but by war, racism, and the destruction of humane values. Anticommunist politics, which suppressed internal dissent while pursuing a foreign policy of global counterrevolution, is one such episode to which both Murray B. Levin and Richard M. Freeland have addressed themselves.

In *Political Hysteria in America*, Levin focuses on the Red Scare of 1919-1920 in an attempt to explain the causes of political intolerance. For Levin, the Red Scare was neither aberrational nor accidental but the natural, though extreme, product of a political culture characterized by a compulsive and exclusive commitment to the liberal dogmas of John Locke and Adam Smith. Lacking both reactionary and revolutionary traditions, Americans, Levin argues, were prone to overreact to even imagined challenges to their liberal orthodoxy.

The Red Scare was not, however, a spontaneous popular movement. Rather, it was generated by an economic and political elite whose self-interest the hysteria served. In this sense, according to Levin, the Red Scare seems to contradict the political theories of "pluralist" social scientists such as Daniel Bell, Seymour Martin Lipset and Richard Hofstadter, who locate the source of political hysteria within the irrationalism of mass politics, and who see in the interest-group organization of American society a pragmatically conservative bulwark against the danger of popular passions. Levin insists that the very interest groups to which the pluralists would turn for moderation and social stability were responsible instead for exciting public terror. Businessmen, politicians, newspaper publishers, and the leaders of superpatriotic societies all had vested interests in sustaining the Red Scare and the misperceptions upon which it fed. Indeed, the hysteria

Ross Terrill.

China expert for CBS-TV coverage of President Nixon's trip to China. Winner of the coveted George Polk Memorial Award for outstanding achievement in journalism. Author of "by far the finest account so far of life in the land of Mao,"[1] a book that is "fascinating,"[2] "one of the best and most illuminating pieces about contemporary China that I have yet read."[3]

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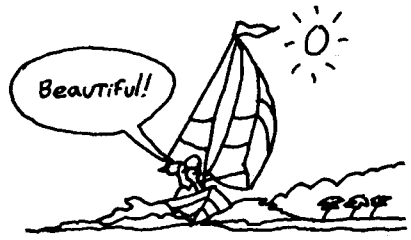

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Polly Stone Buck of Hamden, Connecticut, thinks Dickens buffs should easily recognize the occupations of these characters. Nonbuffs, please see page 88.

1. Mr. Bucket ( )
2. Mr. Bumble ( )
3. Rosa Dartle ( )
4. Amy Dorrit ( )
5. Sarah Gamp ( )
6. Joe Gargery ( )
7. Nicholas Nickleby ( )
8. Susan Niper ( )
9. Seth Pecksniff ( )
10. Nell Trent ( )
11. Samuel Weller ( )
12. "Jenny Wren" ( )

A. actor
B. blacksmith
C. dolls' dressmaker
D. waxworks guide
E. child's nurse
F. architect
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Senator Joseph McCarthy and his chief counsel, Roy Cohn (left)—McCarthy "capitalized on anxieties . . . that the [Truman] administration itself had helped to arouse."

abated only when members of the establishment perceived that its continuation could threaten their own interest. The opposition of Charles Evans Hughes, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other prominent figures to the expulsion of five socialists from the New York State Legislature, together with the opposition of newspaper publishers and organized labor to a proposed peacetime sedition bill, disrupted the unanimity of high-level opinion, legitimized dissent, and helped bring the Red Scare to an end.

The American public was susceptible to manipulation, Levin continues, because the Red Scare was rooted in the repressed inner lives of common citizens who projected onto nameless conspirators their own secret fears and envy. Thus, while the hysteria produced concrete economic and political payoffs for various elites, it allowed the people the pleasure of "mass orgiastic release."

Finally, Levin argues that such "democratic repression" has been, by and large, lawful and nonviolent—a fact that heightens rather than lessens its danger. And he predicts that resort to hysteria is likely to become increasingly archaic as governing groups adopt "more sophisticated forms of managing tension and more sophisticated techniques of cooption and repression."

These are, in the main, provocative arguments. Unfortunately, the consideration they receive in *Political Hysteria in America* is painfully inadequate. Levin's analysis is often crude and frequently unsupported by evidence. His style is repetitious and blatantly polemical. Most important, his book is simply unoriginal. Levin's description of the events of 1919-1920 is drawn nearly exclusively from Robert Murray's *Red Scare: A Study in National Hysteria, 1919-1920,* and his analysis of the monolithic character of American political culture derives from Louis Hartz's classic study, *The Liberal Tradition in America.* In addition, Levin's argument about the pluralist sources of political hysteria is based on Michael Rogin's brilliant book *The Intellectuals and McCarthy: The Radical Specter,* while his thoughts on the future of repression are largely drawn from the writings of Herbert Marcuse. These are all significant works; they deserve, however, to be read on their own account, not in garbled paraphrase.

By contrast, Richard Freeland's study, *The Truman Doctrine and the Origins of McCarthyism,* which sharply challenges conventional explanations of America's second great Red Scare, is the result of careful research and disciplined analysis. Like William A. Williams and Gabriel Kolko, Freeland argues that postwar American leaders, haunted by the specter of depression, sought to insure American prosperity through the creation of a liberal world order characterized by the free flow of goods and capital and dominated by American power and wealth. Their plans initially included both Eastern

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Europe and the Soviet Union; when these hopes were dashed by the firm opposition of the Russians, they sought instead to establish their liberal system within the Western "free world."

To create such a system necessitated large amounts of foreign aid—both to generate recovery and serve as a lever with which to force the Europeans to lower their tariffs. But, Freeland argues, the Truman administration was unable to win political support in Congress for its sophisticated economic diplomacy and so resorted to "crisis" politics and a strident anticommunism. The crusading rhetoric of the Truman Doctrine was thus intended to make foreign aid more palatable to a conservative and economy-minded Congress. So, too, was the climate of crisis that surrounded the passage of the Greek-Turkish aid bill in 1947, and, later, the Marshall Plan itself.

The idea of an anticommunist crusade abroad created seemingly irresistible political pressures for a crackdown on radicals in the United States. Freeland's secondary theme is that the Truman administration embarked upon a militantly repressive course at home in order to sustain support for its foreign policies. The creation of an employee loyalty program, the publication of the attorney general's list of "subversive" organizations, the deportation of alien radicals, and the prosecution of communist leaders under the Smith Act were all timed, Freeland suggests, to coincide with the administration's campaign for foreign aid.

But the politics of anticommunism also proved to be the administration's undoing. From 1947 to 1949 Truman had justified a foreign policy of limited economic aid to Western Europe on the grounds that it was part of a worldwide crusade against communism. Crusades, however, are more easily begun than ended, and by early 1950 conservative Republicans were blaming the administration for the "loss" of China and demanding that it extend the Truman Doctrine into the Pacific. By the summer of 1950, following the outbreak of the Korean War, the administration had completely lost control of the communist issue. The twin symbols of its failure were General Douglas MacArthur and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, both of whom were more faithful to the logic of the administration than was Truman himself. MacArthur's call for "victory" in Korea was premised on precisely the sort of indiscriminate anticommunism set forth in the Truman Doctrine. Similarly, Joe McCarthy capitalized on anxieties about domestic communism that the administration itself had helped to arouse. "The practices of McCarthyism were Truman's practices in cruder hands, just as the language of McCarthyism was Truman's language, in less well-meaning voices."

The main outlines of Freeland's argument are not entirely new. Athan Theoharis has advanced a similar thesis in a series of books and articles, the most important of which is *Seeds of Repression: Harry S Truman and the Origins of McCarthyism.* Both Freeland and Theoharis argue that McCarthyism was not simply a function of conservative politics, but that it was a product as well of the Cold War and the anticommunist rhetoric used to sustain it. Truman was not just a victim of McCarthyism; he was one of its principal architects. The Levin and Freeland books unsettle the comfortable assumptions of earlier scholar-

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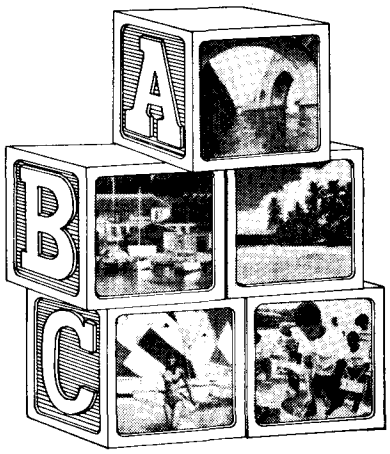

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ship and contribute substantially to the revision of postwar American history.

Both authors, however, also tend to overstate their case—in their haste to condemn Truman they underestimate the power of conservative forces in American politics and exaggerate the influence of Presidential rhetoric. Freeland, moreover, overreaches his evidence in several instances. Was the Marshall Plan, as he indicates, primarily the product of economic considerations, part of an American attempt to build a free trade empire? If the Marshall Plan was indeed part of a sophsticated economic strategy, and if the Truman administration was so determined to achieve such a goal that it would deceive Congress and the American people, then why did Truman and Acheson abandon the struggle for tariff reduction after 1948? The answer would seem to lie in a somewhat different analysis than that offered by Freeland. It is probably more accurate to describe the Marshall Plan as an economic tactic designed to achieve political, strategic, and economic objectives in Western Europe. These objectives included a greater degree of integration between the economies of the United States and Western Europe, but this was never the exclusive or even the main goal of American policy, which was to create what Dean Acheson would later describe as "situations of strength" from which to deal with the Russians. Thus the shift in 1949 from economic aid and the Marshall Plan to military aid and NATO involved a change in tactics only and not a change in fundamental goals.

Secondly, was the Truman administration's internal security program a deliberate attempt to build support for foreign aid, or was it essentially an incompletely examined response to domestic political pressures? Freeland stresses the importance of the former; his evidence, however, is highly circumstantial. A more plausible analysis might place greater emphasis on the latter explanation.

These questions suggest that the Truman administration was perhaps less dishonest and calculating than Freeland implies, although the results have not therefore been less pernicious. The Cold War consensus created by Truman and his adversaries has informed our politics for over two decades, rigidly determining the content of American policies abroad and narrowly circumscribing dissent at home. Only now, as that consensus disintegrates, are we beginning to understand the depth of our bondage to outworn ideas and ideologies.

Robert Griffith teaches history at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and is the author of *The Politics of Fear: Joseph R. McCarthy and the Senate.*

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Captive Author, Captivated Audience

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

"You mean the *real* Lloyd Alexander?" the younger boy asked, suspiciously. Vehement, superior nods from the older boy—it's nice at any age to be in the know. A live author, invited by the librarian, Mrs. Isobel McCaul, had come to the Laboratory School at the University of Chicago to talk informally with the children. "I'll make no long speeches," said Mrs. McCaul. "You all know Lloyd Alexander." (The author of eleven children's books, he has won both the Newbery Medal, for *The High King*, and the National Book Award, for *The Marvelous Misadventures of Sebastian.*)

"We're even," said Alexander, winning friends immediately, "because I'm not going to make any long speeches either." He sat in a corner; the crowding children were on the floor, and there wasn't a moment, once the first question had been asked, that hands weren't waving. The first questions were predictable. "How do you get ideas?" From inside, from experience and imagination; and from outside, from observation. "Why did you start to write?" A compelling urge.

What especially intrigued the author's audience was that Alexander had written adult fiction for years before he started to write for children. Did he have children? No, just a grown-up stepdaughter, but he knew the difference between adults and children, all right. Why, he could look out the window any time and say, "That's an adult, and *that* one is a child." (Laughter, immoderate.)

"Why do you make up such wild characters?" one boy asked. Alexander said that his people obviously didn't come from observation, but from inside, from imagination—yet he thought they were all recognizably human. Sober, reflective nods from the audience. In fact, Alexander went on to say, a friend had insisted that one of the characters in his Prydain series was a self-portrait of the author. "Brave, noble, kind Prince Gwydion?" Alexander had suggested. "Hell, no, that whining hypochondriac." (Laughter, hysterical.)

The children asked about series books, about drawing up outlines versus writing by inspiration, about being accepted by a publisher. "Were you ever forced to write a book?" Nobody can be forced into creativity, Alexander said; one couldn't write well by compulsion. Then, seeing which way the wind was blowing, he added hastily, "Exception! Class compositions!" There were groans of dismay, the trap had been neatly sidestepped. Alexander grinned at them, and they knew he knew they knew. . . . "That's not forcing, it's part of the learning process," he said firmly.

The air was crackling with sympathetic vibrations by this time because they hadn't fooled him and he hadn't tried to impress them. What advice did he have for the beginner? Read as much as you can—like a doctor going to medical school; write as much as you can—like a musician doing finger exercises. Be alive and open to experience. And don't be afraid to use your own experiences.

Why would he rather write for children? Because he feels he can say more important and deeper things in books for children. Alexander added that a good book, including a good picture book, can be enjoyed by people of all ages.

"Why?" one child asked. Alexander asked if anybody else would like to answer that. Several volunteered. They said that a lot of people never really grow up, that you're never too old to learn, that if an author writes for a certain age that doesn't mean other people can't read his books, that grownups aren't all *that* different.

When Alexander finally detached himself from the last intense lingerer, he turned to me and said, "You know, they asked most of the same questions my students ask—and they're in graduate school!"

The Three Bears. *Adapted and illustrated by Paul Galdone. Seabury. 32 pp. $4.95.* The bright-eyed, baffled bears and buttons-and-bows Goldilocks of this picture-book adaptation add vitality and humor to the timeless tale. Big, clear drawings that can be seen easily from a distance make it a good choice for groups as well as for lap-sitters. The use of print size that is correlated with wee, middle-sized, and great big voices will help incipient readers learn to identify words. Ages 4-7.

Meal One. *By Ivor Cutler. Illustrated by Helen Oxenbury. Watts. 31 pp. $4.95.* All kinds of things happen in the home of Helbert MacHerbert before breakfast—the meal one of the title. Helbert wakes with a plum in his mouth. Who put it there while he slept? "Me!" his Mum shouts, peering up from under the bed. In a fantasy that can be interpreted as Helbert's waking dream, the plum stone—promptly planted in a hole in the bedroom floor—

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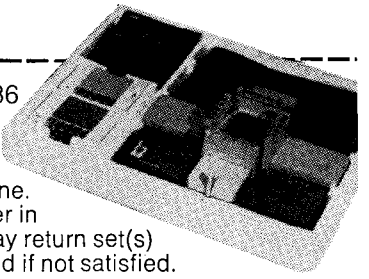

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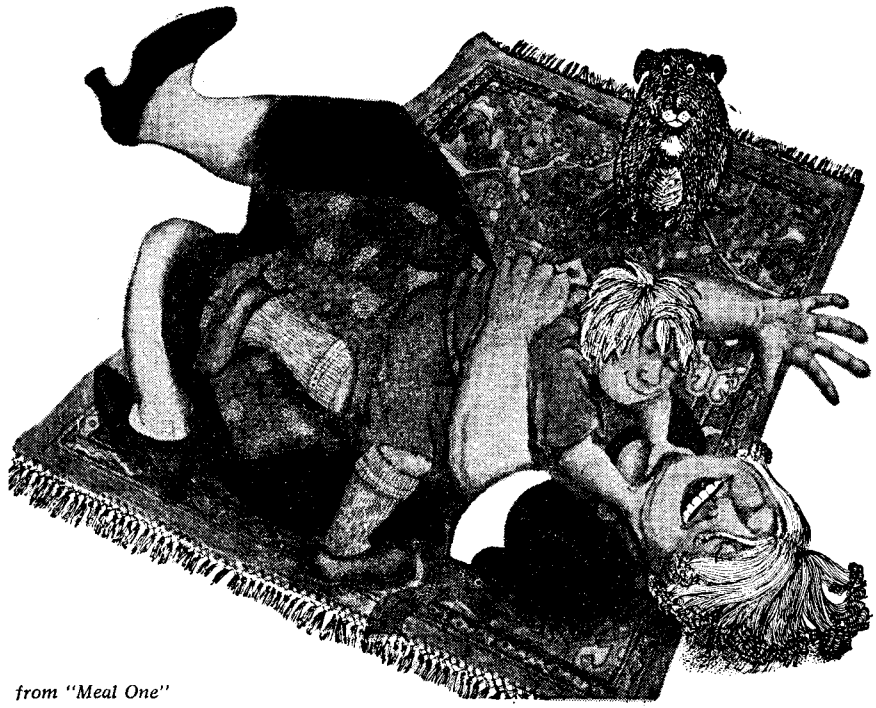
grows into an enormous tree whose roots go down into the kitchen and devour all the food. Mum, cheerful and playful, rises to the occasion by setting the clock back. Helbert sleeps, wakes (plumless) and goes down to breakfast. The story has a robust, nonsensical humor that is mirrored in the vigorous pictures. Ages 5-8.

Waltzing Matilda. *By A. B. Paterson. Illustrated by Desmond Digby. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 35 pp. $5.59.* The familiar Australian verses, written years ago to the tune of an English marching song, are illustrated in a version that was named the picture book of the year by Children's Book Council of Australia. Scruffy and sly, the old swagman (vagabond) steals a jumbuck (sheep) and stuffs it into his tucker-bag (sack). Chased by the police, the tramp jumps into a billabong (water-hole) rather than allow himself to be captured. The illustrations, in which the down-under countryside serves as a vivid background, portray this vagabond's progress, which ends with his drowning. The mood then shifts as, from depths of the lonely billabong, his ghostly voice sings, "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?" Ages 5-8.



from "Meal One"

The Case of the Scaredy Cats. *Written and illustrated by Crosby Bonsall. Harper & Row. 64 pp. $2.50.* Although the sign on the clubhouse door clearly states "No Girls," six girls venture in. The boys retaliate by adding signs: "Alice eats hay," "Annie is a scardy cat," "Gertie cant spel," and the war is on. Routed out of their clubhouse, the boys return to help hunt for the littlest girl, Annie, who has disappeared. When she is found, the girls depart, leaving the boys in charge of their males-only HQ. But who was scared of whom? A sign in the snow reads "Girls are still as good as boys," and the militant heroines of this blithe book for beginning readers do seem to have triumphed. Ages 6-7.

The Rock Hunters. *By Lorraine Henriod. Illustrated by Paul Frame. Putnam. 47 pp. $3.29.* We've had many stories in which a black child is an also-ran to a white one; here the tables are amicably turned. Danny's father is on the faculty of a university, and it is he and Danny who take a white boy, Matt, along on a hunt for a petrified log. Knowledgeable Danny frequently has to help Matt with procedures as the two collect rocks. But Matt is the one who, by chance, stumbles on the petrified wood. Adequately told and attractively illustrated, this is—despite a carelessly phrased statement or two—a better than usual mixture of fiction and information. Ages 7-9.

Wanted! A Horse! *By Babbis Friis. Translated from the Norwegian by Lise Sømme McKinnon. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 188 pp. $4.75.* Twelve-year-old Svein is disappointed at not getting the horse he'd hoped to receive as a birthday present. But he cheers up when he hears he can take riding lessons at a reduced rate in return for working in the stables. Save for the malicious behavior of another boy and Svein's friendship with two sisters, this book has little plot. It is, however, filled with incidents that have action and appeal. Svein's family relationships, and the problems the two sisters face in adjusting to their parents' recent divorce and to a new home are described with considerable realism and commendable restraint. Ages 9-11.

The Little Broomstick. *By Mary Stewart. Illustrated by Shirley Hughes. Morrow. 192 pp. $4.95.* First children's books by established writers of adult fiction are often a disaster, but Mary Stewart is too skillful a storyteller to fall into the alternate pits of writing down or being sweet. At times her plot seems contrived. Yet vitality and imagination prevail in this fanciful tale about a child who, on a visit to the country, finds a flying broomstick and drops in on a school for witches. Ages 9-11.

from "The Poet's Tales"

The Poet's Tales: A New Book of Story Poems. *Selected by William Cole. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. World. 320 pp. $6.95.* Some seventy new selections have been added to this revision of *Story Poems Old and New* and, while the anthology has many old favorites and folk ballads, it also includes some new narrative poems by May Swenson, Alastair Reid, and others. The selection is discriminating, the lively preface is actually addressed to young readers rather than to adults, and the illustrations are striking. Ages 10-14.

2-Rabbit, 7-Wind: Poems from Ancient Mexico Retold from Nahuatl Texts. *By Toni de Gerez. Viking. 56 pp. $4.75.* Even were the poems uninteresting, *2-Rabbit, 7-Wind* would be enticing just as a piece of bookmaking. The russet design motifs (reprinted from Jorge Encisco's *Design Motifs of Ancient Mexico*; Dover, $2.50) are beautifully placed on the handsome pages. The selections—poignant or dramatic, often tender or lyric, always lovely—are fragments of songs and poems of the Nahuatl. They are to be read, the author's note states, "as parts of one long poem, a poem that does not begin anywhere and does not end anywhere." Ages 10 up.

Children's Homage to Picasso. *By Michael Batterberry and Ariane Ruskin. With 52 drawings by Picasso and 48 drawings by the children of Vallauris. Abrams. 132 pp. $12.50.* Hundreds of drawings of bullfights were presented to Pablo Picasso on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, and they so delighted the artist that he suggested the best of them be printed in a book. The publisher, Harry Abrams, decided to include some of Picasso's own sketches of the bullfight. The text gives background information about bullfighting and about Picasso, and the pictures follow—a happy jumble of the naïve and spontaneous efforts by the children and of Picasso's drawings and paintings in several media. Ages 10 up.

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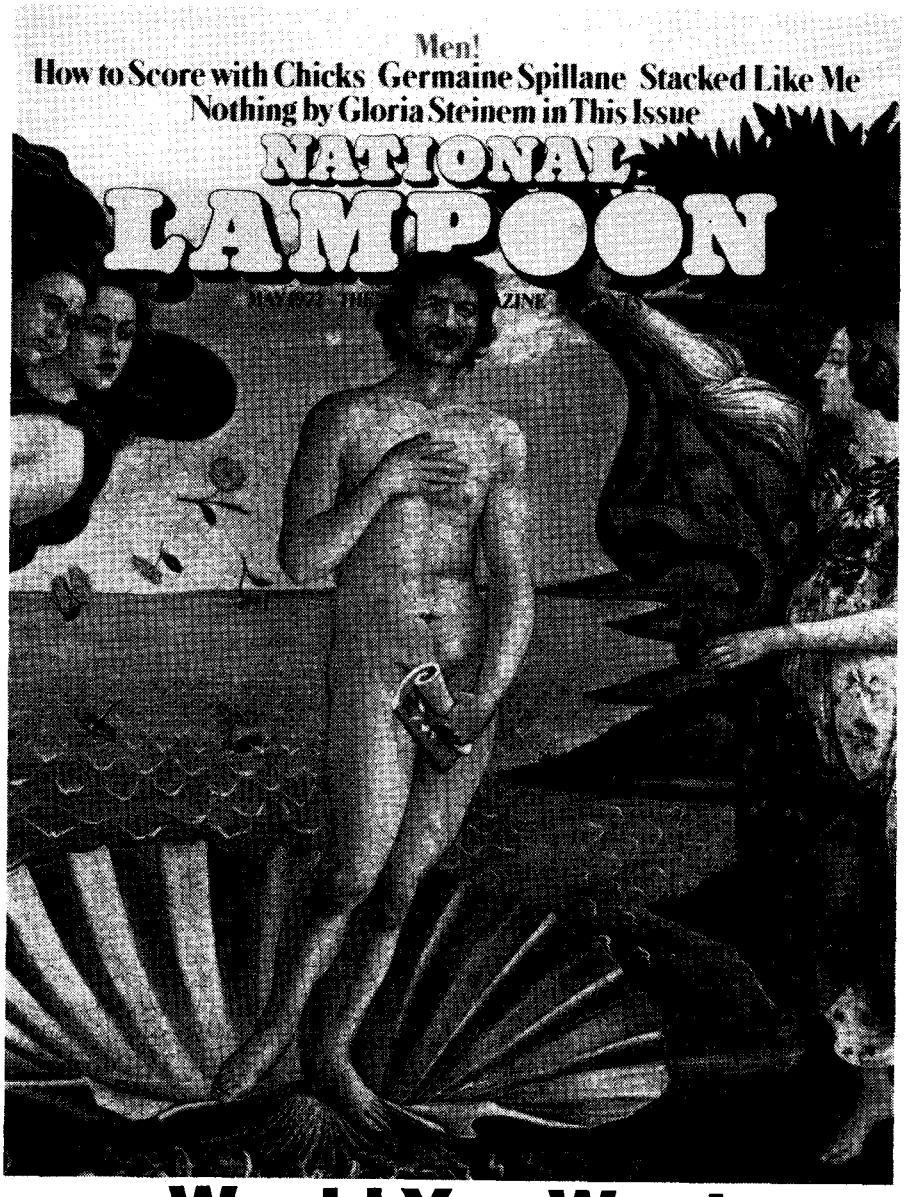
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Good Old Boy: A Delta Boyhood. *By Willie Morris. Harper & Row. 151 pp. $3.95.* The former editor of *Harper's* magazine recalls his boyhood in Yazoo City, Mississippi, in a loosely connected series of anecdotes that bring the torpor of a small Southern town and the indefatigable business of its younger residents vividly to life. Although much of the material is personal and touching, some of the incidents are so dramatic as to seem embellished: for example, the capture of seven giant tattooed Indians who had been preying on the town and were hiding in a deserted house—which is perhaps not wholly true but certainly effective. Ages 11-13.

The Electronic Olympics. *By Hal Higdon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 105 pp. $3.50.* Working as a photographer for a sports magazine, Dave Henderson discovers that the World Olympics Meet is a part of the computer age. Programed athletes will be judged electronically and the results flashed upon a screen. Since any electronic device is fallible and since Dave is hoping the pleasant African track star will beat the conceited American he's supposed to be getting a story on, he does his best to help destroy mechanized sports. This is blatant but palatable nonsense as Olympic officials and contestants become embroiled in a tangled and hilarious chain of ploys. Ages 11-14.

Cross-Fire: A Vietnam Novel. *By Gail Graham. Pantheon. 135 pp. $4.95.* Alone in the jungle, the rest of his patrol missing, Harry was terrified by the solitude and ready to kill when he heard footsteps. It was a girl—just a thin, small girl who had three younger children with her. The story is told alternately from the viewpoints of the American soldier and the Vietnamese children, five people bound by their isolation and dependent on each other for survival. Their need superseding their fear, they achieve a closeness that is almost friendship. Then the bombers come back—and one by one the five are killed: a moving fragment of the bleak picture of war's victims, taut and trenchant. Ages 13-15.

M*A*S*H Goes to Maine. *By Richard Hooker. Morrow. 190 pp. $5.95.* The yeasty combination of madcap burlesque, pithy commonsense, and rampart lubricity that made the original M*A*S*H a comedy hit is used again. The four doctors, back in practice in the States after their Korean vendetta against the establishment, unite to set up The Finestkind Clinic and Fish Market. While the wild extravagances of the plot are an elaborate nose-thumbing at the pomposity of the profession, the medical care and professional ethics are impeccable under the veneer of raillery. What is delicious fun through most of the book lapses into flaccid farce at its close. For young adults.

A Village Girl: Memoirs of a Kentish Childhood. *By Sarah Shears. Simon & Schuster. 256 pp. $6.95.* The opening line—"This book is dedicated in loving appreciation of a Good Mother"—invests this story with a stately, old-fashioned quality that is exactly right for the ingenuous simplicity of Sarah Shears's reminiscences of her girlhood. Hard-working, devoted to her four children, and resigned to the wanderlust of her husband, Sarah's prim and wholly virtuous mother almost displaces her daughter as the star of a quiet narrative made fascinating by the fidelity of its period detail, and by the candor with which the poverty and privations of rural life in England between the two world wars are described. For young adults.

THE LATE GREAT CREATURE

by Brock Brower

Atheneum, 303 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Peter Wood

■ *The Late Great Creature* changes gears as often as a Maserati in heavy traffic. Assembled from a stockpile of faultlessly crafted parts, the book is flashy, high-powered—and going nowhere, unless you can accept the thesis Brower trots out toward the end: that modern America suffers from calloused sensibilities. (OK, so far.) And that possibly most damaged is our capacity to respond to horror. (So far, so good.) And, finally, that the hero, Simon Moro—the Late Great Creature himself, a sort of composite Bela Lugosi, Peter Lorre, and Boris Karloff afflicted with terminal satyriasis—can provide theatrics so sensational and spine-chilling that the jaded nation wakes up to some of the genuine horror of the age. Vietnam, Attica, and assorted assassinations.

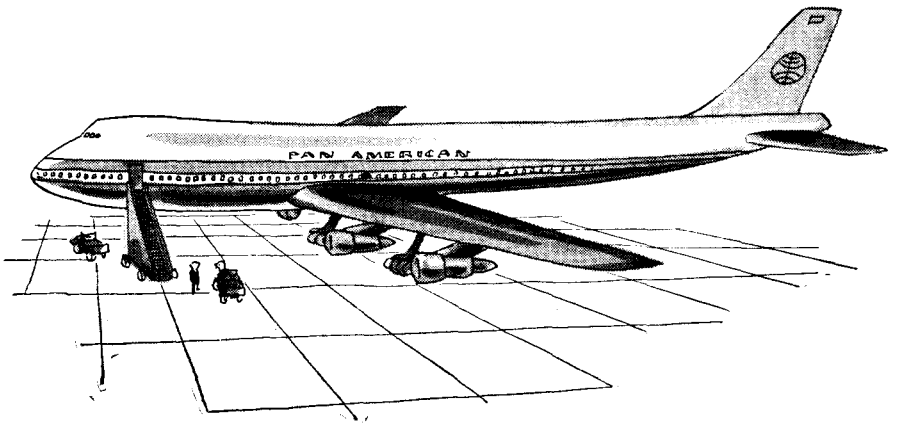
Not a bad idea. But it fails in the realization. The first three-quarters of the book are different in mood from the end, and Brower's horror of horrors is a letdown—a wooden stake is driven through a pine coffin into a man's chest. As Brower himself points out elsewhere, we have all seen it too often before, in the movies.

Bits and pieces of *The Late Great Creature* will amuse anyone who cares for wit and good writing. The story opens in the last days and last horror film of Simon Moro. It is told first in the person of Warner Williams, like the author a free-lance journalist whose work appears in national magazines. Williams-Brower tips his hand right in the beginning when he says he is going to "put down everything I failed to tell them at the Breadloaf Writers Conference this past August about writing my piece for *Esquire* on Simon Moro." Everything turns out to be too much. Describing a peripheral character, Williams says, ". . . there is a portrait you often find in books on the Surrealists by a sixteenth-century Italian, Arcimboldo, of a man composed entirely of garden produce. A pear for a nose, grapes for hair, pea pods for eyelids, leeks for mustachios, and a melon for a chest. Under that garish light, almost like a bakeshop window, Dr. Yost could have been done the same way in Viennese pastry." A nice conceit, if it had stopped there, but Brower cannot resist whacking the nail after it is home: ". . . a blintz for a nose, sugar cookies for lips, meringue for hair, macaroons for cheeks, bonbons for eyes. . . ." And on and on for several more lines.

Shifting abruptly into second gear, Brower tells the middle of his story in the form of a transcript of a tape recording made by the director of Moro's last film. The director is a highly successful, no-talent Hollywood type—color his mind Day-Glo vulgar. He has, at least, some funny lines. Then Moro himself takes over the story. The Great Creature roars off, for no reason other than Brower's determination to leave nothing out, on a twenty-page detour into hard-core pornography. Not bad, considering the state of the art, but hardly germane.

Moro's epitaph is mercifully brief. Sports cars, after all, are frivolous things—like Peter Fonda's Honda. They need serve no other purpose than the kick they give the easy rider or, in the case of Brock Brower, the easy writer.

Peter Wood, an occasional short story writer, is a staff writer for Time-Life Books in New York.



"We'll be a little delayed. The piano tuner is late."

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A DARK CORNER

by Celia Dale

Walker, 155 pp, $4.95

Reviewed by John W. Hughes

■ Set in a staid suburb of London, this brief, cinematic novel is about Arthur Didcot, a retired hospital worker, and his crippled saintly wife, Nelly. Nelly drinks tea all day long, and knows nothing of her husband's secret obsessions, including a weird royalist monomania and mystical fixation on the letter "A" (Arthur, Adolf Hitler, etc.). A young West Indian named Errol improbably arrives to rent a room, and Mr. Didcot eventually takes him into his confidence. The plot unfolds in a sort of Fanonesque parable. Errol is incorruptibility itself, and Nelly's kindness, set off against her husband's passionate racism, is meant to be of Mother Courage dimensions (would that it were!). When several decaying female corpses are uncovered in the backyard, Didcot wants to pin the crimes on Errol, but Nelly won't go along.

Miss Dale, a fine mystery writer, seems to have raised more problems than she can solve in this allegorized thriller, and it comes across as maudlin and, in its more heavy-handed moments, farcical. Sometimes the novel even sounds like a replay of the ill-fated proletarian novel of the Thirties. Working-class heroes have usually been horrible clichés, and the overdetermined symbolic patterns of Miss Dale's narrative descriptions and dialogue indicate that she has fallen into the trap. Despite the ugliness of his life, Errol is as sweet and wholesome as a box of corn flakes. The frequent references to a God-fearing aunt who raised him are plot-gimmickry springing from the author's desire to show Errol to be "good." Nelly, too, is "good"; one wonders how she ever could have married a neo-Nazi. On the other hand, Mr. Didcot is "evil" beyond our understanding. His murkily Freudian crimes are planted in so shallow a characterization they refuse to take root. The Macbeths of this world, remember, do not learn all their dirty tricks from the devil.

Miss Dale's attempt at breaking new ground has not been wholly unsuccessful. Following Errol through the streets of London, she is able to make us sense the alienating, neon-lit menace of technological society. The shock felt by the Didcots upon encountering Errol's blackness close-up is conveyed rather skillfully, although we feel a little jaded after the umpteenth evocation of gleaming white teeth and wiry black limbs. Ultimately, the subject—racism, emotional and sexual repression—weighs too heavily on the slender, mystery-book style. A revolution in content must always be accompanied by a revolution in form.

John W. Hughes is a free-lance writer who takes his mystery stories straight-up.

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Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The stars — — — — —, in gleaming troops amass,

And — — — — — bright emblems blazoning their birth.

Now Pisces wheels, to let bold — — — — — pass,

And each in turn sheds blessings on the earth.

(Answer on page 88)

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Spooky Business

Haskel Frankel's review of *Haunted New England* [Criminal Record, Mar. 25] says [Ocean-born] Mary's life is correctly synopsized, but her numerous manifestations in protection of her home in Henniker, N.H., are not recounted." Thank goodness they aren't. I am a native of Henniker and have always known the true story of Mary Wallace. The "manifestations" were all invented by the late "Gussie" Roy and his elderly mother, who wished to attract paying visitors to see their collection of antiques. His mother, dressed in appropriate costume, was an occasional manifestation, and helped him employ other tricks. Actually, Mary Wallace never even lived in that house, but with another son in a house destroyed by fire years ago.

One of the several authors who had been hoodwinked by Mr. Roy said to me, "It's a good story, so who cares?" I have long been angry that a fascinating piece of New England history has been spoiled by forty years of dishonest commercialism.

Freda Newton Bunner,
Owen Sound, Ont.

Fantasy and Fiction

Regarding Zena Sutherland's Books for Young People Mar. 25, perhaps one might clarify the distinction between fantasy and science fiction by saying that science fiction uses technology as we know it, but that fantasy deals with a primarily nontechnological society, in which magic is the basic source of power instead of science.

In this way, Andre Norton's *Witch World* series would fall into the category of fantasy, her space-travel books into science fiction, and books such as *Star Gate* and *Star Born* might be called fantasy with a science fiction background, since these, like many of her books, deal with a nontechnological society which was affected at some time, often in the distant past, by space travelers from another planet.

I'd very much like to see some more lists of fantasy authors, for those of us who seem to be "perpetual young persons."

Evelynne M. Carter,
Queensburg, Pa.

Three in One

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., after learning from Sidney Lens [Book Forum, Feb. 26] that there were in fact two Elias Boudinots, one white and one Indian (instead of just the Indian one as the learned historian had supposed) rushed to some reference book, came running back with partial facts, and ends up looking as silly as before, calling the Indian [Book Forum, Mar. 25]: "a Cherokee named Galagina (not, as Mr. Lens says, 'Buck Watie')...."

Indians, however, often have several names. Galagina, Buck Watie, and Elias Boudinot (the Cherokee) are all one and the same person, and he was the nephew of Brig Gen. Stand Watie of the Confederate army. (Dale Van Every, *The Disinherited*, p. 54; Henry Malone, *Cherokees of the Old South*, p. 178; Frank Cunningham, *Confederate Indians*, p. 12.)

That the white Elias Boudinot was a clergyman is indicated by Van Every (*loc. cit.*), and he is called a doctor of divinity by Adam Hodgson, in *Remarks During a Journey Through North America* (New York: 1823), pp. 218-20.

Moreover, if Schlesinger finds that Jackson was so kind and gentle with the Indians, I wonder why he did not deal with this question of Indian removal at all in his *Age of Jackson*, instead of leaving Father Prucha the task of cleaning up Jackson's tarnished image a generation later.

Virgil J. Vogel,
Chicago, Ill.

Moral Muddle

In his review of Wardell B. Pomeroy's *Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research* [*SR*, Mar. 25], George Krupp clearly states Kinsey's *a priori*: "Kinsey sought to help the individual to cast off the primary thing his parents had taught him—that it was immoral to enjoy intercourse, homosexual and heterosexual, premarital and extramarital. The notion that sexual behavior could be divided into right ways and wrong ways, good ways and bad ways, was abhorrent to him."

Quoting from a letter written by Kinsey, Dr. Krupp then documents Kinsey's belief in objectivity: "... his goal was 'objective exploration, an accumulation of scientific data on human sex behavior,' and he was 'in no way concerned with modifying human behavior.'"

It is apparent that Kinsey was *most* concerned with modifying patterns of human sexual behavior by means of the "facts" that he would publish.

It is also clear that Dr. Kinsey made moral judgments regarding the proprieties of scientific research. How is it that moral judgments are valid when applied to the relatively impersonal area of clinical research but invalid when applied to the sexual relations of human beings?

And Dr. Krupp appears to make a moral judgment regarding the "disgraceful abdication of responsibility" of the Rockefeller Foundation when it ceased supporting the Institute for Sex Research and instead gave additional funding to the Union Theological Seminary. If sexual behavior can not be "divided into right ways and wrong ways, good ways and bad ways," how is it that the policies of the Rockefeller Foundation can?

Foster Shannon,
San Jose, Calif.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 87: arise, raise, Aries.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1I (*Bleak House*), 2K (*Oliver Twist*), 3G (*David Copperfield*), 4L (*Little Dorrit*), 5J (*Martin Chuzzlewit*), 6B (*Great Expectations*), 7A, 8E (*Dombey and Son*), 9F (*Martin Chuzzlewit*), 10D (*Old Curiosity Shop*), 11H (*Pickwick Papers*), 12C (*Our Mutual Friend*).

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APPLICATIONS ON REQUEST. Include $10 nonrefundable processing fee. The Social Directory of California, Box 24259, Los Angeles, California 90024.

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COLLEGE TEACHER, young family, will keep New England home for summer. Box G-519.

"MEMBER, ENDANGERED SPECIES," bumperstrip. 2/$1.00; 6/$2.50. Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

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YOGA (physical, mental, spiritual) correspondence course, Swami Kriyananda. Detailed, authoritative. 14 biweekly lessons: $30 or $5.00 monthly. Information ANANDA-D, Nevada City, California 95959.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent, no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

MIDDLEBURY JUNIOR, girl, art major, Outward Bound, sailing retailing, broadcasting experience, seeks challenging summer job. Box G-535.

ADVENTUROUS COED seeks summer job. J. Felman, Box 22714, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia.

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LUCRATIVE WORLDWIDE HOTEL JOBS. Write: Alexander, Box 357-SR, South Pasadena, California 91030.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc.; beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

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ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925). Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-0X 7-4341.

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"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

JOBS EUROPE guaranteed and salaried. England, Belgium and Switzerland, year-round. Trainees (general help) 1st class hotels, restaurants, supermarkets, hospitals, department stores, holiday camps. For details and application send $1.00, with a stamped self-addressed business size envelope to: Princeton Research, Box 44188, Panorama City, California 91402.

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JOBS! OVERSEAS-U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs. Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. Write: JOBSCOPE, Box 746, (SR), Woodbridge, California 95258.

"LET MARTHA HELP!"—Summer Employment Guide To Martha's Vineyard. $1.00. Martha '72, Edgartown, Massachusetts 02539.

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SUMMER JOBS—Over 100,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. (Also foreign teaching.) Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $7.00. Special—rush $5.00 now for new 1972 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 50¢ regular mail, add $1.50 first class.)

AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Latest information describing free passage, employment, business, teaching, etc. 50¢. Employment Directories, U.S. businesses there 75¢. Australian businesses 75¢. All three $1.00. Most complete information anywhere. Buckeye, Box 1032DJ, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

NINE DIFFERENT leading Australian newspapers, recent arrivals, seven pound bundle, 9,000 job offers, $5.00 postpaid. Australasian News, Box 6428, Torrance, California 90504.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, all appliances. Living and dining rooms are 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

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MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Shaker Heights offers: A nationally recognized school system; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; forward-looking, integrated communities. Attractive suburban homes and apartments for sale and rent. Contact the Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

RARE AMBIENCE New City, N.Y. 50 minutes Mid-Manhattan. 4 bedrooms, 3½ baths, studio-barn, garage. 1.3 acres. Vineyard, English garden. Firm $69,500. Owner, 914-NE 4-2886.

NOVA SCOTIA—Spacious summer home. Sandy beach, Annapolis Valley. $9,200. SR Box G-533.

For Sale—Furnished

ORANGE COUNTY, N.Y.—Charming, substantial mountain cottage. 2 bedrooms, all comforts. Seclusion, view. Reasonable. SR Box G-531.

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

MIJAS, COSTA DEL SOL—Writer's villa, fully furnished, sleeps six, 2 baths, with housekeeper/cook, gardener, maid. Pool, own gardens. For rent any periods August, 1972 through May, 1973. Rents, including wages, from $105 per week. Details, photos: Harbledown, Mijas, Malaga, Spain.

VERMONT ESTATE, furnished mansion—200 acres woods, trails, views, pond, studio, skiing nearby. September-December 15th, January 15th-July. Box G-551.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

PROVENCE, near Avignon. Large, ancient, beautiful house, charming village. Completely furnished. Bechstein grand. Available June by month or year. 714-626-0404; 626-8511, Ext. 3266.

For Summer Rental

ALL ELECTRIC CHALET. Vermont. Stone fireplace. Weekly/Monthly. Box G-33.

SUMMER RENTAL-COLORADO—Completely furnished deluxe cabin, silverware, linens, etc. 8,750 feet high, 22 miles north of Durango in heart of San Juan National Forest. Fishing, riding close by. Sleeps 5, 2 full sized baths, fireplace, all utilities. Write for details. Specify time wanted. By week or month. Write Jack M. Doyle Advertising, Inc., 305 West Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky 40202. Phone 502-583-3816.

VERMONT COTTAGES, LAKE BOMOSEEN. Furnished. Lakefront: swimming, boating. Private spacious grounds. $95-$110 weekly. Seasonal, monthly discounts. Box 167, Killington, Vermont 05751.

SAUSALITO, CALIFORNIA—August, $1,000. Spectacular San Francisco bay view. Architectural award. Adults. Deck, Thunderbird. SR Box G-559.

WESTPORT POINT, MASSACHUSETTS—2-bath, 3-bedroom house. River front, sailboat, excellent ocean beach, good harbor. June less—July $600. Elizabeth Booth, Norwich, Vermont 05055. 802-649-1685.

RENT OR SELL private lakefront 3-bedroom home, fireplace, furnace. Hatton, Morgan, Vermont 05853.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE shorefront, 2-bedroom ranch, fireplace, electric heat, porch. SR Box G-552.

N.J. SUBURB, trees, screened porch. Walking, swimming, tennis. July-August, $1,000. SR Box G-542.

OZARKS, ARKANSAS—On small mountaintop overlooking valley. 3 all-year vacation houses, fully furnished, air and heat. Weekly, monthly, yearly. SR Box G-523.

COMMUNITY-MINDED FOLKS: Rent/option buy, good, inexpensive bungalows, May-October, beautiful, secluded, 2 hours NYC. Box G-561 or 212-282-4782, 6-10 p.m. (M,T,W,Th).

MOUNT SNOW, VERMONT—Completely furnished, executive home, spectacular view. 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, pool, tennis court, weekly maid service, championship golf. $200 week, $1,500 season. Heinrich von Schreiner, Deerhill, West Dover, Vermont 05356.

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HOUSES/APARTMENTS

For Sale/Rent

MOVING TO METROPOLITAN ST. LOUIS? University City is an exciting place to live. Central suburban location. Nationally recognized schools and universities. Cosmopolitan integrated community of 48,000. Outstanding city services. 13 parks, golf course, indoor-outdoor pools, new library. Contact University City Residential Service, 7515 Melrose, University City, Missouri 63130. 314-726-0668. A FREE service.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

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HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

(Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 91)

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

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Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

500-YEAR-OLD OLIVE TREES will grace the terrace of your new home in Son Coll, a delightful international community on Mallorca's scenic northwest coast. Prices start at $15,000. Private beach, swimming pool, tennis courts, bar-restaurant and shops make this unique resort a great place for vacations or year 'round living. Financing is available. Information about low-cost inspection tours, PANORAMA INTERNATIONAL, 810 18th Street, N.W., Dept. LL36, Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-783-3600. Travel expenses up to $300 refunded if you buy.

A-FRAME, 18 ACRES, year-round, utilities, 35 minutes from jetport. $18,000. Bosely Realty, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903. 703-293-3818.

CONDOMINIUMS—St. Croix, U.S. Virgins, Caribbean. 1-2-3 bedrooms. Ft. Louis Augusta Development Corporation, P.O. Box 1481, Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820, phone 809-773-2575.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH CASTLE—Join us in purchasing this historical property which can be your vacation or retirement home, or rented out. OVER 100 FURNISHED ROOMS with 256 acres park land. Each person under $10,000. Terms. Box G-51.

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CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

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CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036. 212-736-1660.

KINIYA — a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

SCIENCE/WILDERNESS EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 10-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp, Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. SAFARI I wilderness program, SAFARI II in Canadian Rockies. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

HIGH/SCOPE—International, multiethnic, coed, 12-17. Alternative education through camping. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197. 313-482-4169.

CAPE COD SEA CAMPS. Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 51st season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS. Exploring and Collecting in Wilderness Areas of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, by young naturalists and photographers. Resident Archaeologist. Prairie Trek for Boys (13-16); Turquoise Trail for Girls (13-16); Little Outfit for Boys (10-12). 43rd year. Thomas M. Billings, Jr., Box 40451, Indianapolis, Indiana 46240.

SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS CAMP—An exciting and meaningful camping experience. Valuable outdoor skills taught. In Idaho's spectacular White Cloud mountains. Boys 10-16. July 8th-29th, August 5th-26th. Box 153, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353.

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CAMPS

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

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JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER. Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard. Opera Workshop. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

SEVENTEEN OR ENTERING 12th GRADE? The Farm and Wilderness Foundation offers places in counselor apprentice groups. Learn leadership skills, what makes people tick. Accept challenge of rugged work, wilderness trips, self-understanding. Varied summer under Quaker leadership.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND FIFTEEN? Three offbeat small camps:

SALTASH MOUNTAIN. 40 boys. Pioneering, lumberjack sports, extensive hiking and canoe trips.

DARK MEADOW. 40 girls. Ecologically sound way of life. Tipis, creative cooking. Superb mountain lake. Hiking, canoe trips.

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THEATRE SUMMER: Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318.

GREENFEEL-SUMMERHILLIAN nature experience, boys 9-16: tents, travel, arts. Vermont based. Box G-553.

VACATIONS

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

DIVERSIFY YOUR VACATION—Castles, gardens, manors and churches in Scandinavia. Brief study tour for adults July-August. Write to Association for Cultural Exchange, 539 West 112th, NYC, 10025.

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VACATIONS

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COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

WE'LL TRADE our four-color brochure for your name and address. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. S, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717. A mountain resort with superb scenery. 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Fishing. Lakes. Open early May through late October. Phone 704-451-2020.

JOYCE'S COTTAGES—Quaint lobster village. L. V. Joyce, Swan's Island, Maine 04685. 207-526-2794.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM — Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

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WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

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HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

THOUSAND ISLANDS FAMILY VACATION—Meals, congenial, reasonable. Brochure, McGarry, 45 Callingham, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Cottage colony in towering pines. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Breakfast and dinner included. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

VACATIONS

DEAD INDIAN RANCH offering backpacking into the North Absaroka Wilderness and the Beartooth Primitive Area. Mrs. Paul Ritterbrown, Sunlight Stage, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

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HILTON HEAD ISLAND, S.C.—A famed, sea island on the sunny plantation coast of South Carolina. Luxurious accommodations in an oceanfront inn, villas or cabanas. Gracious service and delightful dining on local seafoods and Carolina specialties. Tennis, golf, cycling, fishing, sailing and relaxing. Everything for a perfect vacation and all at the Sheraton-Adventure Inn. For color brochures, rates and reservations, write Sheraton-Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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EXPLORE AND CREATE through Mime, Movement, Myths. Unique summer workshops; total theatre, art expression. Small group. Ph.D., professional staff. Center for Creative Living, N.H. Brochure: Box 458, Newton Centre, Massachusetts 02159.

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SUMMER WORKSHOP: Mime, Opera, Acting. June 18th-July 29th. $490. Write Valley Studio, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

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GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY—Languages and all Fine Arts. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. Group affinity rate for travel. (Enclose 3 international mailing coupons.) 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5.

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(Continued on page 94)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 93)

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

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LIBERAL ARTS IN ROME. *Temple University's College* of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year, '72-'73. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8444.

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SHOOT THE RAPIDS of the Colorado River and jeep the back country. A quality experience in Utah's Canyonlands National Park. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. *Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New Eng*land, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

TRAVEL

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EAST AFRICAN SAFARI—26 days, $1,099, beginning Amsterdam, August 21st. California Student Tours, 1800 Broadway, San Francisco, California 94109.

DASHING OVER WHITEWATER RAPIDS in river boats is the West's most popular attraction for families and folks of all ages. For a free color brochure describing all river expeditions, write Discovery, Dept. SR-472, P.O. Box 8398, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1985

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Northern pike	112 132 186 202 8 42 60 99
B. Vacillating	127 140 151 163 177 191 204 12 45 58
C. Thin; inadequate	85 100 108 162 175 201
D. A pickle, a jam (2 wds.)	65 73 90 125 136 147 160 170
E. Desire or liking for something; taste	180 188 169 5 13 48 57 79
F. Circular building, esp. one with a dome	81 113 128 96 143 161 196
G. Am. author (1896-1953; "The Yearling")	2 19 32 51 62 89 105 123
H. Utter with a particular vocal modulation; chant	142 156 166 182 24 33 63 107
I. Ostentatious display of arrogance or conceit	7 55 68 20 44 52 106
J. Russ. dramatist (1823-86; "The Storm")	118 131 173 6 15 72 92 155 34
K. Limited in scope	43 53 114 130 150 192
L. Lycanthrope	61 122 133 152 1 16 31 82
M. Out for a good time (3 wds.)	83 101 116 148 179 189 9 88 49
N. Rat, skunk, no-good	78 157 145 205 23 38 129

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Capricious	165 135 3 47 67 93 117
P. Greatest Mogul emperor of India (1542-1605), son of Humayun	141 181 95 111 17
Q. Improbable; forced, strained (comp.)	119 153 28 183 25 69 77 103 124 14
R. Tropical Am. plant whose rhizomes yield a nutritious starch	21 36 54 71 158 10 194 37 102
S. Daedalus made one for King Minos	154 27 139 172 40 115 149 197 121
T. Obsolete element of early sex "education"	35 207 11 41 75
U. Ancient princely Hungarian family	94 144 4 37 59 199 76 22 176
V. Intend, purpose; reflect	18 29 74 206 98 80 120 184
W. Force or compel the payment, yielding or performance of	104 185 30 195 109
X. Spirited, courageous	137 39 70 97 159 134 26 164 110 187
Y. Co-winner, 1959 Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine	46 64 167 200 91
Z. Piscine	146 50 174 193 190 86 203 198
Z¹. Recidivist; floater	84 171 178 138 56 66 168 126

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 L	2 G	3 O	4 U	5 E	6 J	7 I		8 A	9 M	10 R		11 T	12 B	13 E	14 Q	15 J
16 L	17 P		18 V	19 G	20 I	21 R	22 U	23 N	24 H	25 Q	26 X		27 S	28 Q	29 V	
30 W	31 L	32 G	33 H	34 J	35 T		36 R	37 U	38 N	39 X	40 S	41 T	42 A	43 K	44 I	
45 B	46 Y		47 O	48 E	49 M		50 Z	51 G	52 I	53 K	54 R		55 I	56 Z¹	57 E	58 B
59 U		60 A	61 L	62 G	63 H	64 Y	65 D		66 Z¹	67 O	68 I	69 Q		70 X	71 R	
72 J	73 D	74 V	75 T	76 U		77 Q	78 N	79 E	80 V	81 F		82 L	83 M	84 Z¹		85 C
86 Z		87 R	88 M	89 G		90 D	91 Y	92 J	93 O	94 U		95 P	96 F	97 X		98 V
99 A	100 C	101 M		102 R	103 Q	104 W		105 G	106 I	107 H	108 C	109 W		110 X	111 P	112 A
113 F	114 K	115 S	116 M	117 O		118 J	119 Q		120 V	121 S	122 L	123 G	124 Q		125 D	126 Z¹
127 B	128 F	129 N	130 K	131 J		132 A	133 L	134 X		135 O	136 D	137 X	138 Z¹		139 S	140 B
141 P	142 H	143 F	144 U		145 N	146 Z	147 D	148 M		149 S	150 K		151 B	152 L	153 Q	154 S
	155 J	156 H	157 N	158 R	159 X	160 D	161 F	162 C	163 B		164 X	165 O		166 H	167 Y	168 Z¹
	169 E	170 D	171 Z¹	172 S		173 J	174 Z	175 C	176 U		177 B	178 Z¹	179 M	180 E	181 P	
182 H	183 Q		184 V	185 W	186 A	187 X	188 E	189 M		190 Z	191 B	192 K		193 Z	194 R	
195 W	196 F	197 S	198 Z	199 U		200 Y	201 C		202 A	203 Z	204 B	205 N		206 V	207 T	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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OUT OF YOUR CHILDHOOD COME THESE BOLD, BRIGHT

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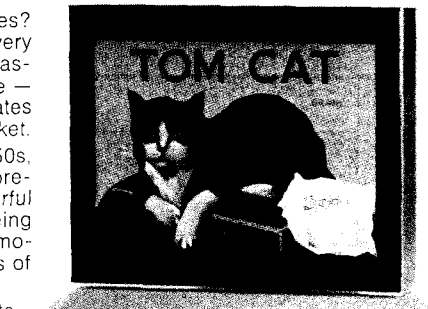
In fact, a recent exhibit of orange and lemon crate labels drew large crowds and much favorable comment at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art. And several other major art museums have added these labels to their permanent collections.



ALL ORANGES WERE NOT "CRATED" EQUAL

From 1900 to the 1930's—the heyday of the great California citrus-fruit boom—hundreds of growers shipped their oranges and lemons to every other state of the Union. And each grower had his own distinctive labels — to proclaim to the world in bold graphics and ripe colors that this was HIS fruit. Because relatively few have survived the passage of time, today these labels have become true collector's items.

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Orange-Crate Art, c/o JLP Industries, Inc.
75 East 45th Street, N.Y. 10017, Dept. 128

Please send me the orange and lemon crate labels circled below. I understand that each label comes mounted and framed in a museum-quality DAX® frame, and that my satisfaction is guaranteed or I may return any and all within 10 days for a full refund.

S1	**S2**	**S3**	**S4**	**S5**	**S6**
S7	**S8**	**S9**	**S10**	**S11**	**S12**
S13	**S14**	**S15**	**S16**	**S17**	**S18**
S19	**S20**	**S21**	**S22**	**S23**	**S24**

Total cost of framed labels @ $10.00 each, 2 for $19.00, 3 for $27.00	$
Total cost of postage and handling @ $1.00 each	$
Sales tax (N.Y. residents only)	$
Total Amount Enclosed	$

☐ I enclose check or money order.
Please charge my:
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge ☐ Uni-Card

Account # _____

Expiration Date _____

Master Charge Interbank # _____

Signature _____

Miss
Mrs.
Mr. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery

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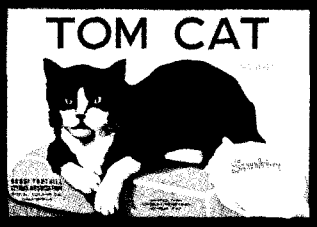
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



S1

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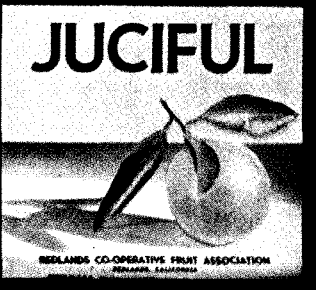
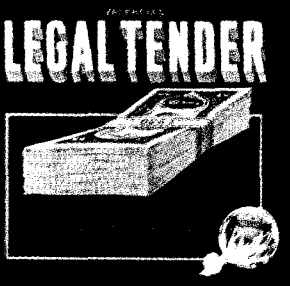


S16

S17

S18

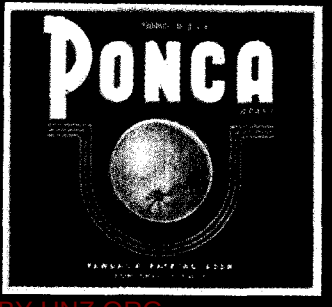


S19

S20

S21

S22



S23

S24

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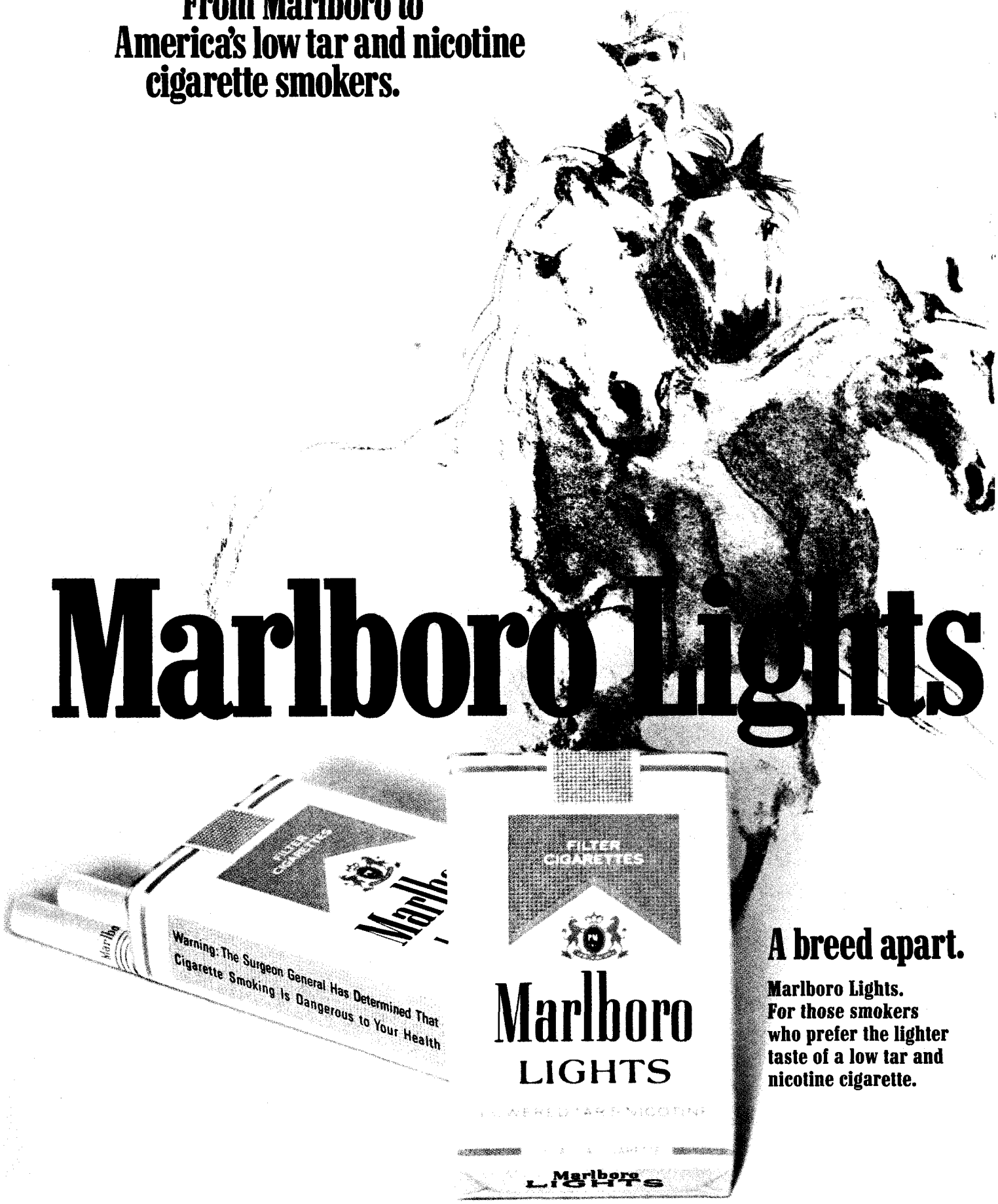
From Marlboro to America's low tar and nicotine cigarette smokers.


FILTER CIGARETTES
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
Marlboro
LIGHTS
Marlboro LIGHTS

Marlboro Lights

A breed apart.

Marlboro Lights. For those smokers who prefer the lighter taste of a low tar and nicotine cigarette.

Marlboro Lights: 14 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

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